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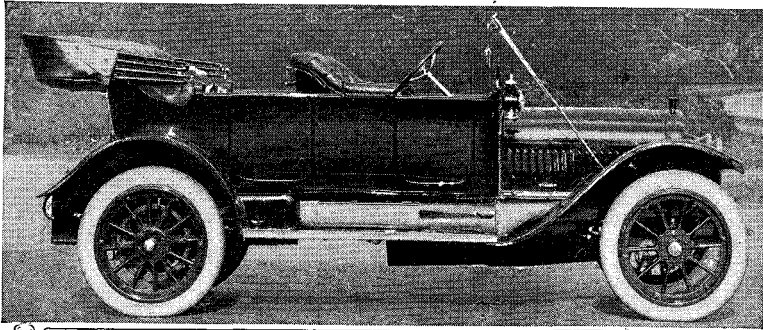
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THIS is the largest number of MCCLURE'S Magazine that has ever been printed—the largest number of editorial pages, the largest number of leading articles, the largest number of stories and pictures.

Each month MCCLURE'S has given ten editorial features; this month there are fifteen. The value increases one third; the price remains the same.

MCCLURE'S has never been satisfied to stand still—to rest on its reputation. Its province is to lead; and to find new ways to lead in service to its friends and patrons.

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As a result, we are able to give our readers, without cost to them, a substantial increase in real MCCLURE value.

Read the long list on this page and the page beyond, and you will see what is meant by the new MCCLURE motto:

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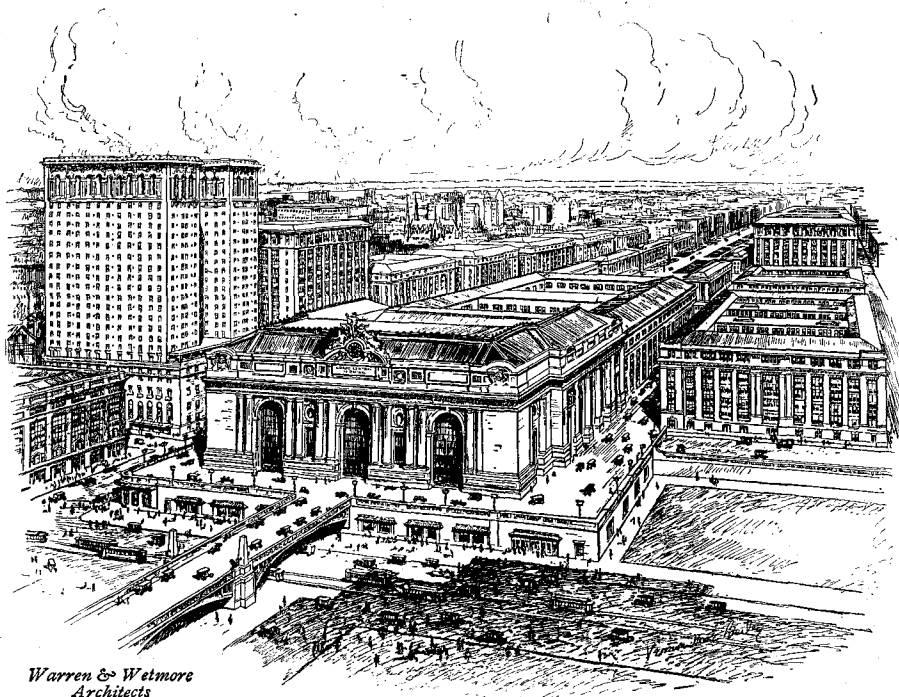
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COVER DESIGNED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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Manager Advertising Department.

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Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

*is Delicious
Refreshing
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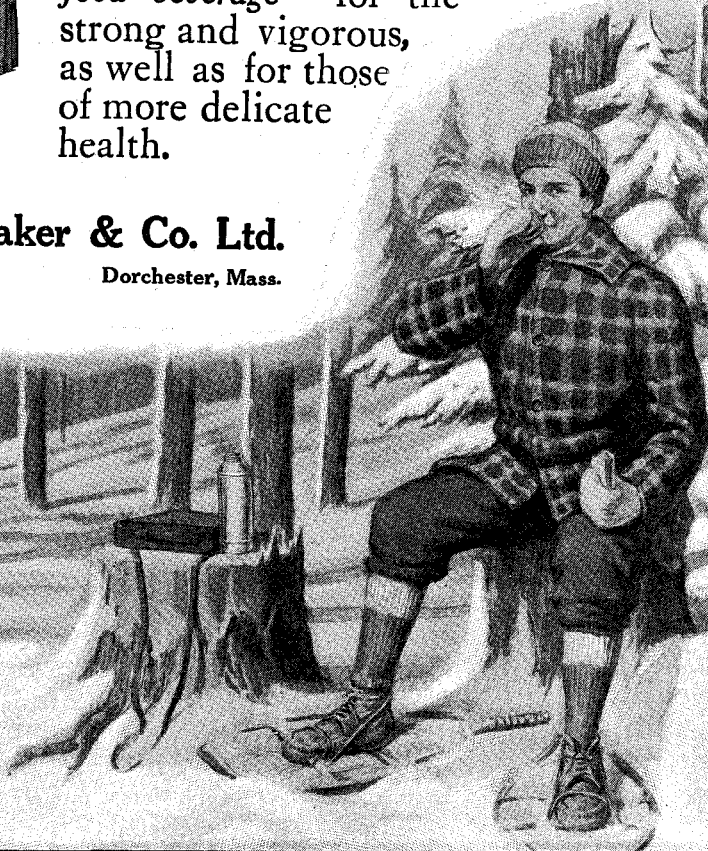
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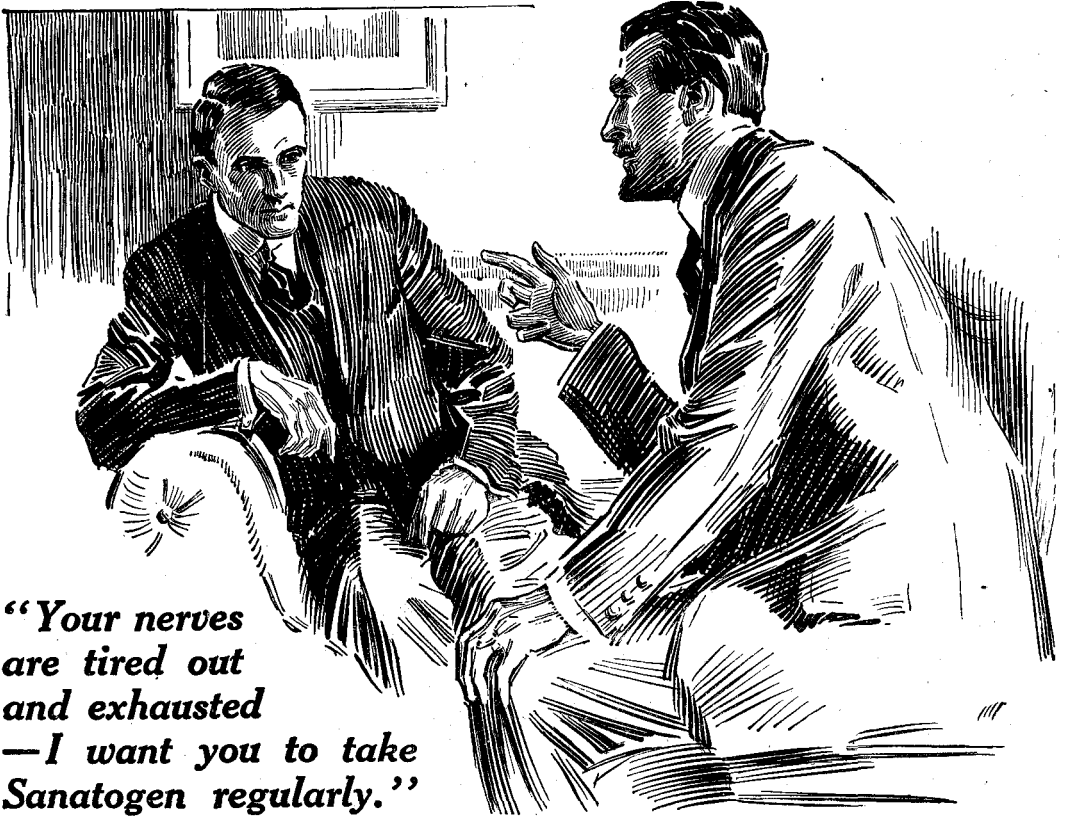
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Universal Dictionary

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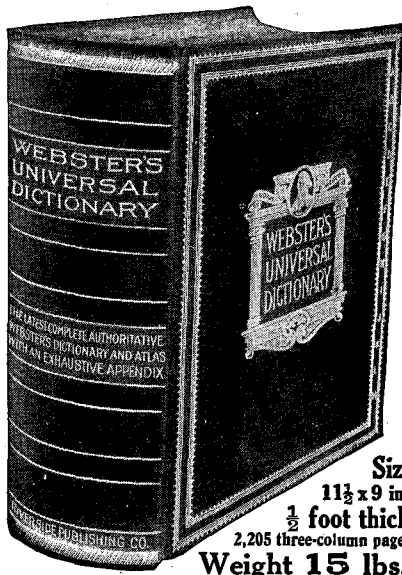
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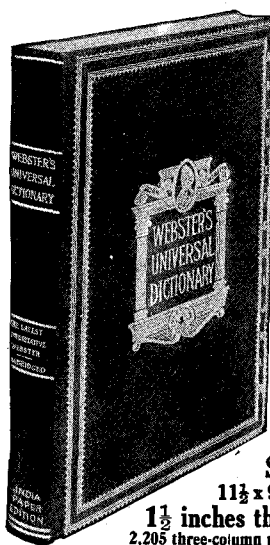
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The Riverside Publishing Co.,
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McClure's
2-13

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First: the Encyclopædia Britannica is more than a book,—it is an institution; it is the expression of the whole of the human story within the broadest outlines and in all of its diversified interests and activities. It has come to be the vehicle by means of which men of learning, men of action, and practical experts can best hand down their knowledge in a convenient form primarily designed for the instruction of the general public. The utility of such a work at once appeals to a very wide circle; to all intelligent persons, in fact. A great literary monument erected by one generation of scholars, and strengthened, enlarged, and corrected by successive generations, it possesses a dignity and a character all of its own, and this is so because it is the one work in which the best traditions, highest ideals, and tireless initiative of the English-speaking race have been preserved.

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which the editors of the new Eleventh edition have worked.

"Utility ought to be the principal intention of every publication. Whenever this intention does not plainly appear, neither the books nor the authors have the smallest claim to the approbation of mankind."

If it were possible to ascertain the collective opinion of the majority of the purchasers of this celebrated work during its successive editions, and if to this were to be added the opinion of its contributors, the consensus would undoubtedly be that the reason it has lived, the reason it has enjoyed such a continuity of influence, is the fact that of all works of its kind it is the one whose contents bear the impress of the best scholarship, the richest experience, and the most expert knowledge. Its *authority*, in a word, is accepted without question because it is the work of *authorities*.

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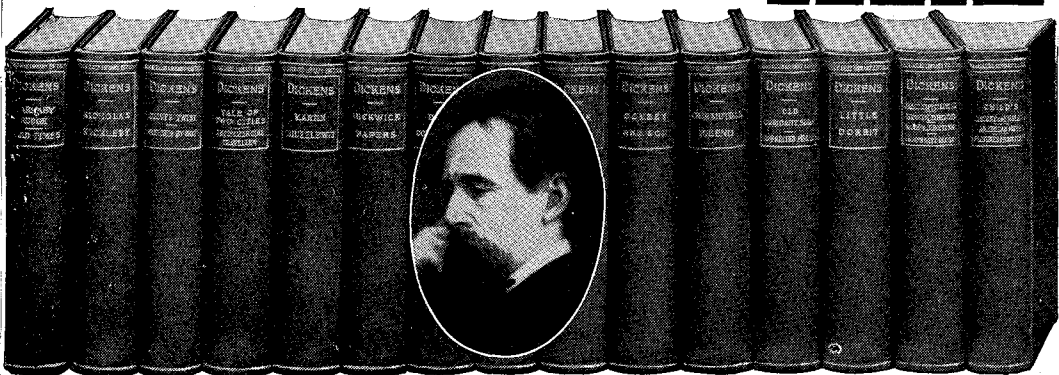
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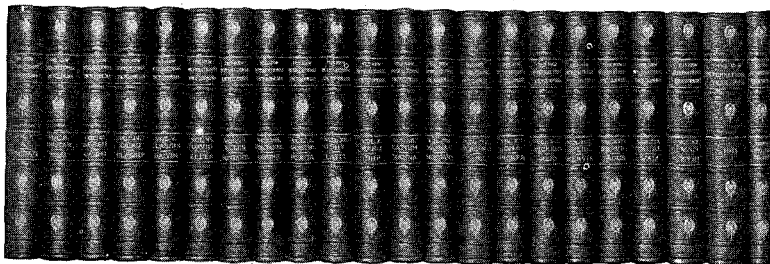
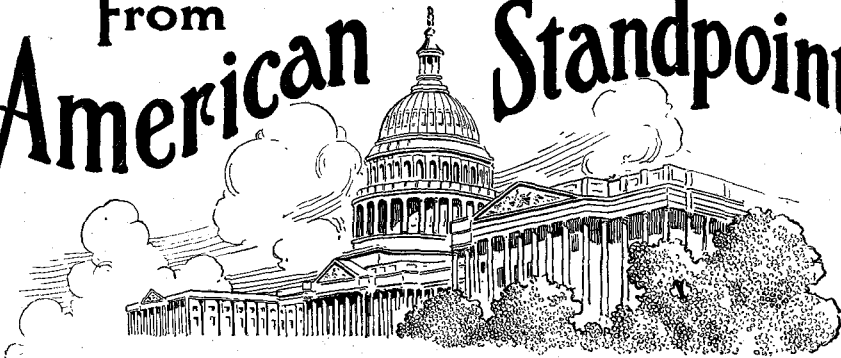
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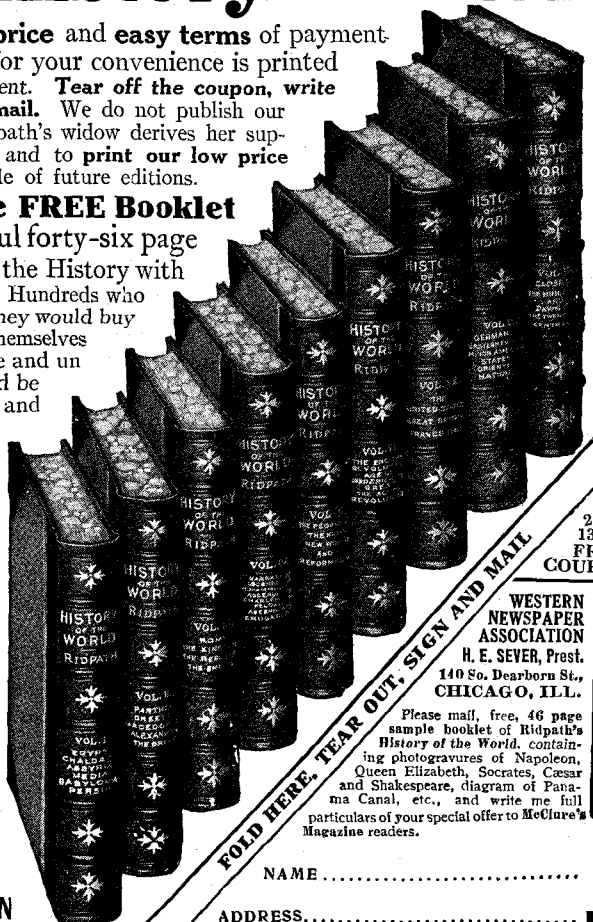
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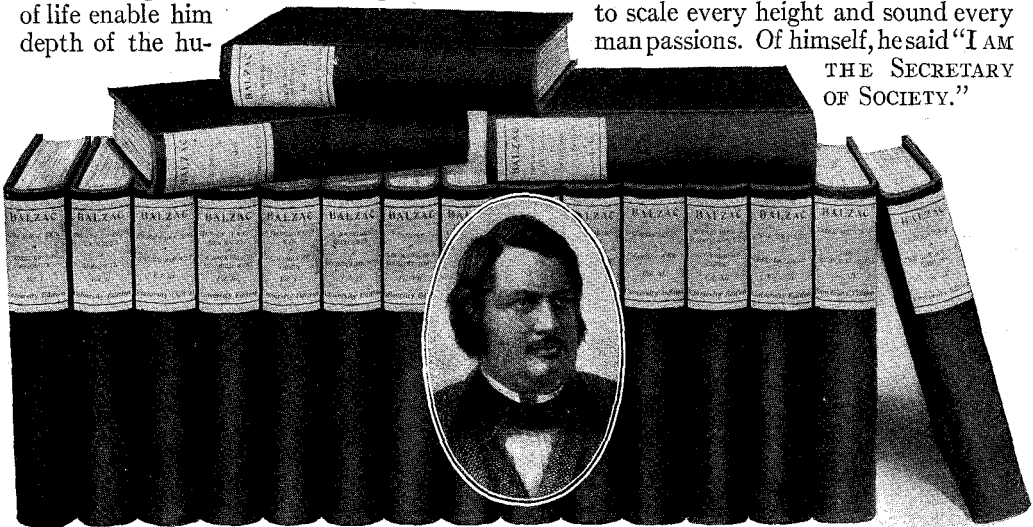
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Prairie State Incubator Co., 23 Main St., Homer City, Pa.

THE MANDY LEE INCUBATOR is more completely automatic than any other. Everything measured and regulated, heat, moisture, ventilation. Simply follow plain rules. New features for 1913. Fine book free. Geo. H. Lee Co., 1201 Harney St., Omaha, Neb.

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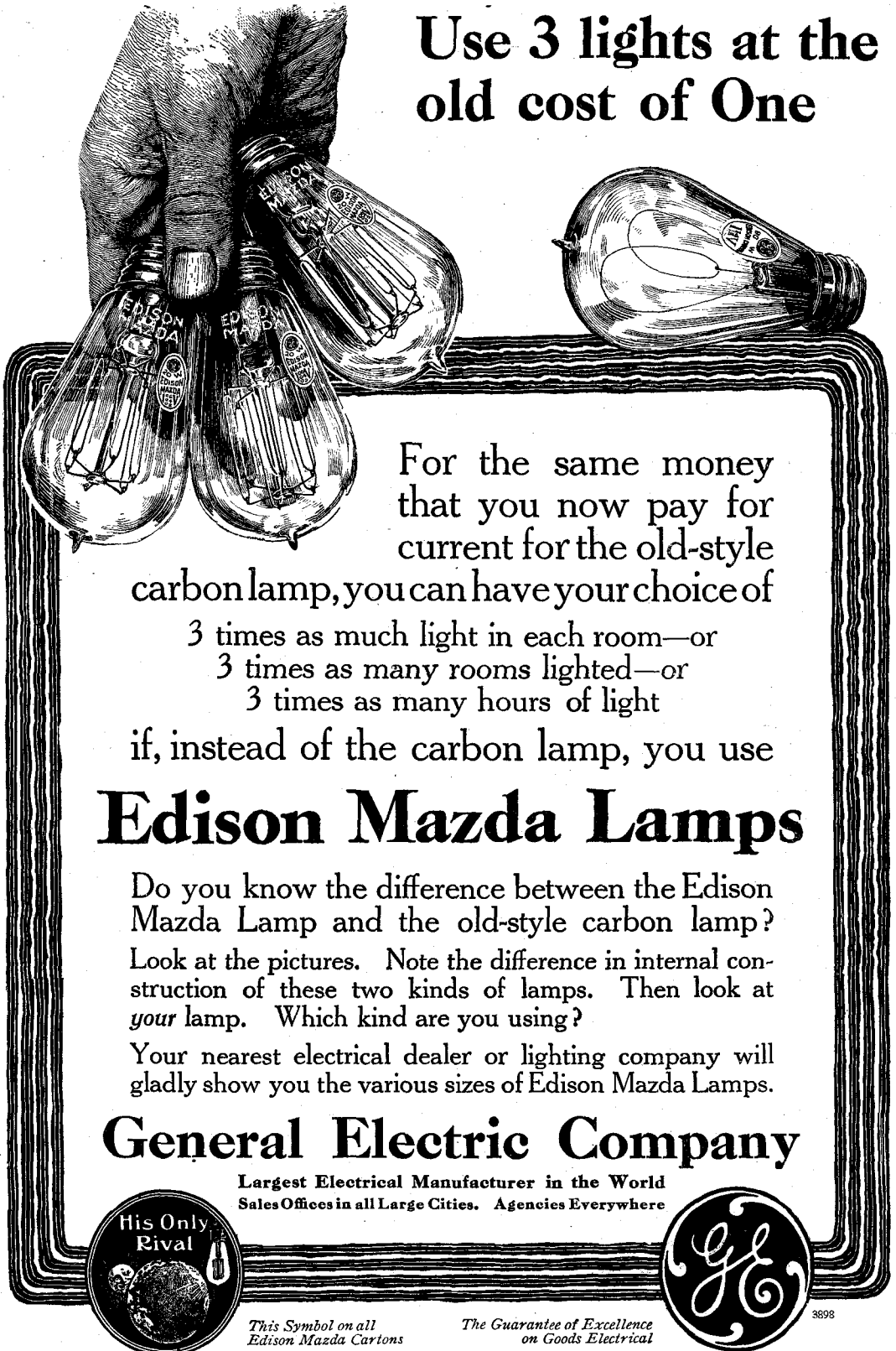
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By A. S. MOORE, Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1912. (Seal)
E. Brown, Notary Public, New York County. (My commission expires
March 1, 1913.)

FEBRUARY—1913



YOU will find that mothers who are careful about the temperature of the children's bath are just as particular about the soap.

Invariably they use Ivory.

They do this because they realize how important it is to use a mild, pure soap and because they know how grateful Ivory Soap is to the tenderest skin and what a buoyant feeling of perfect, healthy cleanliness it gives.

The more critical people are; the more they appreciate Ivory Soap for the bath and toilet. It offers every desired quality: It lathers freely. It rinses easily. It is pure. It is mild. It is free from uncombined alkali. It is made of the best materials of which soap can be made. It is inexpensive. And—it floats.

IVORY SOAP 99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE

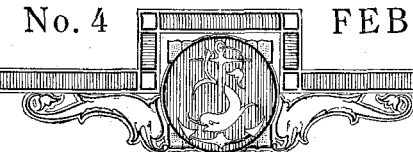
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MC CLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME XL No. 4

FEBRUARY, 1913



THE FIRST OF THE BOOSTER STORIES

BY WALLACE IRWIN

WITH PICTURES BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

BEGINNING A SERIES
OF SHORT STORIES
(EACH STORY COM-
PLETE IN ONE ISSUE)
BY THE CREATOR OF
HASHIMURA TOGO,
THE JAPANESE
SCHOOL-BOY

WHEN the nine-
fifteen steamed
in from Los
Angeles, every
real estate dealer in San
Bruno, proud city of corner
lots, stood agog, a-tiptoe,
his mind centered on the
Santa Fé station, which
sheltered the arrival of Mr.
Cyprus Halloway mildly
shepherding Halloway's
Hundred Health Pilgrims.
For Mr. Halloway was there
to buy land, and San Bruno
had it to sell in every
quantity from a clod to a
continent. Consequently
the sellers of the soil vied
with the hotel runners in
their attentions to the
eccentric stranger. They
were all there — all, did I
say? Nay; there was one,
Brian Boru Blaney by name,



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

MONTH AFTER
MONTH MR. IRWIN
WILL TELL THE MAR-
VELOUS EXPLOITS
AND ADVENTURES IN
"BOOSTING" OF A REAL
YOUNG AMERICAN—
BRIAN BORU

who languished in a hall
bedroom of the cheapest
boarding-house in town,
lollid among the pillows
and smoked cigarettes.
Cigarettes were his habit,
but lolling was not; yet his
languors of this morning
were forgivable, since he
was out of a job and con-
sidering the future.

Unattended, then, by
Blaney or his thoughts, Mr.
Cyprus Halloway, owlish,
Pickwickian, moderately
wealthy leader of health
cranks, marshaled his be-
dragged hundred up from
the depot to the hotel. As
he advanced through town
he beheld the wonders of
booming San Bruno, which,
trading cunningly on her
annual crop of tourists, had
increased in three years

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"HE FOUND HIMSELF GAZING DOWN THE MUZZLE OF A DOUBLE-BARRELED SHOT."



GUN, AT THE OTHER END OF WHICH STOOD AN EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GIRL."

from a buxom village to an infant metropolis. On the strength of intemperate boosts for her temperate climate, she could now boast her seventy-five thousand inhabitants; in fact, she *did* boast that number and a little bit more around the new-antique Italian bar of the Grand Hotel. Main Street was no longer a lane — it was just the other end of Broadway extending across America. Big business was beginning to sprout out of weedy corners. The honey-breeze of California smelt of asphalt, and the twelve-story skyscraper of the Insoluble Trust Company loomed right next to the back yard where Mrs. Mary Casey's red hen scratched the roots of a real-estate sign. So Paradise must have looked when municipal improvement set in.

The shoddy establishment where Brian Boru Blaney roomed was called the Majestic, and it afforded Brian a sleeping compartment too small for an extra bureau, but large enough for his expanding thoughts. We may behold him now, pajama-clad, sitting on the edge of his golden oak bedstead. Red-headed, pathetically Irish of eye, youth seemed to proclaim in him the incurable optimist. And he had good use for his optimism this morning, for, being out of work, he had everything to expect. His temperamental passion for his home town had earned for him the local title of the "Little Booster," in distinction to the "Big Booster," who was Mr. Charles W. Ketchum, of Ketchum & Sellers, real estate. Brian had, in fact, been the valued employee of the above-mentioned firm up to last night, when Ketchum had called the young man into the inner shrine and said:

"My boy, that Beulah Addition scheme of yours is a stroke of genius. We stand to lose a hundred thousand by it. You're fired."

As the auburn youth dangled bare toes and reviewed in his mind the details of this ultimatum, Mrs. Meecham, the landlady, coughed menacingly outside the door and slid two envelops through the crack. One Brian recognized as a statement of board three weeks in arrears. The other, of a more prosperous stationery, he opened hastily, and uttered a whistle of reviving hope as he read:

Dear Sir:

Chas. W. Ketchum tells me you are the biggest fool in or out of the real-estate business. I am preparing to launch a deal requiring the talents of such an one. Can you meet me at the Grand Hotel bar at ten o'clock?

Yours truly,

WARNER E. HISSUP.

"State Senator Hissup!" thought Brian Boru Blaney, with a sanguine flush, as he read and re-read the mysterious note. "Gee! It's lucky I'm open to propositions this morning!"

Hope flamed rosier than his hair as he proceeded with his dressing, a process which, with Brian, included the adjusting of much gaudy raiment. First he rolled back his mattress and removed therefrom a pair of yellow-brown trousers pressed by slumber's simple process to a fine edge. A pleated coat of the type known to the fifteen-dollar trade as "Norfolk" swung from the back of a chair. His shirt was pink, his tie was green, his mercerized socks were a combination of both colors.

"Senator Hissup can offer lots of things," he repeated to himself, as he buttoned on his knob-toed shoes and strode forth to adventure.

On the way to the Grand Hotel, he paused and smiled as a squad of Holloway's Health Pilgrims passed, moving two by two with the air of elderly boarding-school children. He recognized several real-estate men surrounding Mr. Holloway, gesturing eloquently and using the word "climate" with passionate frequency.

"That old guy needs special treatment," he reflected, "and those simps ain't got class enough to give it."

Leaning against the mahogany of the Grand Hotel bar Brian observed State Senator Hissup, champion of oppressed corporations, a flat-faced person with the profile of a toy spaniel.

"Good morning, Mr. Blarney," said the statesman, extending a flabby paw.

"Blaney," corrected the Little Booster. "The *r* is silent, as in 'bean.'"

"Hum!" growled the doggish State Senator. "My car's outside. We'll go look at the tract. Maybe you don't want to handle such a fool proposition —"

"I'm the softest of my family," chirped Brian Boru. "My brain's a watery waste, and every drop of it at your service. What's your proposition?"

They mounted a white touring-car outside and went rolling westward.

"As one D. F. to another," explained Hissup, "I say it confidentially — I need the money. The only tract I can sell is not sellable. Does that look bright to you?"

"Where is your El Dorado?" asked Brian cheerfully.

"Ever heard of Slaughter-house Gulch?"

"Holy alkali!" whistled the young man. "Now I understand why Ketchum recommended *me*! Slaughter-house Gulch is Hope's jumping-off place. It's the rattlesnakes' Waterloo —"

"And mine," supplied the State Senator sadly. "Ten years ago politics gave me a chance to buy the tract at fifty cents per acre. I was crazy enough to think it a bargain. Even the slaughter-house moved away from the

blighted spot. Taxes and gophers grow there in luxuriance — nothing else. Last year I tried to give it back to the city as a site for a poor farm."

"The poor saw you first," said Brian. "Nice bit o' land! The slaughter-house shuns it, the poor pass it up — gilt-edge — what? However, many things have been done in my line o' business."

The car stopped at a depressing formation among the hills. Out of the limitless tangle of greasewood, innumerable real-estate signs reared like headstones in some giants' graveyard. Trolley-poles showed dismally to the east.

They plowed their way through the greasewood to a slight bump on the landscape.

"The ocean's there," said Hissup, pointing to a tiny distant speck of blue.

Brian sat himself on the stump of a decayed sign. Half a mile to the south his eyes beheld a spot of green, a fence-inclosed grove of trees and bushes surrounding a weather-beaten bungalow.

"Who lives there?" he asked, his eyes hazy with unborn visions.

"Uncle Steve Pottle — lived there for years. He and the gophers have completely queered the district."

Brian Boru Blaney chewed a sprig of honey sage and concentrated. Uncle Steve Pottle was the oldest man in the world — all San Bruno knew that for a fact. He claimed a hundred and seven years to his credit, and could show abundant proof of his extreme age; for every morning he stood at the corner of D and Main streets, exhibiting an antiquated license stating that Steven E. Pottle, aged twenty-nine, was married in Trenton, New Jersey, seventy-eight years ago.

"Whoops! I got the straw!" cried Brian, suddenly leaping to his feet.

"Straw?" inquired the puzzled statesman.

"You bet! Every good boost's like an orange phosphate — it needs a straw to draw it up through and make it taste natural. And I've got the straw that's going to make 'em thirst for this deal!"

"Straw?" repeated Hissup.

"Wait a minute. In the first place, this tract's goin' to be called Healthy-View-by-the-Sea. True, there's only a quart of ocean in sight, but every drop o' romance counts in the real-estate business. What's that lane down there?" he asked, pointing to a rutty thoroughfare which led, apparently, nowhere.

"That's the old slaughter-house road," said the Senator.

"Hire a hundred 'n' fifty dollars' worth o' Dagos to smooth off the surface. Re-name it 'Esculapius Drive' — see?"

"But how about the —"

"Oh, forget the straw for a minute. You've lived in San Bruno long enough, I guess, to know that most o' the land around these parts is bought by tourists from the East — health fans past middle age, who think they can dodge the dread Reaper by nestling close to the soil and pulling the climate over 'em. I guess you know, too, that Cyprus Halloway, the Grand High Totem of the Healthomaniacs, is here with a roll o' bills like a China loan, cryin' like a baby to spend it on a strip o' land that nobody else wants? Health! Gee — what a prospectus I could write on this place!" An ecstatic flush overspread his freckles as he pulled out his pink cuffs and quoted from the Prospectus Beautiful: "'Fanned by old Pacific's life-giving breezes, mayhap the tired business man may pause awhile and linger —'"

"But," interrupted State Senator Hissup, "you mentioned a certain idea you had to make the scheme draw — a straw, I think you called it?"

"That straw'll be Uncle Steve Pottle, the oldest man in the world," answered the incurable optimist.

When Brian Boru approached Uncle Steve Pottle next morning, the latter had just made his regular daily appearance at the corner of D and Main streets, the observed of tourists. He stood straight as a string, and his cascade of snowy beard and hair gave to his withered face the appearance of a frost-bitten apple neatly packed in cotton.

"How long have you lived in Slaughter-house Gulch?" shouted Brian, standing close to the dotard's good ear.

"Oh, tol'able, tol'able!" replied the oldest of men.

"How long's that — ever since the Revolutionary War?"

"Come there two year before Rex Olcutt shot Bill Fry."

"About seventeen years ago," computed the Booster, recalling the celebrated unpleasantness. He again funneled his hands and shouted: "Uncle, it seems to me you've reflected a lot o' glory on this burg without getting much out of it. Think how you've advertised the climate! You ought to have a monument, or something."

"Oh, shucks!" sniffled old Pottle magnificently, with the air of Caesar refusing golden crowns.

"How'd you like a public testimonial lunch in honor of your hundred and seventh birthday?" Brian proposed suddenly.

"Huckus-pocus! My birthday was last March."



"CYPRUS HALLOWAY SCRUTINIZED THE RECORDS CAREFULLY.



'A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL CASE,' HE OBSERVED"

"That doesn't hinder our giving you a birthday lunch now, does it?"

"It don't ezackly hender," agreed the old man judgmentally, as he dropped his ivory upper set of teeth a quarter of an inch. "But it don't ezackly jibe."

"You're getting on in years, Uncle. Maybe you're scared of the food." Brian sighed.

"Who says I'm gittin' too old to enjoy my vittles?" The patriarch threw out his chest like a withered bird. "Ther ain't a young whippersnapper in this generation kin walk further or eat more vittles 'n I kin!" Uncle Steve's black eyes snapped like electric shoe-buttons.

"That settles it, then," said Brian cheerfully. "A week from Wednesday's going to be Old Folks' Day, and you're to be the guest of honor. Presentation ceremonies, parade, lunch —"

"Brass band?" inquired the old man craftily.

"The best in town."

Uncle Steve hesitated, and Brian could observe a look of miserly cunning creeping over the withered face.

"Time's money," he squeaked. "I got lots o' things to 'tend to this week. Ther's taxes to pay on my house, 'n' all —"

"How much?" asked the Little Booster promptly.

"Fifty dollars wouldn't be too much," replied the graybeard, with equal spontaneity.

"That's a lot o' money, but I'll be good for it," said Brian magnanimously. "And now, look here. If I hire you, you've got to obey orders. Make yourself mysterious — see? Keep off the streets and don't show yourself anywhere until Old Folks' Day. D' y' get me, Uncle Steve?"

"Yep." Suddenly the old man craned his little turkey neck over his shoulder with a worried look. "Got to promise one thing," he whispered. "Don't tell Betsy."

"Who's Betsy?"

"None o' yer business. But y' won't tell 'er, will ye?"

"Certainly not, Archibald," agreed Brian readily. Uncle Steve Pottle gave the young man a withered claw, and walked away with the stiff dignity of a marionette.

Thanks to the able stage management of Brian Boru Blaney and the secret connivance of State Senator Hissup, Old Folks' Day was epochal. The politician had lent a room on the third floor of the Insoluble Life Building to the purposes of the Booster; and it was from the window of this office that mysteriously labeled banners were let down from time to time during

the week preceding. The first banner, many yards long and boldly lettered, flaunted the question:

WHO IS THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD
— AND WHY?

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD LIVES AT
HEALTHY VIEW

was the half-answer which soon appeared.

THE OLDEST MAN — 107 YEARS OLD — COMING
AT 10 A. M. WEDNESDAY!!

announced another. And so on at hourly intervals.

Prominent among the many spectators arrested by these flaunting promises was an owlish gentleman of Pickwickian mien who took notes in a red morocco book with the air of a gambler studying a pool-room chart. Brian, watching the crowd from behind a closed screen, recognized in this earnest person Mr. Cyprus Halloway of the Hundred Health Pilgrims.

For a bribe of five dollars and a new hat, Brian was able to employ the services of Dr. Abe Meyer (retired from the active practice of patent medicine) to act as spokesman for the Old Folks and marshal a "committee" of twelve elderly tramps, shaved for the occasion and respectable-ized by means of bargain straw hats. It was the duty of this "committee" to ride in automobiles, wear badges, and wave placards announcing the glad but belated tidings of Uncle Steve's hundred and seventh natal day.

Two hours before the time set, Brian Boru, from his third-story window, beheld the crowd gathering, and realized what an unexpected importance his celebration was assuming. Drove of humanity fought for places around the gaudy cars now assembled in front of the Insoluble Life Building. The air vibrated with emotion; and when Steinwinder's Silver Cornet Band leaped into the melting strains of "Darling, I Am Growing Old," two laborers were arrested for starting a riot, so great was the heart-throb.

Gray, white, and bald heads predominated in the throng below. But the Little Booster's nerves most tingled with excitement when he noted the fact that Mr. Cyprus Halloway was there, close to the band, surrounded by his hundred motley pilgrims.

The pathos of "Darling's" increasing longevity was thoroughly exploited by Steinwinder's industrious trumpeters. Meanwhile Brian slunk to a side street, cranked up Senator Hissup's white car, and met Uncle Steve Pottle, according to appointment. Exactly at the hour of ten, to the merry winding of a horn, the big car, all broken out with red and yellow stream-

ers, boiled into the Square and took its place at center stage. Immediately there flaunted from the third-floor window a gigantic banner labeled:

THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD IS HERE!

Mr. Cyprus Halloway, his owl eyes goggling, edged closer, his faithful hundred following suit.

Brian Boru Blaney arose in the tonneau and laid his hand upon his pleated chest. Beside him sat a small, upright figure wearing a white vest and a silk hat many sizes too small for him.

"Neighbors," began the orator, in a persuasive bellow, "we have the authority of such eminent bac-ter-i-o-lo-gists as Dr. Woods McCutchinson that no man has ever lived to the age of a hundred years. Dr. McCutchinson is doubtless a smart man — but are we good folks of San Bruno going to *believe* such a statement?" (Cries of "No — No!" from several enthusiasts.) "Thanks. I am glad to know that my fellow countrymen are still able to *think* for themselves. For have we not been eye-witnesses for a score of years to the maturity of this splendid specimen of old manhood, Colonel Steven E. Pottle?"

Cheers. Brian, encouraged, now dragged in Professor Metchnikoff to prove that certain favored strips of land grew old men, even as certain vineyards grow old wine. There was Servia, for instance. (Brian was not quite sure it was Servia, but it was worth taking a chance.)

"Servia is blessed with longevity, but need we go so far to find the El Dorado of old age?" inquired the Little Booster, in conclusion. He looked straight at Halloway, who now stood within six feet of him. "No! No! I repeat. For we have right here, my friends, at our very door-step, a tract of land so favored, I might say, by a generous heaven that it has enabled our distinguished townsman here to live to the ripe age of a hundred and seven!"

"What's the name of the place?" inquired the chief of the Health Pilgrims, in confidential tones.

"The name of that place is Healthy-View-by-the-Sea!" thundered Brian passionately.

Brian sat down, which was the cue for Dr. Abe Meyer, flanked by his twelve elderly tramps, to deliver to Uncle Steve a large gilded key, presumably unlocking the gates of the city. Dr. Abe spoke in the finest vein of the patent-medicine school of oratory. Meanwhile an automobile circled around the throng, tossing forth pamphlets of a decorative nature containing Brian's real-estate epic beginning, "Mayhap the tired business man —"

Uncle Steve spoke next. His remarks might have been more coherent had not his false teeth insisted on slipping down and interrupting his eloquence.

"Anyways, I'm a hundred 'n' seven, an' if y' don't believe it" (pause to adjust teeth) "ask the folks back to Trenton, where I was born in — lemme see — eighteen —"

"Eighteen hundred and five!" prompted Brian, after a lightning calculation.

"In 1805 I was born there." (Dental operation.) "An' if ye don't believe *that*, here's the marriage cetifkit to prove it. My birthday was the fifteenth o' last March —"

"To-day, to-day!" prompted the Booster, pulling his coat-tails.

"Hey?" inquired Uncle, leaning down with a hand held wing-like behind his ear.

"Your birthday is to-day!" repeated Brian Boru.

"My birthday's to-day," went on Uncle, serenely addressing the crowd. "An' I never felt better in my life. I can walk further an' eat more vittles 'n any darn whippersnapper a-goin'."

Uncle Steve took his seat. Loud applause. Mike, the chauffeur, now began cranking up the car, and two small boys took their places in the van with a placard, "The Oldest Man in the World." Before the procession proceeded, Brian announced to the throng that Uncle Steve, to prove his digestive prowess, would eat his birthday dinner in the window of the Saddle Rock Restaurant.

Cyprus Halloway jumped on the running-board of Brian's car just as it was pulling out.

"How does one get to this Healthy-View-by-the-Sea?" asked the stranger.

"To-morrow at three o'clock we give a testimonial pilgrimage and free bus ride to the home of this wonderful man. If you wish, we'll provide transportation for as many of your Pilgrims as you wish to bring."

"There are a hundred of us," said Halloway. "We'll try and make it."

As they moved slowly toward the Saddle Rock Restaurant, Brian took Uncle Steve in hand and attempted to impress him with the importance of his office.

"Half the town will be rubbing at your performance. You've got to eat like a wolf."

"Guess I kin!" responded Uncle Steve recklessly.

No Fifth Avenue wedding could have blushed more flagrantly in the public eye than did that noonday banquet at the Saddle Rock. A table for fifteen was set in the window to accommodate Dr. Abe's twelve qualified tramps, Dr. Abe himself, Brian Boru, and, on a central throne, Colonel Steven E. Pottle. A floral piece inscribed, "107 — Greetings," hovered o'er.

Uncle Steve at first threatened to be a gastronomic disappointment. First came clams.

The old man put on his spectacles and examined them.

"I don't eat no raw food!" he declared stubbornly.

Brian, secretly wringing his hands under the table-cloth, beheld the tempting bivalves carried away untouched. Uncle was displeased at everything. He turned up his nose at soup, jeered at sweetbreads, snubbed the salad, scorned peach Melba.

"I want vittles!" he demanded morosely.

"What do you call vittles?" hissed the Little Booster.

"Ham 'n' eggs," suggested the centenarian.

"Fry him a dozen — quick — before they mob the place!" commanded Brian of a waiter. The spectators in the window were beginning to see the humor of the situation.

During the pause Brian toasted the guest of honor in sparkling cider from gold-label bottles. As each bumper of this stage champagne was lightly tossed, the elderly chorus responded with applause. Uncle looked hungrily toward the kitchen. At last a huge platter of ham and eggs was set before him. And old Pottle ate — ate as never dotard ate before, as though his life and his knife depended upon the performance. He never raised his head until he had stripped the platter clean and wiped it carefully with a wedge of bread. And the mob outside, like unto the ranks of Tuscany at sight of Horatius' Marathon swim, could scarce forbear a cheer.

"Ain't no young whippersnapper kin beat me!" chuckled Uncle Steve Pottle.

The luncheon closed officially with a final theatrical toast, the entire chorus rising. As a finale, the window-curtain dropped, disclosing the placard, "A Hundred More Birthdays Just as Happy."

Before the crowd dispersed, Brian stepped to the door and announced his intention of tendering a testimonial pilgrimage to the home of Colonel Pottle on the morrow at three. Auto-bus rides would be free for all respectable persons over fifty years of age.

The Little Booster and the centenarian slipped quietly out through a back door. The old man was beginning to look sad.

"Better let me take you home in my auto," suggested the young man.

"Lead me to the trolley!" grunted Uncle Steve gloomily.

Brian put him on a west-bound car at the corner of Main and D streets.

"I could take you home just as well," he began.

"Y' can't force me to do nothin' I'm sot ag'in'," declared old Pottle, as he eased himself painfully into an outside seat.

"Be at home, ready for the big call, tomorrow at three!" Brian smiled.

"Um!" was Uncle's sole retort. The tram slid away down the track.

Early next morning Brian telephoned to Senator Hissup.

"Your Old Folks' Day looks to me like a fool proposition," said the statesman.

"Fool propositions are what you hired me for," replied the Little Booster. "I've got to have a hundred dollars extra for bus fare."

"Think I'm made of money?"

"No. But you will be, if you leave it to me. I've got Halloway's Health Pilgrims on the string, and if we can drag 'em to Healthy View there's nothing left to do but tag 'em, 'Sold.'"

Hissup sent the money by messenger, and five buses were engaged for three o'clock.

Imagine, then, the young man's surprise when, driving the Senator's car into the Square at the appointed hour, he beheld what appeared to be the entire elderly population of the town struggling around the five buses, already arrived. Several hundred elderly ladies, clad variously for motoring, surged around an almost equal number of elderly gentlemen, who alternately stormed the vehicles and were repulsed with great slaughter. The horrid truth dawned upon Brian Boru. Most of the old people who had heard the exercises yesterday had accepted his invitation for a free ride to-day. But Halloway's Health Pilgrims, the only desirable clients of the lot, were not there!

Erstwhile staid and dignified persons were jumping aboard the vehicles with the agility of school children, clinging to every available seat as passengers cling to a life-raft beside a sinking ship. Brian was just ordering his chauffeurs to drive ahead and avoid further violence, when a messenger from the hotel brought a note from Halloway that read:

We are attending a health lecture. Will follow at four in our own autos.

The five buses rumbled westward, Brian leading in the Senator's car, slightly overtaxed with ten passengers, mostly fat. Brian pretended to sit on the lap of an exceedingly stout gentleman, although the feat more closely resembled clinging to a cliff of jelly. He was obliged to lean lovingly over his shoulder to explain terms of sale to a timid lady in the tonneau.

As they approached Healthy View, he noticed, to his satisfaction, that Hissup's faithful Italians had scraped off the surface of Æsculapius Drive and set up signs here and there announcing, "To Home of Colonel Pottle," etc.

Such bright portents cheered him; yet his nerves thrilled menacingly as the car began bumping over the stony road leading to Uncle Steve's place.

The bars were up at the gate, he saw, and a string of inhospitable barb wire was stretched from post to post. No sign of welcome greeting the party, Brian got out, and was in the act of fumbling with the wire entanglements when he observed a flutter of gingham apron among the leafage, and, looking up, found himself gazing down the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun, at the other end of which stood a small, exceedingly pretty girl with her two black eyes fixed murderously on his heart. Two things that seldom fail to hold the masculine attention — a pretty girl and a loaded gun.

"Halt!" she commanded in that throaty voice which, elocutionists tell us, is supposed to convey the idea of resolution and desperate courage.

"Gladys Glenn, the Bandit's Bride!" grinned Brian. "How do you do?"

"I warn you to turn right round and march back!" said she disdainfully, albeit the gun was now beginning to wobble in her fragile grasp. "I'm not here to fool!"

"Neither am I," said the young man, lowering his voice and approaching so near that the muzzle of the gun scratched his eyebrow. "I can't afford to be held up just now, no matter how much I like it. This is business."

"I don't like your business," she sniffed.

"I love a cordial manner in a pretty girl," he said sweetly. "If my line of talk bothers you, maybe I can interview Uncle Steve Pottle."

"You can't!" The gun wavered back to the firing angle.

"Are you his keeper?"

"Yes. I'm his granddaughter."

"Oh. Then you're Betsy."

"Betsy Spencer, if you want it all."

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Spencer." Brian looked down the gun-barrel and said this politely. "Can't you see how you're getting me in wrong with all these rubber-necks?"

"Your rubber-necks can't make a side-show of grandpa," said Miss Spencer, with *esprit*.

The muzzle of the heavy gun drooped earthward. Brian suddenly laid his hand on it.

"If I wasn't such a perfect gent'man I could take this cannon away," he grinned.

"I don't care. It isn't loaded," she answered calmly. "But I want to tell you one thing confidentially before you start that Glidden tour tramping over our flower-beds. Better not show 'em grandpa, if you value your business standing."

"Why?"

"He'd be the worst real-estate ad in the world to-day. Take my advice — send 'em away!"

Something in her tone bode ill for the enterprise. Putting as bold a face as possible on the matter, Brian walked over to the buses and made excuses. Uncle Steve sent his greetings through his granddaughter, he said, but could not be with them for a few hours.

"Does he always send greetings with a shotgun?" a sarcastic voice from among the tourists was heard to ask, as the expedition wheeled slowly toward Slaughter-house Gulch.

Outwardly calm, raging vultures pecked beneath the fifteen-dollar Norfolk of Brian Boru. Was not the old man just as much his grandfather as hers, in a way, considering that he had been engaged by Brian by the week, fed and exploited? What right had a little girl with a big gun to keep him from his rightful discovery? He would go back and settle the matter at once.

"Stop the car and let me out," he whispered to Mike, the chauffeur. "There's twenty dollars in it for you if you take this mob over the property and boost it hard. Terms hundred 'n' fifty down, balance in a year. I'll join you later."

The young man strode away in the direction of the little gray cottage among the trees. As he rounded the corner of the house he heard a small voice singing slightly off the key:

"Mis-ter Brown, Mis-ter Brown
Had a vi-o-lin!"

On the rose-embowered steps looking toward a mellow California sun, peacefully slanting, he beheld Betsy Spencer mending the neck-band of a faded shirt. In the path at her feet a fat white duck sozzled its bill in a pan of water, daintily satisfied with this manner of finger-bowl. The scene was a pastoral one, bearing no suggestion of firearms or disputed grandparents.

"Now, look here," began Brian, removing his hat and trying to look severe. "There's been awful rotten team work about this job. I came to praise Caesar, and you pulled a gun on me. Cordial little thing, aren't you!"

"I suppose real-estate men are all poets." Betsy rang a tiny mocking bell of laughter. "Homer advertised Greece, Dante boosted Inferno. And now Mr. Brian Boru Blaney has written a perspectus on Healthy-View-by-the-Sage-Brush." She drew one of his folders from her work-basket and began to read: "'Fanned by old Pacific's balmy breezes, mayhap the ti-erd business man —'"

"Oh, Betsy!" moaned a feeble voice from within the house.

"Grandpa's a very ti-erd business man to-day," she announced, disappearing.

"Is he sick?" asked Brian, as soon as she came back.

"He's getting all right now, but he's been awful."

Through the half-open door Brian saw the old man, wrapped in blankets.

"What *did* you feed him at the famous health lunch?"

"Ham an' eggs."

"Murder!" she gasped. "He's lived on buttermilk and toast for years."

"He bragged he could walk further and eat more vittles than —"

"I know," said the girl quite seriously. For a time she glanced over the silvery grass and sage glinting westward.

"Oh, look!" she said, suddenly regarding Brian's apparel. "There's a button off your pretty actor's coat. Let me sew it on."

Without a word, the Booster shed, while she selected a button and began to sew.

"Untruthfulness is a habit that won't come off — like buttons," she remarked, sewing. "Grandpa's had the habit for years."

"What!" Suspicion took possession of him.

"Grandpa is a great novelist gone wrong. He's always amused himself telling tales. When he was fifty years old he began lying about his age —"

"The old — excuse me!"

"At sixty he swore he was seventy-five; at seventy he claimed to be a hundred. Are you in pain, Mr. Boru?"

"Then the old — excuse me — is only seventy-seven!"

"On the fifteenth of last March," she replied serenely. "I never thought his fibs were doing any harm, so I've let him lie on for years — in the amateur class. But when I found you'd been offering him money I set my foot down. I don't allow any professional fibbers in my family."

"But he *must* be a hundred and seven," grunted Brian, clutching at vain hopes. "Didn't he show a marriage license to prove it?"

"That license belonged to his father, of the same name, who has been dead for twenty years."

Brian rose and started up the porch.

"Where are you going?" asked the girl, intercepting him.

"I've got to see him — right off!"

"No, you don't," she said, grasping the door-knob firmly. "He's promised to tell the truth, and I'm going to help him. More than that, I know a reporter on the *Globe*, and I'll give him the whole story."

The Irish rage that seethed within him Brian suppressed by means of a diplomacy that was still more Irish.

"Miss Spencer," he said gently, Celtic pathos gathering in his blue eyes, "in about ten minutes a man who can buy the whole tract is coming here with a hundred rubber-necks. The sale depends on whether your grandfather sticks to his fairy story or not."

"I don't see why grandpa and I should add our dishonesty to yours." Her tone was firm.

"Who's dishonest?" he asked very earnestly. "We're offering those lots at a snap, considering what they'll be worth in two years, improved and with a colony on 'em. I'm boosting it as a health resort, and it *is* healthy — everything in this part of California is. I'll be saving these people money by sellin' 'em this land, because they'll be soaked lots worse by the other guy. Besides," Brian sighed,—"I ain't making much commission on this job, but I need what little I get — need it bad."

"For more bunco deals?"

"Nope. Straightest game in the world."

"What, then?" Her voice was softening under his influence.

"I'm goin' to get married," he confessed huskily.

"Oh. *That's* it!" He could feel the sudden give in her antagonism. "Well — if I see grandpa and ask about this, you must remember — he's not to get a cent for his falsehood."

After a minute Brian went in to the invalid, who sat, the picture of woe, swaddled in quilts and smelling of camphor.

"Can't do nothin' fer nothin'," announced the old man, fixing Brian with the eye of an angry hawk. "It ought to be worth at least ten dollars."

"You're not doing this for money," said Betsy firmly.

In the distance Brian could hear the honk of approaching automobiles.

"You see, Colonel Pottle," said Brian politely, "your granddaughter was so good as to promise that you and she would help me out of this fix —"

"You know I told you — he's going to be married," prompted Betsy.

"Be he? To who?" asked the dotard sharply.

"Oh, grandpa!" the girl chided, just as, with a bellow and a honk, the first car of Halloway's Health Pilgrimage drew up at the gate outside.

"Gimme my slippers 'n' dressin'-gown," piped the old man. "Guess I'm 'bout as old as I feel, anyhow."

After the eminent Cyprus Halloway had cast his owlish glances on Uncle Steve, scrutinized

carefully his records to observe them flawless, inquired into his ancestry, religion, and state of stomach, he suddenly paused, confronted his faithful Hundred, and uttered an oracular statement.

"A wonderful, wonderful case!" he said.

"I agree with you!" echoed Brian devoutly.

"And now, if we may, we will look at the land that has produced this ideal specimen," he requested. Brian gave orders to the head chauffeur with the inward sensations of one who orders moving-vans to carry away bank-notes.

"Follow the road to the big sign-post below," he instructed. "I'll come down 'cross lots in about ten minutes." The 'buses thundered away.

"Will they buy?" asked Betsy, as the two stood at the gate and watched the caravan filing across the acres below.

"Will a cork float?" he queried, in reply. "The signs never fail. Look down there. Al-

ready I can see half a dozen old gents pacing off the street-fronts, while their wives are poking umbrellas into the places where flower-beds are going to be. Add me to that landscape and you can tag the picture, 'Sold.'"

He took her hand and half turned toward the road.

"I'd like to thank you in my bum language," he stammered. "I can't, because it would need an orchestra to get it over."

"Good-by," she said, raising her dark eyes.

"Gee!" said the Little Booster. "When I'm seventy-seven I hope I have a descendant like you!"

"A favor for a favor," she requested, looking away. "What's the name of that helpless maiden you're going to marry?"

"You," said Brian Boru Blaney softly, as he released her hand and began racing toward Healthy View with the stride of a champion training for a Stockholm event.

LEONARD MERRICK—THE NEWEST McCLURE ACQUISITION

With the March McCLURE'S short stories by Leonard Merrick will for several months become a regular feature of the magazine. The author of "Whispers About Women" has never done anything brighter or more sparkling than these contributions. He adds a novel and fresh vein of interest to an already varied and unique publication.

THE JEWISH INVASION OF AMERICA

A notable McCLURE article by Burton J. Hendrick, describing the marvelous recent growth and extension of Jewish power in America, will be followed by "Confessions of an American Jew"—an autobiography by one of the successful Hebrews of the country which to many will explain why there is a Jewish Invasion—an illuminating and strikingly unusual personal document.

WHAT McCLURE'S IS DOING

Month after month we are giving our readers fifteen real features—fifteen contributions that are literature. Nothing cleverer, nothing more amusing, nothing more intrinsically worth while, can be found between covers than our fifteen monthly features.

Get the March McClure's—out February 15

WILL JAPAN EVER FIGHT

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

ILLUSTRATED WITH



A WAR PHOTOGRAPH OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS

Since the Russian fleet was demolished in the Sea of Japan, the world powers talent for war, have made her formidable. Each new move, each diplomatic Mr. William Archer, the experienced English observer of world affairs, to determine if there were conditions in Japan that were or were not likely to

WHO invented the phrase "yellow peril"? Probably some ill-inspired journalist, who little imagined what a "winged word" he was sending forth on its travels. But the popularizer of the idea, as distinct from the phrase, rests under no sort of obscurity. He was none other than the German Emperor, who inspired, if he did not paint, a symbolic picture of the Mongol hordes descending upon Caucasian civilization.

The idea was taken up by Mr. H. G. Wells in his prophetic, or prophylactic, romance, "The War in the Air." He showed eastern Asia taking advantage of a great war between Germany and the United States to prosecute the age-old feud between the East and the West; and he showed how aerial warfare, omnipotent in destruction but impotent for purposes of conquest and settlement, might easily throw the world back to a state of brutish barbarism.

This was not a prophecy of what *must* be, but a forecast of what *might* be if mankind should allow invention to outstrip sanity and humanity. The warning was certainly not untimely; but the emphasis lay, not on the aggressiveness of the Asiatic, but on the suicidal folly of the European.



TWO JAPANESE WARRIORS

THE UNITED STATES?

AUTHOR OF "BLACK AND WHITE IN THE SOUTH"

PHOTOGRAPHS



IN THE RUSSIAN-JAPANESE WAR OF 1904

have refused to reckon Japan as a peaceful neighbor. Her ambition, her brilliant word from her statesmen, has become the object of watchful scrutiny. recently went to Japan, under commission from MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, provoke that efficient nation to another great conflict. Here is his report.



OF THE YEAR 1587

The "yellow peril" into which I here propose to examine is not that which haunts imperial dreams or points the moral of the sociological romancer. I leave China deliberately out of account. If China were to develop in the next half century as Japan has developed in the fifty years that lie behind us, she would be a new factor in the world-problem, the effect of which no one could foretell. It is idle to speculate on such remote contingencies. A very much narrower and more immediate question is all that here concerns us: Has America anything to fear from Japanese ambition? Has Japan either the power or the will to seek aggrandizement in the North Pacific at the expense of the United States, or to challenge the Monroe Doctrine in Spanish America?

Briefly, I believe that she has no such will or power; and I shall now try to give reasons for that conclusion.

A Nation Overrun with Children

It is not unnatural that Japan should have become something of a bugbear to many imaginations. There are certain obvious facts, both in her present position and in her history, that may well seem to render her

formidable. She has a rapidly growing population in a territory to which nature has set somewhat narrow bounds. She has just emerged victorious from a struggle with a vastly more numerous people, of apparently far greater resources. She has shown brilliant military and naval capacity, and she is perfectly conscious of the fact—so much so that critical observers discern in her not a few symptoms of the disease known as “swelled head.” What more natural (it may be asked) than that, in seeking an outlet for her surplus population, she should be tempted to try a fall with another powerful but comparatively unwieldy opponent?

It must be owned that the first impressions of a traveler in Japan are apt to lend emphasis to these questions. The race seems to be over-poweringly, appallingly prolific. Nowhere in the world are children so much in evidence. Wherever you go, they seem to swarm out of the ground like ants. Even in the remotest country village, you can not pause for a moment to ask the way without having a crowd of from ten to fifty children around you—close-shaven, bullet-headed boys in spotted indigo kimonos, and almond-eyed little girls decked out in squalid finery. Most of the children, too, are double-headed. Nearly all of the girls, and many of the boys, have infants strapped on their backs—pathetic little morsels of long-suffering humanity. Perhaps the least reassuring sight in Japan, to believers in the “yellow peril,” is the ample and commodious two-story schoolhouse which rises over the thatched hovels of the poorest village. Everywhere, too, you see drilling squads in the play-grounds, or meet long, serpentine files of school-boys, with peaked caps and “divided skirts” of striped cotton, clattering along in their clog-sandals to some local patriotic festival. Both the intelligence and the military spirit of the people are being sedulously cultivated.*

Why Japan Beat Russia

There is truth, then, in the impression that the Japanese are a people to be reckoned with. They come into the world with comparative ease, they bring with them nimble hands and brains, and they go out of the world with comparative indifference—all characteristics that help to make a nation formidable in war. Soldier for soldier, sailor for sailor, they may probably hold their own with any soldiers or sailors in the world. But there is, after all, nothing miraculous in their prowess. The reasons why

they beat the Russians are perfectly plain, and are inherent in the special circumstances of the case. There is nothing to show that they could encounter another nation, under wholly different circumstances, with equal success. The very qualities of prudence and foresight, which enabled their statesmen to run that inevitable hazard with calm resolution, are a guaranty that they would not rush blindly, and with no imperative necessity, into an adventure of wholly different magnitude, under wholly different conditions.

In the Russian war, every possible advantage of position was on the Japanese side. They were close to their base; they were able to strike the first blow and gain command of the narrow seas; they could pour men and supplies into Manchuria by means of a sea passage of a few hours: whereas the Russians, even if they had not had all sorts of corruption and disorganization to contend with, were forced to carry men and supplies over thousands of miles of single-track railroad. These things are patent to all the world: but one has to see the Japanese on his native hills and in his native rice-fields to realize the enormous advantages of the individual soldier.

The Japanese Child Trained to Carry Enormous Burdens

Japan is a very mountainous country. Statistics differ as to the extent of cultivable land; but it is generally reckoned at twelve per cent of the whole surface, and no one places it higher than eighteen per cent. Again, beasts of draught and beasts of burden are very scarce, so that the Japanese man—and woman—has to do by far the greater part of the heavy labor which, in a country like Russia, is done by horses and oxen. We have seen that the Japanese child, almost from his infancy, is trained to carry on his back for hours another infant almost as big as himself. The shouldering of enormous burdens has been for untold centuries the habit of the race. The endurance of the ‘rikisha-man is proverbial; and the coolie will trot all day over steep mountain paths with two or three heavy portmanteaus piled on his back. Yet again, the work of the Western plow, horse-drawn or run by steam, is for the most part done in Japan by a large and very heavy iron hoe, with which the field-laborer turns the heavy clay of his rice-swamp or piles the ridges of his barley-field.

The Japanese peasantry, in short, and the lower classes of the town-folk are, and always have been, their own beasts of burden—an enormous advantage from a military point of

* A “Military Virtues Society,” founded in 1896, is said to number 2,000,000 members. Its central hall is in Kyoto, where the most animated practice of jiu-jitsu and Japanese fencing takes place every afternoon.

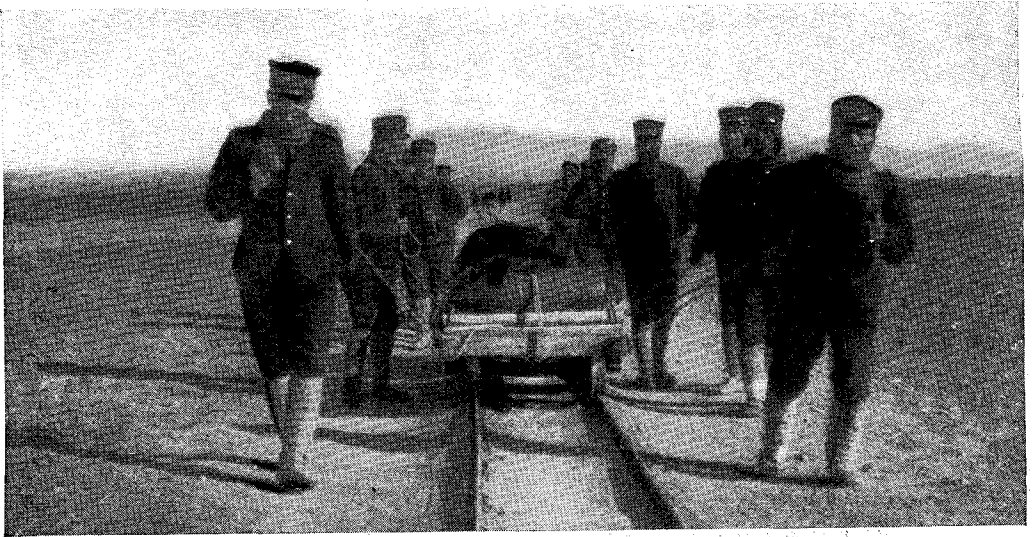
view. They are, moreover, accustomed to endure both heat and cold. The warming appliances of the paper-walled Japanese house (except the stove for heating, or rather for boiling, the family bath) are of the most meager description; whereas the Russian mujik swathes himself in heavy sheepskins and sleeps on the stove. On the battlefields of mountainous Manchuria, then, a hardy, wiry, burden-bearing race of mountaineers were opposed to the slow and lumbering



DRAGGING THE HEAVY IRON HOE IN THE RICE-FIELDS

to the tasks imposed upon them was a vastly important factor in the case.

While the conditions of life remain approximately as they are in Japan, the Japanese peasantry and fisher-folk will no doubt continue to make excellent soldiers, to whatever people they may be opposed. But the best military material is unavailing unless it can be brought into play, if not under conditions of advantage, at any rate on fairly equal terms. The point to be noted is that,



ONE OF THE REASONS WHY JAPAN BEAT RUSSIA WAS THE ENORMOUS PHYSICAL ENDURANCE OF THE JAPANESE SOLDIER

peasantry of a flat country, accustomed to plodding along behind the beasts of burden which did all their heavy work for them. Add to this that the Japanese were far less addicted to saké than the Russians to vodka, and you have an overwhelming array of points of superiority. The decisive point, of course, was that the Japanese had their hearts in their work, and the Russians had not; but, even apart from this moral superiority, their higher physical adaptation



JAPANESE PEASANT, TRAINED FROM CHILDHOOD TO CARRY HEAVY BURDENS

in Manchuria, the Japanese had every possible advantage on their side, and that these conditions can not be repeated elsewhere. There was nothing miraculous or even surprising in their victory, and especially nothing to show that they would be equally successful in a war of aggression, thousands of miles from their base, and against a people who, if not better soldiers than the Russians, would at least be fighting freely for a cause in which their whole soul was engaged.

Not an Inch of Land Wasted in Japan

It may be said, however, that the growth of population is bound to force Japan into aggression upon her neighbors, and that America is the neighbor upon whom, or upon whose possessions, she is most tempted to "spill her overflow." What, then, are the facts as to the population problem in Japan?

In spite of an appearance of overwhelming fecundity, due, doubtless, to the fact that Japanese houses have practically no walls, and that the street is the Japanese nursery, we find, on coming down to cold figures, that the rate of increase in Japan is nothing at all abnormal. Taking an average of the ten years 1897-1906, we reach the somewhat unexpected result that the Japanese are not multiplying quite so rapidly as the people of Great Britain and Ireland. Their birth-rate, indeed, is higher, being 31.3 per thousand, as opposed to 27.95; but their death-rate is also higher (20.7 per thousand as opposed to 16.89); and the upshot is that while, during these years, the people of the United Kingdom increased at the rate of 11.6 per thousand, the increase in Japan was only 10.6. Still, in a population of some fifty millions, that means an increase of half a million a year — a factor not to be made light of.

Can Japan, on her own resources, support a much greater population? Probably not. We have already noted how small is the cultivable area, in proportion to the whole territory; and, to the eye of the ordinary observer, it would seem that every square yard of that area is exploited to the utmost. Nowhere is intensive cultivation carried to a higher pitch. The hills are laboriously terraced, often to a great height. The flat plains have the air of neatly laid out and carefully tended gardens. Not an inch is wasted. Wheat and barley fill up the spaces between the mulberry trees; tea grows under the acres of trellis-work which support the hard, round Japanese pear; even the six-inch irrigation-ridges between the rice-fields are made to bear rows of beans. From much of the land two or even three crops a year are taken; which accounts for the somewhat surprising fact that "the food crops cover an area larger than the total area under cultivation by about 600,000 *cho*" — a *cho* being equal to about two and a half acres. It is believed, indeed, that improved methods of agriculture may in a measure increase the productivity of the soil and enable new land to be brought under cultivation. But the margin can not be very great. As it is, Japan imports cereals to the amount of five or six per cent of her total production.

It would appear, then, that Japan can not support a very largely increased population by means of the agriculture, combined with household handicrafts, upon which she has lived in the past. But what about the era of industrialism which seems to be opening for her?

Will Japan Become the Britain of the East?

The government is doing all in its power to promote the growth of manufactures: among other things, it is suspending an operation of a factory act which would hamper mill-owners in procuring the child labor and indentured labor on which they mainly rely. But Japan has yet to prove her qualifications for holding her own in the industrial race. She has good labor and good water-power; but her coal is not very good, and the only textile raw material she possesses in any abundance is silk. All her cotton she has to import; and why she should hope to compete in cotton-spinning with India and China is not very clear. Admitting, however, that she is capable of great industrial development, and thus of supporting, by means of food-stuffs from abroad, a much larger population than her agriculture and fisheries can nourish, is that a position to which her statesmen can look forward with equanimity? She would thus become, in the fullest sense of the word, the Britain of the East — an island realm so overpopulated that any enemy who obtained command of the sea could, in a few weeks, starve her into submission. In other words, she would have to crush both agriculture and industry under a grinding taxation in order to keep up a huge navy; and, even so, she would lead but a precarious national existence.

What is Japan to Do with Her Rising Millions of Population?

Territorial expansion, then, would seem to be, after all, a safer solution of the population problem than industrial development. Nor can it be denied that Japan is seeking territorial expansion. In his brilliant book, "The Awakening of Japan," Mr. K. Okakura writes:

Any hostile power in occupation of Korea might easily throw an army into Japan, for the peninsula lies like a dagger ever pointed toward the very heart of Japan. Moreover, the independence of Korea and Manchuria is economically necessary to the preservation of our race, for starvation awaits our ever-increasing population if it be deprived of its legitimate outlet in the sparsely cultivated areas of these countries.

This was written in 1904, during the Russian war. Korea is now not "independent," but



NOT AN INCH OF LAND IS WASTED IN JAPAN. THE HILLS ARE LABORIOUSLY TERRACED, THE FLAT PLAINS ARE LAID OUT LIKE GARDENS. THE FOOD PRODUCTION CAN NOT BE GREATLY INCREASED, BUT THE POPULATION IS RISING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS. DOES THIS MEAN THAT JAPAN MUST EMBARK ON A WAR OF EXPANSION?

annexed to Japan; and it is said that at the outbreak of the Chinese revolution an influential party in Japan was disposed to offer help to the Imperialists, demanding as a price the cession of Manchuria. It is needless to speculate upon the ultimate fate of that region. What is certain is that, however "sparsely cultivated" Korea and Manchuria may be, they are no more indefinitely expansible than any other geographical area, and can afford but a temporary

relief to the pressure of an "ever-increasing population."

What will probably happen, I suggest, is that before the limit is reached the pinch of circumstance will have put a check upon the increase of population, and Japan will have acquired, or re-acquired, the instinct of adjusting her fecundity to her means of subsistence.

During the peaceful two centuries and a half of Tokugawa rule, when she was absolutely shut

off from the world,—when it was a capital crime to attempt to leave the country, or to build a ship large enough for foreign trade,—Japan seems to have solved this problem with no great difficulty. There were, it is true, several famines, which led, in some recorded instances, to unspeakable horrors of cannibalism. But they were probably local rather than general, due to the failure of crops in some more or less extensive district, and to the difficulties (both natural and administrative) which hindered the transport of food-stuffs from one daimyate to another.

A six-yearly census, taken with tolerable regularity between 1721 and 1846, shows the population very nearly stationary at some 30,000,000. The utmost limit of oscillation is something like two millions; and there is never anything like this gap between one census year and the next.

The irresistible inference is that, in the main, the people had accustomed themselves to a normal limit of food-supply, and did not breed so as to put a chronic strain on their resources.

The Rush of Children

In half a century, the population has risen from about 30,000,000 to about 50,000,000; but there is nothing surprising, or particularly ominous, in this. With the opening up of the country, the spread of railroads, and the growth of internal and external commerce, there came a general stimulation of all the national energies, which had as its natural accompaniment an increase of population. The opening of the flood-gates was followed by a great rush of children, as of other products; but there is no reason to suppose that this sudden impetus will last for ever, with growing momentum. Indeed, it quite evidently can not, unless Japan is prepared to embark on a career of world-conquest. The first rush over, the waters will find their level.

Already the conditions which automatically check the growth of population are beginning to make themselves felt. The cost of living and the standard of living are both rapidly rising. The factory act before mentioned is not to come into operation for several years, and applies, at best, only to a limited class of factories; yet the progressive spirit of the nation is so strong and so sincere that some effective check can not but be placed before long on the industrial exploitation of children. Though all the traditions of the Shinto cult make the continuance of the family in the male line a matter of supreme importance, the poorer classes of to-day are said to desire girl children rather than boys, as, for various reasons,—chiefly, no doubt, because

they are not subject to conscription,—they are better commercial assets than their brothers. It appears, then, that philoprogenitiveness, in the most prolific classes, has an economic basis; and when humanitarian meddling shall have impaired the economic value of children in general, they will certainly be in much less demand. In this instance, as in many others, humanitarian meddling will not be clearly distinguishable from sound statesmanship.

Japan Could Not Finance a War of Conquest

But, supposing the forecast to be unfounded,—supposing the rate of increase to be so steadily maintained that a wide outlet for emigration becomes an imperative necessity,—what has the United States, in particular, to fear from Japan? It would seem that nothing short of madness—on one side or the other—could provoke a contest between the two powers.

The first and determining factor in the situation is the poverty of Japan. She is not—and it is not within the limits of probability that she should ever become—a country of great resources. A chain of mountainous islands, not especially rich in minerals, unfitted for stock-breeding, with no vast corn-lands or cotton-lands or fruit-lands, without even any greater store of timber than is required for internal use, Japan is strikingly deficient in the material that can be converted into great wealth. Her resources are such that she can support an industrious population of cultivators and handicraftsmen in considerable comfort, but not such as to enable her to pour out millions a week in a war of conquest.

It was owing to sheer lack of money that she could not even reap the full advantage of her successful war with Russia, waged, under the most favorable circumstances, almost on her own frontier. That war has crippled her, financially, for years. Who, then, is going to supply her with the funds necessary for such a very different enterprise as an attack on the United States? No Japanese government in its senses would dream of essaying such an adventure.

Three Ways for Japan to Move

There are three ways in which the efforts of Japan to dispose of her surplus population might conceivably clash with American interests. She might claim the right of unlimited immigration into the United States itself; or she might attempt to take possession of Hawaii or the Philippines; or she might endeavor to

gain a footing in Spanish America. The claim to dump her millions upon the Pacific Coast could be enforced only by the actual conquest of the United States; even a successful naval war would not enable Japan to force her surplus population upon America: for nothing but armed occupation could prevent the American people from making life impossible for Japanese immigrants. The enterprise, in short, would be absolutely chimerical. The United States has both the right and the power to determine whether, and under what conditions, it will admit immigration from any country whatsoever; and Japan can not possibly challenge that right.

As for Hawaii and the Philippines, a successful naval war might no doubt enable Japan to seize these archipelagos; but it is clear that, even in the event of success, the game would not be worth the candle. By seizing an unguarded moment, she might steal a victory that would give her the command of the Pacific; but grasping is one thing, holding is another; and she very well knows that the United States would not sit down under the humiliation, but would concentrate all her overwhelming resources on wiping it out.

For the same reason, anything like conquest or administrative occupation in South America is out of the question. Mere immigration into Spanish American territory is not a matter that need greatly concern the United States. To conceive any serious danger arising from it requires an almost panic-stricken imagination. It is no part of statesmanship to insist on crossing a river before you come to it.

The United States May Force Japan into War

The danger of a conflict between the United States and Japan lies, I am convinced, not on the Japanese but on the American side of the Pacific. The very fear of a "yellow peril" might conceivably lead to such action as national feeling in Japan would force her government to resent. For the Japanese are a high-spirited people, fully conscious of the prestige they have acquired in their wars with China and with Russia. They, no less than the Western world, are apt to imagine that there is something preternatural in their development during the forty-five years of the Meiji period—the Era of Enlightenment—and that nothing can stay their conquering career. Their patriotism is intense. It is founded on age-old myths which even men of culture scarcely dare to criticize.

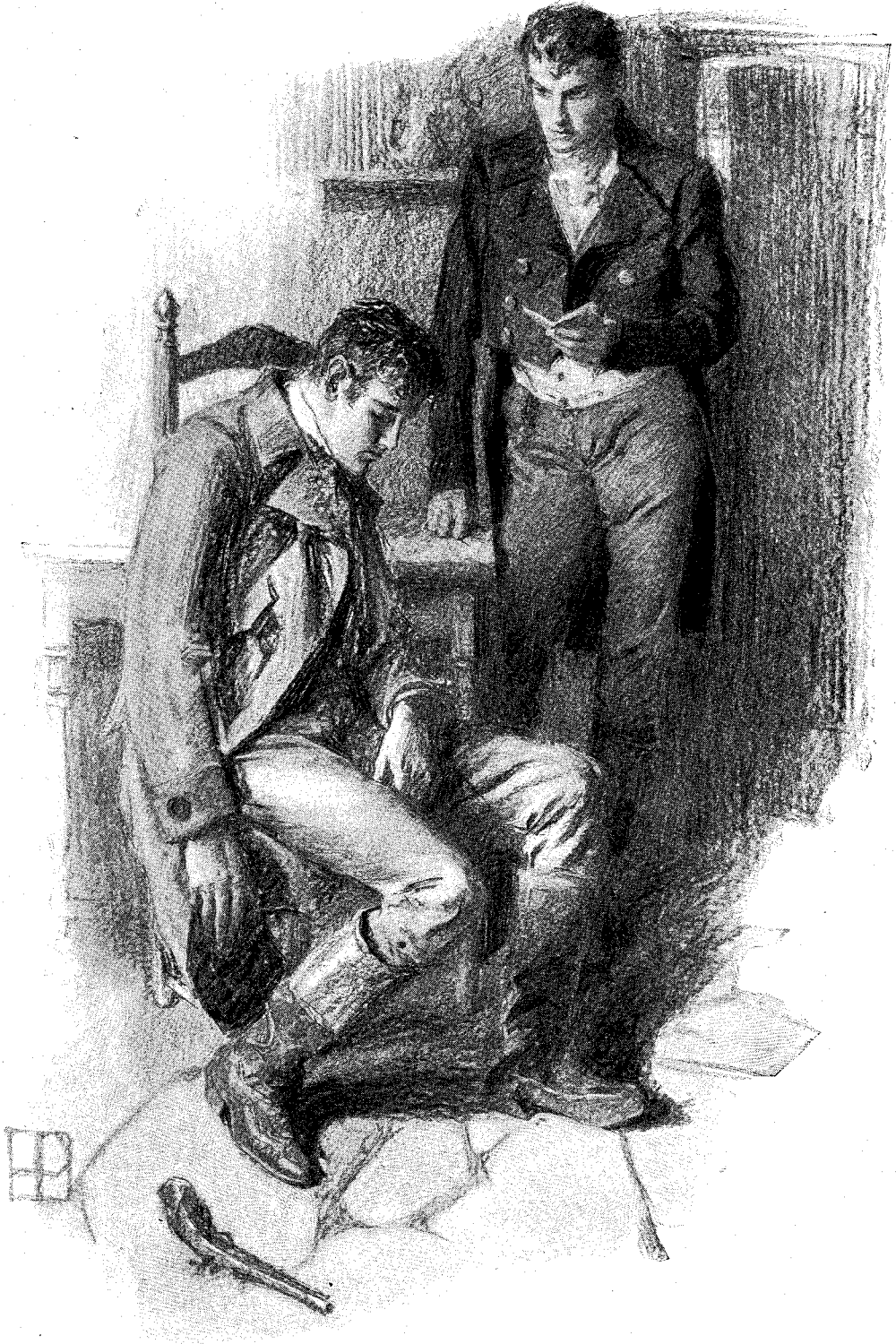
Mythology apart, however, Japanese patriotism may, without fear of contradiction, make

one rather remarkable boast: Japan is the only territory in the world that has never been conquered, has never (so to speak) changed hands, within recorded time. The dawn of history finds the ancestors of the present Japanese people in full possession of the country, at least up to the Tsugaru Strait; and since then no foreign conqueror has ever set foot in the islands. It is not unnatural, then, that the average Japanese should be at least as susceptible as his neighbors on the score of national honor; and a glaring affront to that susceptibility might possibly place the whole nation beside itself.

The government, it is true, is essentially oligarchic, not democratic, and the people, or their representatives, have no power to force the hands of their rulers. But even an oligarchy can not always resist popular clamor; and it is not inconceivable that, in spite of her wiser heads, Japan might rush into a war in which she could, for a time, make herself exceedingly unpleasant to the United States. The ultimate result could not be doubtful; but the quarrel would be a disaster to civilization, in which Japan would have everything to lose, and no one would have anything to gain.

There is every reason why the American government should take a firm and uncompromising attitude on the question of Japanese immigration into the actual territory of the United States. Every country has a right to object to the presence in its midst of large bodies of unasimilable aliens; and the United States, above all other countries, has reason to know the evils arising from such propinquity. On the other hand, it would seem that a policy of the utmost liberality might well be adopted in regions merely administered by the United States—regions which are not essentially "white men's countries," and where a great mixture of Asiatic races already exists.

It would be a grave misfortune if the historic chance which brought the Philippines under American administration were to create in the Japanese mind a legitimate sense of grievance. Though the United States is practically invulnerable to Japan alone, she might quite well prove a most disagreeable factor in a larger international complication. If she fell into a habitually hostile frame of mind, she would certainly be tempted to fish in troubled waters and turn to her own advantage any embarrassment into which her otherwise unassailable neighbor might fall. By a policy of conciliation, then, on all points save those which affect the vital interests of the American people, the United States should aim at securing a friend, rather than a sullenly resentful enemy, on her Pacific flank.



"IN THE DEAD MAN'S POCKET I FOUND—THIS!"

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN

BY

JEFFERY FARNOL

AUTHOR OF "THE BROAD HIGHWAY"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

Preceding instalments.—Barnabas Barty, son of the retired champion pugilist of England, coming suddenly into a fortune of £700,000, decides to go to London and become a gentleman. On his journey he rescues Lady Cleone Meredith from the compromising designs of Sir Mortimer Carnaby, the King's favourite. Barnabas learns that Carnaby is plotting to marry Lady Cleone for her fortune, and that she has consented to meet his go-between, a profligate courtier named Chichester, in a lonely spot at sundown. Barnabas arrives at the rendezvous first, forces Chichester to retire, and, when Lady Cleone comes, offers to escort her back to her guardian. In the explanation that follows, Barnabas learns that Lady Cleone had come to the tryst expecting to meet her half-brother, Ronald Barrymaine, a young scapegrace whose gambling exploits have thrown him into Chichester's power. Barnabas tells Lady Cleone that he loves her, and promises to seek out her brother in London and to try to save him. On reaching London he finds Barrymaine and offers to pay his debts if he will end all relations with Chichester; but Chichester foils Barnabas' purpose. He tries to buy up Barrymaine's debts from Jasper Gaunt, the London money-lender, but fails. He then learns that he is the legal heir of Chichester's fortune, and threatens to dispossess him unless he looses his hold on Barrymaine. Chichester in turn threatens to expose Barnabas to Lady Cleone as an impostor, but Barnabas forestalls him by telling her himself that he is the son of an innkeeper. She promises to marry him, and sends him back to London to win the great steeplechase. On reaching London, he discovers that his enemies have attempted to hamstring his horse.

*This Chapter, Being Somewhat Important, is
Consequently Short*

"MY dear fellow," said the Viscount, stifling a yawn beneath the bed-clothes, "you rise with the lark—so deuced early!"

"I am here early because I haven't been to bed. You wanted to see me, Dick. What is it?"

"Why—egad, Bev, I'm afraid it's nothing much, after all. It's that fellow Smivvle's fault, really. Fellow actually called here yesterday—twice, Bev. Wanted to see you—deuced insistent about it, too!"

"Why?"

"Well, from what I could make out, he seemed to think—sounds ridiculous, so early in the morning—but he seemed to fancy you were in some kind of—danger, Bev. When I told him he couldn't see you, because you had driven over to Hawkhurst, the fellow positively couldn't sit still—deuced nervous, y' know, though probably owing to drink. 'Hawkhurst,' says he, staring at me as if I were a ghost. 'But you must get him back!' 'Can't be done!' says I. 'Are you his friend?' says he. 'I hope so,' says I. 'Then,' says he, 'you must get him back—at once!' I asked him why; but he

only stared and shook his head, and so took himself off. I'll own the fellow shook me rather, Bev; but, knowing where you were, I wouldn't have disturbed you for the world if it hadn't been for the horses."

"Ah, yes, the horses!" said Barnabas thoughtfully. "How is your arm now, Dick?"

"A bit stiff, but otherwise right as a trivet, Bev. But now, about yourself, my dear fellow—what on earth possessed you to lay Carnaby such a bet? What a perfectly reckless fellow you are! As I told you in my letter, the affair has gone the round of the clubs; every one is laughing at the 'Galloping Countryman,' as they call you. Which brings us back to the horses, Bev. I've been thinking we ought to get 'em away—into the country—some quiet place like—say, the—the Spotted Cow, Bev."

"Yes, the Spotted Cow should do very well; especially as Clemency——"

"Talking about the horses, Bev," said the Viscount, sitting up in bed and speaking rather hurriedly, "I protest, since the rascally attempt on Moonraker last night, I've been on pins and needles, positively—nerve quite gone, y' know, Bev. I've thought of him all day and dreamed of him all night. I'll get up, and we'll go round to the stables together."

"Quite unnecessary, Dick."

"Eh? Why?"

"Because I have just left there."

"Is Moonraker all right, Bev?"

"Yes, Dick."

"Ah!" sighed the Viscount, falling back among his pillows. "And everything is quite quiet, eh?"

"Very quiet — now, Dick."

"Eh?" cried the Viscount, coming erect again. "Bev, what d'you mean?"

"I mean that three men broke in again last night —"

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the Viscount, beginning to scramble out of bed.

"But we drove them off before they had done what they came for."

"Did you, Bev, did you? Ah, but didn't you catch any of 'em?"

"No, but my horse did."

"Your horse? D'you mean he —"

"Killed him, Dick!"

Once more the Viscount sank back among his pillows.

"By heaven, Bev," said he at last, "the stable-boys might well call him the Terror!"

"Yes," said Barnabas; "he has earned his name, Dick."

"And the man was — dead, you say?"

"Hideously dead, Dick. And in his pocket we found this!" And Barnabas produced a dirty and crumpled piece of paper. "Look at it, Dick, and tell me what it is."

"Why, Bev, deuce take me, it's a plan of our stables! Here's Moonraker's stall marked out as pat as you please, and the Terror's; but they've got his name wrong."

"My horse had no name, Dick."

"But there's something written here."

"Yes; look at it carefully, Dick."

"Well, here's an *H*, and an *e*, and — looks like 'Hera,' Bev."

"Yes, but it isn't. Look at that last letter again, Dick."

"Why — Bev, it's an *e*! Why, then — why, Bev, it was your horse they were after!"

"My horse, yes, Dick."

"But he's a rank outsider — he isn't even in the betting! Why should any one —"

"Look on the other side of the paper, Dick."

The Viscount turned the crumpled paper over, and thereafter sat staring wide-eyed at a name scrawled thereon, and from it to Barnabas and back again; for the name he saw was this:

"Ronald Barrymaine, Esqre."

"And, Dick," said Barnabas, "it is in Chichester's handwriting."

CHAPTER XLVI

In Which Ronald Barrymaine Speaks His Mind

THE whiskers of Mr. Digby Smivvle were in a chastened mood. Mr. Digby Smivvle drooped likewise. He sat in one of the rickety chairs, his legs stretched out to the cheerless hearth, and stared moodily at the ashes of a long dead fire. At the opening of the door, he started and half rose, but, seeing Barnabas, sank back again.

"Beverley!" he cried. "Thank heaven, you're safe back again — that is to say —" he went on, striving to speak in his ordinary manner, "that is to say, I mean — ah — in short, my dear Beverley, I'm delighted to see you!"

"Pray what do you mean by 'safe'?"

"What do I mean?" repeated Mr. Smivvle, beginning to fumble for his whisker with strangely clumsy fingers. "Why, I mean safe, sir — a very natural wish, surely?"

"Yes," said Barnabas, "and you wished to see me, I think? At least, the Viscount told me so."

"Ah? Deuced obliging of the Viscount!"

"Are you alone?" Barnabas enquired, struck by Mr. Smivvle's hesitating manner, and he glanced toward the door of what was evidently a bedroom.

"Alone, sir," said Mr. Smivvle, "is the precise and only word for it. You have hit the nail exactly — upon the nob, sir." Here, having found his whisker, Mr. Smivvle gave it a fierce wrench, loosed it, and, clenching his fist, smote himself two blows in the region of the heart. "My friend Barry — wholly forgetful of those sacred bonds which the hammer of adversity alone can weld, scorning friendship's holy obligations — has turned his back upon Smivvle — upon Digby — upon faithful Dig, and, in short, has — ah — hopped the mutual perch, sir."

"Do you mean he has left you?"

"Yes, sir. We had words this morning, and the end of it was — he departed — for good. And all on your account!"

"My account?"

"Sir, in a word, he resented my friendship for you. Sir, Barrymaine is cursed proud, but so am I — as Lucifer! By the way, do you happen to remember if you fastened the front door?"

"No."

"I ask because the latch is faulty, — like most things about here, — and in this delightful Garden of Hatton and the — ah — hot-beds adjoining there are weeds, sir, of the rambling species, which, given opportunity, will ramble anywhere. But, as I was saying, you may have noticed that Chichester is not altogether — friendly toward you?"

"Chichester!" said Barnabas. "Yes!"



"FOR A MOMENT HER EYES LOOKED UP INTO HIS, DARK AND WIDE; THEN SHE WAS GONE"

"And it would almost seem that he's determined that Barrymaine shall be the same. Poor fellow's been very strange lately. Gaunt's been pressing him again worse than ever — even threatened him with the Marshalsea. Consequently, the flowing bowl has continually brimmed, — Chichester's doing, of course, — and he seems to consider you his mortal enemy, and — in short, I think it only right to — put you on your guard."

"You mean against — Chichester?"

"I mean against — Barrymaine!"

"Ah!" said Barnabas, chin in hand. "Why?"

"Well, you'll remember that, the only time you met him, he was inclined to be — just a lee-tle — violent, perhaps?"

"When he attacked me with the bottle — yes!" sighed Barnabas. "But, surely, that was only because he was drunk?"

"Y-e-s, perhaps so," said Mr. Smivvle, fumbling for his whisker again. "But this morning he — wasn't so drunk as usual."

"Well?"

"And yet he was more violent than ever — raved against you like a maniac."

"But — why?"

"It was just after he had received another of Jasper Gaunt's letters. Here it is!" And, stooping, Mr. Smivvle picked up a crumpled paper that had lain among the ashes, and, smoothing it out, tendered it to Barnabas. "Read it, sir — read it!" he said earnestly. "It will explain matters, I think."

So Barnabas took the letter, and this is what he read:

Dear Mr. Barrymaine:

In reply to your favour, re interest, requesting more time: I take occasion once more to remind you that I am no longer your creditor, being merely his agent, as Mr. Beverley himself could, and will, doubtless, inform you.

I am, therefore, compelled to demand payment within thirty days from date; otherwise the usual steps must be taken in lieu of same.

Yours obediently, JASPER GAUNT.

Now, when Barnabas had read the letter, a sudden fit of rage possessed him, and, crumpling the paper in his fist, he dashed it down and set his foot upon it.

"A lie!" he cried. "A foul, cowardly lie!"

"Then you — you didn't buy up the debt?"

"No! no! I couldn't — Gaunt had sold already. And, by heaven, I believe the real creditor is —"

"Ha!" cried Smivvle, suddenly. "The door wasn't fastened, Beverley; look there!"

Barnabas started, and, glancing round, saw that the door was opening very slowly and inch by inch. All at once a shaggy head slid into view.

"Scuse me, gents!" said the head, speaking hoarsely and rolling its eyes at them. "Name o' Barrymaine — vich on ye might that be, now?"

"Ha!" said Mr. Smivvle, beginning to tug at his whiskers. "Ha! Get out — d'ye hear!"

"But, axing your pardons, gents, vich on ye might be — name o' Barrymaine?"

"What do you want with him — eh?" demanded Mr. Smivvle, his whiskers growing momentarily more ferocious. "Speak out, man!"

"Got a letter for 'im," answered the head.

"Oh, all right; give it to me!" said Mr. Smivvle, rising.

"Are you name o' Barrymaine?"

"No; but you can leave it with me, and I —"

"Leave it?" repeated the head, in a slightly injured tone. "Leave it? Axing your pardons, gents — but burn my neck if I do! If you ain't name o' Barrymaine, vy, then, p'r'aps this is 'im a-coming upstairs now — and werry 'asty about it, too!" And, sure enough, hurried feet were heard ascending; whereupon Mr. Smivvle uttered a startled exclamation, and, motioning Barnabas to be seated in the dingiest corner, strode quickly to the door, and came face to face with Ronald Barrymaine.

"Why, Barry!" said he, standing so as to block Barrymaine's view of the dingy corner. "So you've come back, then?"

"Come back — yes!" returned the other petulantly. "I had to. Mislaid a letter — must have left it here, somewhere. Did you find it?"

"Axing your pardon, sir, but might you be name o' Barrymaine? No offence — but might you?"

The shaggy head had slid quite into the room now, bringing after it a short, thick-set person clad after the fashion of a bargeman.

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Might this 'ere be the letter as you come back for? No offence — but might it?"

"Yes! yes!" cried Barrymaine, and, snatching it, he tore it fiercely across and across, and made a gesture as if to fling the fragments into the hearth, then thrust them into his pocket, instead. "Here's a shilling for you," said he, turning to the bargeman. "That is — D-Dig, I-lend me a shilling; I —" Ronald Barrymaine's voice ended abruptly, for he had caught sight of Barnabas sitting in the dingy corner, and now, pushing past Smivvle, he stood staring, his handsome features distorted with sudden fury, his teeth gleaming between his parted lips.

"So it's — you, is it?" he demanded.

"Yes," said Barnabas, and stood up.

"So — you're — back again, are you?"

"Thank you, yes," said Barnabas, "and quite safe!"

"S-safe?"

"As yet," answered Barnabas.

"You aren't d-drunk, are you?"

"No," said Barnabas; "nor are you, for once."

Barrymaine clenched his fists and took a step towards Barnabas; but, spying the bargeman, who now lurched forward, turned upon him in a fury.

"What the d-devil d'you want? Get out!"

"Axiing your pardon, sir, an' meaning no offence, but summat was said about a bob, sir."

"Damnation! Give the fellow his s-shilling, Dig, and then k-kick him out."

Hereupon Mr. Smivvle, having felt through his pockets, slowly produced the coin demanded, and, handing it to the bargeman, pointed to the door.

"No; see him downstairs — into the street, Dig. And you needn't hurry back; I'm going to speak my mind to this f-fellow — once and for all! So l-lock the street door, Dig."

Mr. Smivvle hesitated, glanced at Barnabas, shrugged his shoulders, and followed the bargeman out of the room. As the door closed, Barrymaine sprang to it, and, turning the key, faced Barnabas with arms folded, head lowered, and a smile upon his lips.

"Now," said he, "you are going to listen to me — d'you hear? We are going to understand each other before you leave this room! D'you see?"

"Yes," said Barnabas.

"Oh!" he cried bitterly, "I know the sort of c-crawling thing you are; Gaunt has warned me —"

"Gaunt is a liar!" said Barnabas.

"Y-you think, because you've bought my debts, you've bought me too, body and soul, and, through me, Cleone! Ah, but you haven't! Before that happens y-you'll be dead and rotting — and I, and she as well! Are you listening? — she as well! You think you've g-got me — there, beneath your foot. B-but you haven't — no, you haven't!"

"I tell you, Gaunt is a liar!" repeated Barnabas. "I couldn't buy your debts, because he had sold them already. Come with me, and I'll prove it; let me face him with the truth."

"The truth? You? Oh, I might have guessed you'd come creeping round here to see S-Smivvle behind my back — as you do my sister."

"Sir!" said Barnabas, flushing.

"What — do you dare deny it? Do you d-dare deny that you have met her — by stealth? Do you? do you? Oh, I know of your secret meetings with her! I know how you have imposed upon the credulity of a weak-minded old woman and a one-armed d-dotard sufficiently to get yourself invited to Hawk-

hurst. But, I tell you, this shall stop — it shall! Yes, by heaven, you shall give me your promise to c-cease your persecution of my sister before you leave this room, or —"

"Or?" said Barnabas.

"Or it will be the w-worse for you!"

"How?"

"I — I'll k-kill you!"

"Then it is a pistol you have in your pocket there?"

"Yes; l-look at it!" And, speaking, Barrymaine drew and levelled the weapon with practiced hand. "Now, listen!" said he. "You will s-sit down at that table there, and write Gaunt to g-give me all the time I need for your c-cursed interest —"

"But, I tell you —"

"Liar!" cried Barrymaine, advancing a threatening step. "Liar — I know! Then, after you've done that, you will swear never to see or c-communicate with my sister again, or I'll shoot you dead where you stand!"

"You are mad," said Barnabas. "I am not your creditor, and —"

"Liar! I know!" repeated Barrymaine.

"And yet," said Barnabas, fronting him, white-faced, across the table, "I think — I'm sure, there are four things you don't know. The first is that Lady Cleone has promised to marry me."

"Go on to the next, liar!"

"The second is that my stables were broken into again this morning. The third is that my horse killed the man who was trying to hamstring him. And the fourth is that in the dead man's pocket I found — this!" And Barnabas produced that crumpled piece of paper whereon was drawn the plan of the stables.

Now, at the sight of this paper Barrymaine fell back a step; his pistol hand wavered, fell to his side, and, sinking into a chair, he seemed to shrink into himself as he stared dully at a worn patch in the carpet.

"Only one beside myself knows of this," said Barnabas.

"Well?" The word seemed wrung from Barrymaine's quivering lips.

"Not another soul shall ever know," said Barnabas earnestly — "the world shall be none the wiser, if you will promise to stop now — to free yourself from Chichester's influence now — to let me help you to redeem the past. Promise me this, and I, as your friend, will tear up this damning evidence — here and now."

"And if I can't?"

Barnabas sighed, and, folding up the crumpled paper, thrust it back into his pocket.

"You shall have — a week to make up your mind. You know my address, I think." So

saying, Barnabas stepped toward the door; but, seeing the look on Barrymaine's face, he stooped very suddenly and picked up the pistol. Then he unlocked the door and went out, closing it behind him.

As Barnabas turned into the rush and roar of Holborn, he espied a face amid the hurrying throng — a face whose proud, dark beauty there was no mistaking, despite its look of sorrow, and a figure whose ripe loveliness the threadbare cloak could not disguise. For a moment her eyes looked up into his, dark and suddenly wide; then, quick and light of foot, she was gone, lost in the bustling crowd. But, even so, Barnabas turned and followed, striding on and on until at length he saw again the flutter of the threadbare cloak. And because of its shabbiness he frowned and hastened his steps, and because of the look he had read in her eyes he paused again, yet followed doggedly nevertheless. She led him down Holborn Hill, past the Fleet Market, along Bridge Street, over Blackfriars Bridge, and so, turning sharp to the right, along a somewhat narrow and very grimy street of dirty, tumble-down houses, with numerous narrow courts and alleyways that gave upon the turgid river. Down one of these alleys the fluttering cloak turned suddenly; yet, when Barnabas reached the corner, behold, the alley was quite deserted, save for a small and pallid urchin who sat upon a rotting stump, with a pallid infant in his arms, staring at the river.

"Which way did the lady go?" enquired Barnabas.

"Lady?" said the urchin, staring.

"Yes. She wore a cloak — a grey cloak. Where did she go?" — and Barnabas held up a shilling. Instantly the urchin rose and, swinging the pallid infant to his ragged hip, pattered over the cobbles with his bare feet, and with one small, dirty claw extended.

"A bob!" he cried in a shrill, cracked voice. "Gimme it, sir! Yus, yus, I'll tell ye! She's wiv Nick — lives dere, she do. Now gimme th' bob. She's in dere!" And he pointed to a narrow door at the farther end of the alley.

So Barnabas gave the shilling into the eager, clutching fingers, and, approaching the door, knocked upon the rotting timbers with the head of his cane.

"Come in!" roared a mighty voice.

Hereupon Barnabas pushed open the crazy door, and, descending three steps, found himself in a small, dark room, full of the smell of leather. And here; its solitary inmate, was a very small man crouched above a last, with a hammer in his hand and an open book before him. His head was bald save for a few white hairs that stood up, fiercely erect; and upon his

short, pugnacious nose he wore a pair of huge horn-rimmed spectacles.

"What's for you, sir?" he demanded in the same great, fierce voice. "If it's a pair o' hessians you'll be wanting —"

"It isn't," said Barnabas; "I —"

"Or a fine pair o' dancing shoes?"

"No," said Barnabas again; "I am here to see —"

"You can't 'ave 'em! And because why?" demanded the little man, his fierce eyes growing fiercer as he stared at Barnabas. "Because I don't make for the Quality. Quality — bah! If I 'ad my way, I'd gillertine 'em all. I'd cut off their 'eads!"

"You are Nick, the cobbler, I think?"

"And what if I am? I'd chop off their 'eads, I tell ye, with j'y and gusto!"

"And pray where is the lady who came in here a moment ago?"

"Lady?" said the cobbler, shaking his head. "Lord, sir, your heyes 'as been a-deceiving of you!"

"I am — her friend."

"Friend!" exclaimed the cobbler. "'Andsome gells don't want friends o' your kind. Besides, she ain't 'ere; you can see that for yourself. Try next door."

"But I must see her," said Barnabas. "I wish to help her — I have good news for her."

"Noos?" said the cobbler. "Oh? Ah! Well, go and tell your noos to some one else as ain't so 'andsome."

"Ah, perhaps she's in the room yonder," said Barnabas. "Anyhow, I mean to see —"

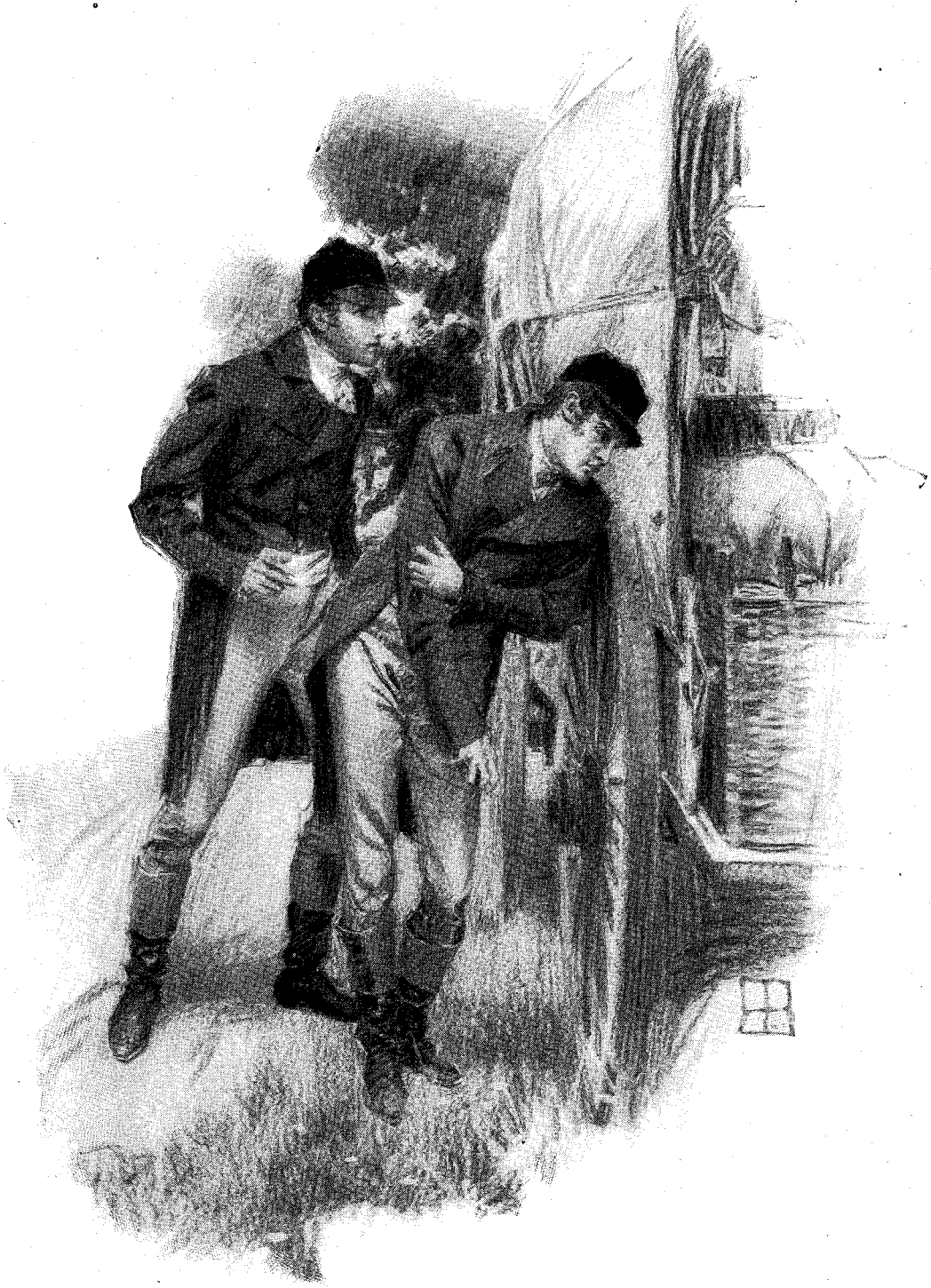
"No, ye don't!" cried the little cobbler, seizing a crutch that leant near him and springing up with astonishing agility. "No, ye don't, my fine gentleman. She ain't for you — not while I'm 'ere to protect her!" And, snatching up a long awl, he flourished it above his head. But at this moment the door of the inner room was pushed open and Clemency appeared. She had laid aside her threadbare cloak, and Barnabas was struck afresh by her proud, dark loveliness.

"You good, brave Nick!" said she, laying her hand upon the little cripple's bent shoulder. "But we can trust this gentleman, I know."

"Trust him!" repeated the cobbler, peering at Barnabas, more particularly at his feet. "Why, your boots is trustworthy — now I come to look at 'em, sir."

"Boots?" said Barnabas.

"Ah," nodded the cobbler. "A man wears his character into 'is boots a sight quicker than 'e does into 'is face, and I can read boots and shoes easier than I can print — and that's saying summat, for I'm a great reader, I am."



"THE VISCOUNT STAGGERED AGAINST THE CARAVAN, HIS PALE FACE CONVULSED WITH PAIN.
'BEV,' HE GROANED, 'HOLD ME UP'"

Why didn't ye show me your boots at first and have done with it?" Saying which, the cobbler snorted and sat down; then, having apparently swallowed a handful of nails, he began to hammer away lustily, while Barnabas followed Clemency into the inner room, and, being there, they stood for a long moment, looking on each other in silence.

And now Barnabas saw that, with her apron and mob-cap, the country serving-maid had vanished quite: in her stead was a noble woman, proud and stately, whose clear, sad eyes returned his gaze with a gentle dignity. Clemency, indeed, was gone, but Beatrix had come to life. Yet, when he spoke, Barnabas used the name he had known her by first.

"Clemency," said he, "your father is seeking for you."

"My — father!" she exclaimed, speaking in a whisper. "You have seen — my father? You know him?"

"Yes. I met him — not long ago. His name is Ralph Darville, he told me, and he goes up and down the country-side, searching for you — has done so ever since he lost you. And he preaches always forgiveness and forgetfulness of self!"

"My father!" she whispered again, with quivering lips. "Preaching?"

"He tramps the roads, hoping to find you, Clemency, and he preaches at country wakes and fairs because, he told me, he was once a very selfish man, and unforgiving."

"And — oh, you have seen him, you say, lately?" she cried.

"Yes. And I sent him to the Spotted Cow. But, Clemency, he was just a day too late!"

Now, when Barnabas said this, Clemency uttered a broken cry and covered her face.

"Oh, father!" she whispered, "if I had only known — if I could but have guessed! Oh, father, father!"

"Clemency, why did you run away?"

"Because I — I was afraid!"

"Of Chichester?"

"No!" she cried in sudden scorn. "Him I only — hate!"

"Then — whom did you fear?"

Clemency was silent; but all at once Barnabas saw a burning flush, that crept up over rounded throat and drooping face, until it was lost in the dark shadow of her hair.

"Was it — the Viscount?" Barnabas demanded suddenly.

"No — no; I — I think it was — myself. Oh, I — I am very wretched and — lonely!" she sobbed. "I want — my father!"

"And he shall be found," said Barnabas, "I promise you! But, until then, will you trust me, Clemency, as — as a sister might trust her

brother? Will you let me take you from this dreary place? I — I'll buy you a house — I mean a — a cottage — in the country — or anywhere you wish."

"Oh, Mr. Beverley!" she sighed, looking up at him with tear-dimmed eyes, but with the ghost of a smile hovering round her scarlet lips.

"I thank you — indeed, indeed, I do. But how can I? How may I?"

"Quite easily," said Barnabas stoutly — "oh, quite — until I bring your father to you. Indeed, you can not stay here."

"I must," she answered. "I can earn enough for my needs with my needle, and poor little Nick is very kind — so gentle and considerate, in spite of his great, rough voice and fierce ways. He actually refused to take my money at first, until I threatened to go somewhere else."

"But how did you find your way to — such a place as this?"

"Milo brought me here."

"The Viscount's little imp of a groom?"

"Yes; though he promised never to tell him where I was — and Milo always keeps his word. And you, Mr. Beverley, you will promise also, won't you?"

"Yes," said Barnabas; "I will promise, but — on condition that you henceforth will regard me as a brother: that you will allow me the privilege of helping you whenever I may, and will always turn to me in your need. Will you promise me this, Clemency?" And Barnabas held out his hand.

"Yes," she answered, smiling up into his earnest eyes; "I think I shall be — proud to — have you for a brother." And she put her hand into his. "Mr. Beverley," said she, "I want to ask you — something else — about my father."

"Yes," said Barnabas, as she hesitated.

"Does he think I am — does he know that, though I ran away with — a beast, I — ran away — from him also? Does he know —"

"He knows you for the sweet, pure woman you are," said Barnabas, as she fell silent again. "He knows the truth, and lives but to find you again — my sister!"

Now, when he said this, Barnabas saw within her tearful eyes the light of a joy unutterable; so he bared his head and, turning about, strode quickly away up the alley.

CHAPTER XLVII

Of a Breakfast and a Roman Parent

BRIGHT rose the sun upon the White Hart tavern, which stood within Eltham village, softening its rugged lines, gilding its lattices, lending its ancient timbers a mellow hue.

This inn of the White Hart was an ancient structure and very unpretentious (as great age often is), and, being so very old, it had known full many a golden dawn. But surely never, in all its length of days, had it experienced quite such a morning as this. For to-day was the fateful tenth of July. To-day the great steeplechase was to be run — seven good miles across country from point to point. To-day the very vexed and all-important question as to which horse out of twenty-three could jump and gallop the fastest over divers awkward obstacles was to be settled once and for all.

Up rose the sun high and higher, chasing the morning mists from dell and dingle. And presently, from a certain casement in the gable of the White Hart, his curls still wet with his ablutions, Barnabas thrust his tousled head, to cast an anxious glance first up at the cloudless blue of the sky, then down at the tender green of the world about, and to breathe in the sweet, cool freshness of the morning. As he looked, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, glancing round, he beheld the Viscount in all the bravery of scarlet hunting frock, of snowy buckskins and spurred boots, a little paler than usual, perhaps, but as gallant a figure as need be.

"What, Bev!" he exclaimed. "Not dressed?"

"Why, I've only just waked up, Dick!"

"Waked up! D'you mean to say you've actually been asleep?" demanded the Viscount reproachfully. "Gad! what a devilish cold-blooded fish you are, Bev! Haven't closed a peeper all night, myself. Couldn't, y' know, what with one deuced thing or another. So I got up hours ago, and looked at the horses. Found your man Martin on guard with a loaded pistol in each pocket, y' know. Deuced trustworthy fellow! The horses couldn't look better, Bev. Egad! I believe they know to-day is the day!"

"But how is your arm, Dick?"

"Arm?" said the Viscount innocently. "Oh — ah, to be sure! Thanks; couldn't be better, considering."

"Are you — quite sure?" persisted Barnabas, aware of the Viscount's haggard cheek and feverish eye.

"Quite, Bev, quite. Behold — feel!" And, doubling his fist, he smote Barnabas a playful blow in the ribs. "Oh, my dear fellow, it's going to be a grand race, though — ding-dong to the finish! And it's dry — thank heaven, for Moonraker's no mud horse. But I shall be glad when we line up for the start, Bev. Devilish long time till eleven o'clock! And I hate to be kept waiting, Bev. Egad, I do!"

"Viscount, do you love the Lady Cleone?"

"Eh? Who? Love? Now, deuce take it, Beverley, how sudden you are!"

"Do you love her, Dick?"

"Love her — of course, yes. Aren't we rivals? Love her? Certainly."

"Why, then," said Barnabas, "since you — honour me with your friendship, I feel constrained to tell you that she has given me to — to understand she will — marry me — some day."

"Eh? Oh! Marry you? The devil! Oh, has she, though!" And hereupon the Viscount stared and whistled, and in that moment Barnabas saw that his frown had vanished.

"Will you — congratulate me, Dick?"

"My dear fellow," cried the Viscount, springing up, "with all my heart!"

"Dick," said Barnabas, as their hands met, "would you give me your hand as readily had it been — Clemency?"

Now, here the Viscount's usually direct gaze wavered and fell, while his pallid cheek flushed a dull red. He did not answer at once, but his sudden frown was eloquent.

"Egad, Bev, I — since you ask me — I don't think I should."

"Why?"

"Oh, well, I suppose — you see — oh, I'll be shot if I know!"

"You — don't love her, do you, Dick?"

"Clemency? Of course not. That is — suppose I do, what then?"

"Why, then, she'd make a very handsome viscountess, Dick."

"Beverley," said the Viscount, staring wide-eyed, "are you mad?"

"No," Barnabas retorted; "but I take you to be an honourable man, my lord."

The Viscount sprang to his feet, clenched his fists, then took two or three turns across the room.

"Sir," said he, in his iciest tone, "you presume too much on my friendship."

"My lord," said Barnabas, "with your good leave, I'll ring for my servant." Which he did forthwith.

"Sir," said the Viscount, pale and stern, and with folded arms, "your remark was, I consider, a direct reflection upon my honour."

"My lord," answered Barnabas, reaching for his breeches, "your honour is surely your friend's also?"

"Sir," said the Viscount, with arms still folded, and sitting very upright on the bed, "were I to — call you out for that remark, I should be only within my rights."

"My lord," answered Barnabas, struggling with his shirt, "were you to call from now till doomsday, I shouldn't come."

"Then, sir," said the Viscount, cold and sneering, "a whip, perhaps, or a cane might —"

But at this juncture, with a discreet knock, Peterby entered, and, having bowed to the scowling Viscount, proceeded to invest Barnabas with polished boots, waistcoat, and scarlet coat.

"Sir," said he, when Barnabas stood equipped from head to foot, "Captain Slingsby's groom called to say that his master and the Marquis of Jerningham are expecting you and Viscount Devenden to breakfast at the Chequers, a little higher up the street, sir. Breakfast is ordered for eight o'clock."

"Thank you, Peterby," said Barnabas, and, bowing to the Viscount, followed him from the room and downstairs, out into the dewy freshness of the morning. To avoid the crowded street, they went by a field-path behind the inn, a path which to-day wound between

booths and stalls and carts of all sorts. And here was gathered a motley crowd — bespangled tumblers and acrobats, dark-browed gipsy fortune-tellers and horse-copers, thimble-riggers, showmen, itinerant musicians. Through all this bustling throng went our two young

gentlemen, each remarkably stiff and upright as to back, and each excessively polite, yet walking, for the most part, in a dignified silence — until, having left the crowd behind, Barnabas paused suddenly in the shade of a deserted caravan, and turned to his companion.

"Dick!" said he, smiling, and with hand outstretched.

"Sir?" said the Viscount, frowning and with eyes averted.

"My lord," said Barnabas, bowing profoundly, "if I have offended your lordship — I am sorry; but —"

"But, sir?"

"But your continued resentment for a fancied wrong is so much stronger than your avowed friendship for me, it would seem — that henceforth I —"

With a warning cry, the Viscount sprang

forward; and, turning in a flash, Barnabas saw a heavy bludgeon in the air above him; saw the Viscount meet it with upflung arm; heard the thud of the blow — a snarling curse; saw a figure dart away and vanish among the jungle of carts; saw the Viscount stagger against the



"YOU WILL PROMISE NEVER TO TELL HIM WHERE I AM — WON'T YOU?"

caravan and lean there, his pale face convulsed with pain.

"Oh, Bev," he groaned, "my game arm, ye know. Hold me up. I —"

"Dick!" cried Barnabas, supporting the Viscount's writhing figure—"oh, Dick, it was meant for me! Are you much hurt?"

"No — nothing to — mention, my dear fellow. 'Pain's quite gone, I assure you. Egad, Bev, some one seems devilish determined you sha'n't ride to-day!"

"But I shall now, thanks to you, Dick!"

So they presently walked on together, but no longer unnaturally stiff as to back, for arm was locked in arm, and they forgot to be polite to each other. Thus in a while they reached the Chequers inn, and were immediately shown into a comfortable sanded parlour where breakfast was preparing. And here behold the Marquis; also Captain Slingsby, lounging upon two chairs and very busily casting up his betting-book.

"Hallo, Devenden," cried the Marquis; "what's wrong? You look a little off colour."

"Well, for one thing, I want my breakfast," answered the Viscount.

"So do I!" cried the Captain, springing to his feet. "But, b'gad, Dick, you do look a bit palish round the gills, y' know. What — is breakfast ready? Then let's sit down."

So down they sat forthwith, and, despite the Viscount's arm, a very hearty and merry meal they made of it.

But, lo! as they prepared to rise from the table, voices were heard beyond the door, whereupon the Viscount sat up suddenly to listen.

"Why — egad!" he exclaimed, "I do believe it's my Roman!"

"No, by heaven!" said the Marquis, also listening. "Dooce take me if it isn't my great-aunt — her Graceless Grace. By Jove, it is!"

Even as he spoke, the door opened, and the Duchess swept in, all rustling silks and furbelows. Behind her Barnabas saw a tall, graceful figure, strangely young-looking despite his white hair, which he wore tied behind in a queue.

"Ah, gentlemen!" cried the Duchess, acknowledging their four bows with a profound courtesy, "I am here to wish you success — all four of you. Which is quite an impossible wish, of course; still, I wish it. I shall gain quite a fortune if you all happen to win — Oh, dear me, Viscount, how pale you are! Look at him, Bamborough; it's his arm — I know it is!"

"Arm, madam?" repeated the Viscount, with an admirable look of surprise.

But here the Earl of Bamborough stepped into the room and, closing the door, bowed to the company.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have the honour to

salute you! Viscount, your most dutiful, humble, obedient father to command!"

"My lord," answered the Viscount, gravely returning his father's bow, "your lordship's most obliged and grateful son!"

"My dear Devenden," continued the Earl solemnly, "being, I fear, something of a fogey and fossil, I don't know if you bucks allow the formality of shaking hands. Still, Viscount, as father and son — or, rather, son and father — it may perhaps be permitted us? How are you, Viscount?"

Now, as they clasped hands, Barnabas saw the Viscount set his jaw grimly; yet his smile was quite engaging as he answered:

"Thank you, my lord — never better!"

"Yes," said his lordship, "your Grace was right, as usual; it is his arm!"

"Then of course he can not ride, Bamborough; you will forbid it?"

"On the contrary, madam, he must ride. Being a favourite, much money has changed hands already on his account, and, arm or no arm, he must ride now. He owes it to his backers. You intend to, of course, Horatio?"

"My lord, I do."

"It's your right arm, luckily, and a horseman needs only his left. You ride fairly well, I understand, Viscount?"

"Oh, indifferent well, sir, I thank you. But allow me to present my friend to your lordship. Mr. Beverley — my father!"

So Barnabas shook hands with the Viscount's Roman parent.

"Come, gentlemen," cried the Duchess, rising. "If you have quite finished breakfast, take me to the stables, for I'm dying to see the horses — I vow I am. Lead the way, Viscount; Mr. Beverley shall give me his arm."

CHAPTER XLVIII

In Which Shall be Found Some Account of the Gentlemen's Steeplechase

TRULY it is a great day for the Terror. Behold him as he stands, with his velvet muzzle upon old Martin's shoulder, the while the under grooms, his slaves, hover solicitously about him! Behold the proud arch of his powerful neck, the knowing gleam of his rolling eye, the satiny sheen of his velvet coat! See how he flings up his great head to snuff the balmy air of morning, the while he paws the green earth with a round, bepolished hoof!

"He looks very well, Martin!" says Barnabas.

"And 'e's better than 'e looks, sir!" nods Martin. "And they're laying thirty to one ag'in' you, sir!"

"So much, Martin?"

"Ah, but it'll be backed down a bit afore you get to the post, I reckon, so I got my fifty guineas down on you a good hour ago."

"Why, Martin, do you mean you actually backed me — to win — for fifty guineas?"

"Why, y' see, sir," said Martin apologetically, "fifty guineas is all I've got, sir!"

Now at this moment Barnabas became aware of a very shiny glazed hat, which bobbed along, among other hats of all sorts and shapes, now hidden, now rising again, very like a cock-boat in a heavy sea; and presently, sure enough, the bo'sun hove into view.

"Mr. Beverley, sir," said he, "I first of all begs leave to say as, arter Master Horatio his lordship, it's you as I'd be j'yful to see come into port first, or — as you might say — win this 'ere race. Therefore and wherefore, I have laid five guineas on you, sir, by reason o' you being you and the odds so long. Secondly, sir, I were to give you this here, sir — naming no names, but she says as you'd understand."

Hereupon the bo'sun took off the glazed hat, inserted a hairy paw, and brought forth a single red rose.

So Barnabas took the rose, and bowed his head above it, and straightway forgot the throng and bustle about him, and all things else — yea, even the great race itself — until, feeling a touch upon his arm, he turned to find the Earl of Bamborough beside him.

"He is very pale, Mr. Beverley!" said his lordship, and, glancing whither he looked, Barnabas saw the Viscount, who was already mounted upon Moonraker. "Can you tell me, sir, how serious his hurt really is?"

"I know that he was shot, my lord," Barnabas answered, "and that he received a violent blow upon his wounded arm this morning; but he is very reticent."

"It will be a punishing race for him," sighed the Earl, walking away in the Viscount's direction.

"Only ten minutes more, sir!" said Martin.

"Well, I'm ready, Martin," answered Barnabas, and, setting the rose in his breast very securely, he swung himself lightly into the saddle, and, with the old groom at the Terror's head, paced slowly out of the paddock towards the starting-post.

Here a great pavilion had been set up, an ornate contrivance of silk and gold cords, gay with flags and bunting, above which floated the royal standard of England, and beneath which was seated no less ornate a personage than the First Gentleman in Europe, — his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent himself, —

surrounded by all that was fairest and bravest in the Fashionable and Sporting World. Before this pavilion the riders were being marshalled in line, a gallant sight in their scarlet coats, and each and every one mounted upon a fiery animal every whit as high-bred as himself.

Amidst this confusion of tossing heads and manes, Barnabas caught a momentary glimpse of the Viscount, some way down the line, his face frowning and pale; saw the Marquis, alternately bowing gracefully towards the great, gaudy pavilion, soothing his plunging horse, and resettling his cravat; caught a more distant view of Captain Slingsby, sitting his kicking sorrel like a Centaur; and, finally, was aware that Sir Mortimer Carnaby had ridden up beside him. Handsome and debonair, he bestrode his powerful gray with a certain air of easy assurance, and laughed softly as he talked with his neighbour.

"A very mysterious person," Sir Mortimer was saying. "Nobody knows him. Devilish odd, eh, Tressider? Tufton Green dubbed him the 'Gallopimg Countryman.' What do you think of the name?"

"Could have suggested a better, curse me if I couldn't! Why not the Prancing Ploughman or the Canterimg Clodhopper?" Here Sir Mortimer laughed loudly.

Barnabas frowned, but, looking down at the red rose upon his breast, he smiled instead, a little grimly, as he settled his feet in the stirrups and, shortening his reins, sat waiting very patiently.

Not so the Terror. Patient, forsooth! He backed and sidled and tossed his head, he fidgetted with his bit, he glared viciously this way and that, and pawed the earth with an impatient hoof.

Now all at once Sir Mortimer laughed again, louder than before, and in that same moment his grey swerved and cannoned lightly against the Terror — and reared back only just in time to avoid the vicious snap of two rows of gleaming teeth.

"Damnation!" cried Sir Mortimer, very nearly unseated. "Can't you manage that brute of yours!" And he struck savagely at the Terror with his whip. But Barnabas parried the blow; and now, even as they stared and frowned upon each other, so did their horses, the black and the grey, glare at each other, with bared teeth.

But now a sudden shout arose, that spread and spread, and swelled into a roar; the swaying line of horsemen surged forward, split into plunging groups, and man and horse were off and away. The great steeplechase had begun.

TO BE CONTINUED



CHARLIE SNYDER

The Charmed Life of Miss Austin

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

AUTHOR OF "DINNER AT EIGHT," "THE PEKING PUG," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. M. CROSBY

"I DON'T exactly like the idea of being burned up," said Miss Austin thoughtfully.

"But we can't burn here—in the Legation Quarter," insisted the bony woman from Kansas City—"with everything solid masonry, and an open space all around it—and the soldiers."

Miss Austin moved over to the window and looked out at the roaring sky. Outwardly she was very trim and girlish in her perfectly fitting tailored suit, white gloves, and turban that rested jauntily on her fluffy hair. She wore a watch strapped to her left wrist. Her left hand swung her brown shopping-bag to and fro as she gazed out at the extraordinarily brilliant spectacle of burning Peking. Somewhere to the westward a roof fell in; a spurt of flame shot up,

threw off down the wind a shining flame of sparks, and painted its own momentary glory in red against the smoke cloud behind and above it.

At the sight the pupils of Miss Austin's hazel eyes expanded a very little, the color deepened in her cheeks, and the muscles about her pretty mouth twitched with inner excitement; but in a moment her face resumed its usual girlishly demure expression.

The months of uncertainty were over for the curious assemblage of diplomats, tourists, bankers, correspondents, soldiers of all nations, and Chinese refugees that packed the fortified Legation Quarter—the months that had alternated strangely between panic and a commonplace quiet. It was now the evening of February 29. Edith raised her left hand and glanced at her watch—twenty minutes to nine.

On the third of December Nanking had fallen; Peking, it appeared, was falling to-night.

Faintly to Edith's ears, above the roar of fifteen square miles of burning buildings, came the crack, rattle, and boom of large and small arms. They were fighting out there, Manchus and Chinese — fighting, plundering, ravishing. All that was most primitive and beastly in this backward people was loose this night. The women, out there, were undoubtedly by now at the final business of killing themselves. The modern stone gutters that bordered the very modern pavements of the ancient city were serving the ancient purpose of draining off human blood.

Miss Austin compressed her lips and turned. "My people will be simply worried to death," she said. "Aunt is just about down sick, and Uncle had to get her over to the special train without waiting for me to finish dressing; but he understood that I was coming on with you. Now, if you decide not to go. . . . And the train leaves at nine!"

"I'm sure I don't know what to say," replied the bony woman. "If my husband would only get back! You see, he isn't all packed, even. . . . What are you going to do, Edith?"

This question was prompted by the sight of Miss Austin moving toward the door.

"I left Wing loose in my room."

With which rather inadequate reply, Miss Austin went out.

Arriving in her own room, she stood for a moment with pursed lips, gazing down at an absurd little Pekinese dog on the bed. Then she looked at her watch. "Come, Wing," she remarked, with sudden decision; and, cuddling him on her arm, she picked up her traveling-bag and umbrella with her free hand, and left the room and the hotel.

Outside, where usually stood a line of importunate 'rickshaw coolies, there were only the huddling refugees from the Tartar City. Miss Austin made her way hurriedly through the crowd that swarmed over pavement and sidewalk alike. Here and there a pair of almond eyes stared at her. One big brown man elbowed close to her and laughed. A European officer in a green uniform lifted his hat and bowed, an ugly insistence in his eyes. At this her step quickened. When she passed through the opening in the great Tartar wall she was almost running.

The approaches to the railway station were congested with laden carts and disorderly piles of boxes and crates and panic-stricken human beings. Men were shouting. Women and children were wailing. Somewhere up ahead a locomotive was coughing.

Glancing anxiously at her watch, Miss Austin struggled slowly toward the noise of that locomotive. A motor-car blocked the way, wedged in between two carts. She got past by climbing over the forward mud-guard. The chauffeur, a Chinese boy, watched her with an impassive smile.

She could see a part of the train now. It was full of white men and women; there were faces at every window. Blue-clad Chinamen with blanched faces were clinging to the platforms and steps between the cars, and to each other. Many had climbed to the roofs of the cars. There were soldiers up there, too, on the roofs — American marines, she thought, from their green-gray clothing and dust-gray campaign hats. She had to keep turning and twisting to protect Wing from the pressure of the crowd. Her watch, as she hugged the dog close, was close by the little black and white head. She could see that the minute-hand was all but on the hour — closer: it *was* on the hour.

There was a sudden quick rhythm in the coughing of the engine. A bell began to ring. Her heart sank; for the cars were moving. Wing was looking up at her, his tiny eyes shining out through the tangle of silky black and white hair like glistening beads. He reached out a diminutive tongue and licked her chin.

Miss Austin stopped, in some concern as to what she should do next. The train was gone — that much was clear. She turned back, then paused to look up at the red sky. She shrank from the thought of returning to the doomed city, even to the guarded Legation Quarter. But certainly she couldn't stay here in this wild mob about the station. It was to be the hotel and that bony woman from Kansas City, apparently. That or nothing.

The crowd, that had been surging toward the train, was now falling back. She found an opening between two stacks of freight, and started through it.

At the same moment an American marine, a private, apparently, rushed into the narrow opening from the other side. He was young, and not over-tall — at least, her eyes and his, when they met, seemed nearly on a level. His eyes were blue and mild. His luxuriant hair, partly exposed by the backward tilt of his campaign hat, was light brown and curly. His nose was short, and it tipped up at the end. His mouth, set above a rather small chin, was large and of an amiable, easy-smiling inclination. He wore the full equipment of the campaigning soldier — blanket-roll looped over one shoulder, knapsack, canteen, revolver, bayonet, and bulging cartridge-pockets; and he trailed a rifle. He was flushed, and a little blown, as from hard



"‘I DON’T EXACTLY LIKE THE IDEA OF BEING BURNED UP,’ SHE SAID”

running. Hewas, everything considered, astonishingly attractive. It had not occurred to Edith that a private soldier *could* be so attractive. For one thing, he was utterly, comfortably American. “He looks almost as if I had met him at the Country Club back home,” she thought swiftly, “or having soda in Williams’ drug-store. I’m positively *certain* I must have danced with him — somewhere.” He was

hardly older than herself — certainly not more than twenty-one or -two.

The soldier, with a breathless “Excuse me, Miss Austin!” stepped aside in order to pass her. But she stepped the same way, and they stood face to face. In some confusion she stepped back, just as he did the same. Again they confronted each other.

Then he smiled,— not disrespectfully, she

thought, with an odd and rather absurd little flutter in her mind,— and, resting his shoulder against a packing-case, drew a long breath. He had extraordinarily white, even teeth.

"Guess it's no use, Miss Austin," he said. "The train's gone."

"Yes," she replied ruefully, "it's gone."

He took her in for a moment, with a good nature that was too easily and frankly of the home-town spirit to be in the least offensive. Then his mobile face sobered and assumed an expression of sympathy.

"Were you left behind?" he asked.

She held the tiny dog against her face and nodded over it with eyes that were suddenly misty.

"Folks gone?"

Again she nodded.

"Well, well," said he. Then he whistled very softly. "Hm!" he mused, in a brown study.

Edith wished he would say something more to the point than "Hm!" and "Well, well!"

His eyes wandered off down the track where the train had disappeared, then back toward the burning city. Suddenly he seemed to think of something. He straightened up and an expression of soldier-like determination came over his face. He glanced back over his shoulder. Then he turned to Edith and asked, quite casually: "Do you want to go to Tientsin — now?"

Edith, still holding Wing against her face, nodded.

"Then come with me," said the extraordinary soldier. "I'm in bad myself," he explained cheerfully, as he led the way back along the platform. "I had instructions to leave a message at our attaché's house and rejoin the company here. Couldn't make it."

He led her straight to the motor-car that she had had to climb over. It was a large touring-car. Oil and acetylene lamps were all lighted, despite the glare from beyond the wall. The Chinese chauffeur was still in his seat, and was still blandly smiling. The carts that had blocked his way were gone now.

The soldier drew his revolver and uttered a Chinese word. The smile faded from the boy's face, and he hopped nimbly to the ground.

"Get in," said the soldier to Miss Austin.

She hesitated, looked at him with startled eyes, bit her lip, then stepped up into the front seat. On the instant she reconsidered and started to her feet. But the soldier waved her back into the seat, cranked up, and leaped in beside her. The big car bounded forward.

A pack of screaming yellow children, with faces like painted eggs, tumbled headlong out of the way. Muleteers plied their whips to make room. In a moment they were out of the press about the station, and were headed

southward on the Chienmen Road across the Chinese city. Through the occasionally tangled traffic and the scurrying natives the soldier picked his way with skill.

She stole a sidelong glance at him. He seemed to feel it. They were in a relatively clear space. He flashed a look at her. Their eyes met in the brilliant, flickering light. As she wrenched hers away and gazed off at the row of gaudily decorated one-story houses that bordered the wide street, she could feel the hot color rushing to her cheeks and temples.

"It's eighty miles to Tientsin," he said, "and we're either going there or we're not. More about that later. How are you standing it?"

Edith looked with an odd, absorbed expression at her watch.

"It's some experience," said he, with a sudden glow in his voice. "I haven't the remotest idea whose car this is. The Old Harry knows how far we're going to get in it, and what's going to happen to us. But I'll say this right now, before any of it happens — you're a sport clear through."

Edith's ears burned. But she was still gazing at the watch on her wrist.

"I was thinking," she said soberly, with a slight huskiness in her voice, "that it is only six minutes past nine. I've known you just six minutes."

Suddenly she raised her head, closed her eyes tight for a fraction of a second, and then, cuddling Wing close, gazed out along the open road before them, and managed a nervous little laugh.

"It is an experience," she said.

"How did you know my name?" she asked, with a sudden recollection.

They were heading more to the southeastward, in the region where the Peking-Tientsin highway swings around the end of the old Royal Hunting Park. The sky was now more dimly red behind them, and the acetylene lamps were cutting holes of light through the darkness ahead.

He did not reply at once. She thought that he had not heard, and repeated her question.

"Why — it's like this," he began hesitatingly. Then he seemed to remember. "I was in the company that went out to the American mission, that night, to fetch you in."

Edith looked back. There was a patch of dull red off there in the northeast; that was all. The stars were distinct now. She looked up, holding tight to the seat with her free hand. How the car lurched and jumped! She looked at her soldier. He was driving desperately through the night over one of the worst roads in the world, but with easy assurance. He was only a boy — a nice American boy!



"I'M POSITIVELY CERTAIN I MUST HAVE DANCED WITH HIM — SOMEWHERE,"
SHE THOUGHT SWIFTLY"

She wondered if ever before in the world a girl and a man had been caught up and whirled into so utterly romantic an episode. It wasn't his fault. And it certainly wasn't hers. It was disconcerting—yes. It was carrying her faster than she could think. But it was perfect. She had never before felt exactly like this.

The car plunged honk-honking through a sleeping village. The low houses of mud brick with curving tile roofs nestled close along the road. All were dark, as if asleep like the unthinking folk within. They breathed out the peace of resignation, the age-old spirit of China.

The village watchman, open-mouthed, gong in hand, pressed against the wall of a house as they swept by.

Then the village was gone. The flat, open countryside lay wide beneath the stars. Something within made her catch her breath as her eyes roved from one dim horizon-line to the other. She looked up again at the stars.

The soldier glanced around. Their eyes were very close. He smiled. Even in that faint light she could see his fine teeth. It was pleasant to see them.

"God's own guides," he said, nodding upward, then bent his gaze on the road.

She did not catch the phrase. Without looking at her, he repeated, again with a jerk of his head indicating the star-sprinkled sky overhead:

"They're God's own guides on the old trail."

"Oh," she murmured—"yes; I didn't hear. I love Kipling."

It was an hour later. The soldier was driving more slowly. A new sound was coming to her ears—a soft, musical whine, a faint singing in the air that was barely distinguishable over the steady purring of the motor. It came again. It was ominous—she could not have said why.

Then she caught another sound. It was very faint and far away. It sounded, she thought, like champagne corks popping in another room. Wing stirred in her arms, and she realized that she was holding him too tightly.

Again she heard that whining sound. It ended abruptly with a *zut!*

The engine, which had been running smoothly and sweetly, suddenly exploded—once, twice—like a pistol shot at their feet; and the car, at the same moment, took to jerking violently. There was a flash of light behind them that for an instant lighted the road and a row of abandoned carts beside it. Then the soldier, with an exclamation, drove his foot down on the brake-pedal, the car stopped short, and Edith pitched forward.

He caught her arm with a strong hand just as her knees touched the front board, and drew her back into the seat. For a moment he stood over

her, his hand on her shoulder. She wondered, in a momentary flash of cool intelligence, why she did not shake it off. Every nerve in her body was conscious of the pressure of that hand. An impulse came to ask what was the matter. But she said nothing—merely lifted Wing and held him against her cheek. She felt, rather than saw, that her soldier was standing erect, looking out ahead. Again that singing whine—overhead. She began to understand now. It was the song of a bullet!

The soldier bent quickly down, then, until his face was close to hers. She wondered, thinking with great rapidity, what he meant to do, and shrank back in the seat. He relaxed his grip on her shoulder, deliberately put his arm around her, slipped his other arm under her knees, picked her up as if she were a child, swung her around, and, himself kneeling on the seat, gently deposited her on the floor of the tonneau.

Never before in her independent young life had a man taken her in his arms. Danger, even, seemed no excuse that this man should do so now. She could have prevented it. She could have leaped over the seat-back as lightly as he. Yet, for a moment, he had held her against him; her soft turban and hair and forehead had brushed his cheek. Now his arm lingered caressingly about her shoulders as he moved the canteen and knapsack from under her feet and arranged the blanket-roll at her back. And she was meekly submitting, holding fast to the tiny dog in her lap, and turning up to him a white, inquiring face.

For a moment he leaned down close to that face, looking into it.

"Stay right there," he said gently. "The car is protection enough, I think, for now. They're not shooting at us, but we seem to be right in the line of fire of a skirmish down the line."

"Where are *you* going?" she asked anxiously, as he straightened up.

"I've got to look over the engine," he replied, "and find out what they did to us. Be back in a minute."

He disappeared. She could hear him moving about, tinkering with the engine and striking matches. It seemed a long time. The corks were still popping intermittently. Every minute or so a bullet sang by.

"Please come!" she called, a little catch of excitement in her voice.

He laughed softly and called, "In a minute."

He struck more matches. Soon she felt the car-body move, as he leaped up in front and examined the controlling machinery. Then appeared a heavy boot and a sturdy calf, inclosed in a cloth puttee, feeling its way toward a footing. She caught the ankle and guided it.

A moment, and he was crowded in beside her. She sat forward and made an effort to give him part of the blanket; but he crouched down beside her, took her two shoulders in his hands, and firmly pressed her back against it.

"You just make yourself comfortable," he said. "We're up against it — for fair. We can't go on, on foot even, while they're fighting. So just make up your mind to settle down and make the best of it."

"My mind's all right," she replied. His hands were still on her shoulders. She moved uneasily, but he did not take them away. "What happened?"

"Queerest accident I ever heard of — a rifle-ball hit the interrupter-box of the magneto."

"Can you repair it?"

"Hardly," said he, shaking his head.

The hands on her shoulders seemed as if charged with some current subtler than electricity. His eyes were on hers. She had to fight down an impulse to sway toward him. She made a desperate effort to control herself.

"Things are pretty serious, then, aren't they?" she asked.

His face was very close.

"Very," he replied, and his voice trembled a little. He hesitated. He seemed to be having some difficulty with his throat. "I don't want to frighten you," he went on, after a moment, "but it could hardly be more serious for you."

"And for you," she breathed.

"It doesn't matter about me." He seemed suddenly bitter. "I'm only fodder for bullets, anyhow. I shouldn't have brought you."

"But I asked you to bring me."

"That makes no difference. You're a girl. That situation was up to me. Absolutely."

She bridled at this. Was there a man anywhere in this masculine world who could perceive woman as responsible, independent human material?

"Please," she said gently, "if there's any fault or blame, it is half mine. I'll take my share."

There was unconscious force behind her girlish softness. A sudden deeper admiration shone out of his blue eyes, and his hands rested more lightly on her shoulders. His touch was caressing. Slowly the hands slid down her arms, hesitated at her wrists, then descended on her hands, removed them gently from the curled-up dog, and clasped them. She held her breath. Her head sank back against the cushions.

"The situation is about this," he was saying. "We're thirty or forty miles from Peking, and forty or fifty from Tientsin. Whatever we do, however we get out of here, it's a matter of foot-work, or a cart — if there's such a thing to be had. I wouldn't dare try to get you back

to Peking now. And it'll take a couple of days, at the best, to make Tientsin. All this, if we can get on at all. Right now we're under fire, and, for all we know, we may find ourselves any minute in the middle of a battle. It's as serious as that."

Her confused mind was beginning to clear. Her hands returned his pressure.

"It's all right," she said. "It isn't your fault, nor mine. We'll simply make the best of it. Either we get out or we don't, that's all."

She gently withdrew one hand. It was a compromise that, at the moment, seemed reasonable. He took the hand that she left to him in both of his; bent over and kissed the fingers, one by one; deliberately unbuttoned her glove and drew it off; then kissed the bare fingers and the back of her hand. Edith was leaning back with half-closed eyes, smiling a little smile that he could not see in the dim light.

"I'm going to tell you something," he said, a little later. "There's no use of our pretending that this isn't a very remarkable experience."

She stirred, but said nothing.

"It is, you know. I don't believe a man and a girl ever had a more remarkable one."

The way he pronounced the word "man" recalled to her, with an odd little thrill, what a boy he was. He went on:

"And I don't want you to think I don't appreciate it. It's a big thing — an awful big thing. It's wonderful. It looks as if fate had just made up its mind to pick up us two and throw us together."

"I know," she breathed. "And I don't even know your name."

At this they both laughed.

"Now isn't that just it!" he cried. "That shows how much names and positions and all really matter. Now, listen. Here's what I was going to tell you. My name — my military name — is Sanders, Harry Sanders. That's the name I enlisted under. The boys in the company call me Curly Sanders. My story is a very strange one. Perhaps you've noticed that I don't talk quite the same as some private soldiers — my use of English, I mean. Though, after all, there's all kinds in the service. But I was brought up to something different. My father is a very rich man — a multimillionaire."

"It doesn't seem to matter," said she, "the way I feel to-night, who your father is — or who you are."

"I know," said he. "It's just you and me — the man and the woman. That, I suppose, is what love is. Real love, I mean. The big thing."

They were silent for a time. Then he resumed his story:

"Last year my father made up his mind that I had to go into his business — at the bottom and work up. When I objected, he cut me off — wouldn't give me a cent. I tried to get along by myself for a while. But it's hard, you know, earning a living, when your parents haven't given you the right kind of a training to start with. One day I saw a recruiting station of the U.S. Marines. In a park. It struck me that I was young — only twenty-two. It looked like a good chance to travel around a bit and see the world in a pretty interesting way. Certainly it was a heap better than the job I had in a shoe store."

"Oh," she murmured, "you did that?"

"Yes. And sold tips to newspapers — and drove a taxi — and tried the express business, and strike-breaking — all sorts of things."

"It was plucky of you."

"Oh, no. Any fellow would have done it. Anyway, I knew it would be a shock to the

governor and it wouldn't hurt me, so I enlisted. I'm glad I did. It brought me out to China — and to you. . . . It is all queer and strange. But I'm going to say this — now, before anything more serious happens to us. We *aren't* responsible for this. It just happened. Here we are. There's no sense pretending we haven't got something for each other. My job now is to get you out of here and safe to Tientsin. I'm going to do it — if I can. If not, if I fail at it — well, I love you, that's all. It's come to me — the big experience. And I'm going to give you this. Whatever happens, you must keep it always." He took from his little finger a heavy seal ring and placed it on the third finger of her left hand.

Edith said nothing. For a long moment she sat looking down at the ring and turning it slowly round and round her finger. Then a timid, hesitant hand groped for his, and found it



"SHE SAW WHAT MADE HER PULSES JUMP. . . . NOT FIVE YARDS AWAY WAS THE WHITE FACE OF HER AUNT"

"It is — strange," she murmured.

He nodded. He took her two hands and pressed his warm lips against them, one after the other. He released them, slipped his arms about her shoulders, and drew her closer to him. She made an effort to hold herself back.

"Edith," he whispered, close to her ear.

She was trying to think. Strange, vague forces, newly released within her, seemed to be swarming over her mind and undermining her will.

"Not now," she was breathing — "not yet." She managed to wrench herself free. Wing, disturbed, set up a barking that for the moment drew their attention.

"You haven't — one — for me?" he was pleading.

She was fighting desperately to collect her faculties.

"Not one — Edith?"

"Wait," she managed to say. "It is — we don't know yet that it is love. It couldn't come as quickly as this." She felt that he was smiling. "Well, then — if it could — how can we be sure?"

"Aren't you sure?" he asked reproachfully.

"No — I'm not. I'm not. It's been such a whirl. And it has all been so — so romantic."

"Perfect!" said he.

"Perhaps" — she was looking at him with a sudden steadiness that surprised herself — "perhaps I don't love you at all. Perhaps it is just the thrill of all that has happened — our being together this way — and you *are* nice."

"Are you sorry you took the ring, Edith?"

"Why," — she hesitated, — "no. I simply can't tell anything about it. I just don't know. Can't you understand?"

He shook his head. "You puzzle me."

She hesitated. He again reached forward and took her in his arms, firmly this time. He held her head up close to his, in the hollow of his arm. His eyes were gazing into hers. His lips were hovering close to hers. But she roused, wrenched herself partly free, and buried her face on his shoulder.

"Oh — please!" she whispered.

"Not one?"

"Well — on the forehead — just one."

He raised her head. She feared he was going to kiss her lips, and started to dodge away; but he held her face firmly between his hands and brushed his lips gently against her forehead. Then he released her. She sank back against the cushions with pounding temples, and covered her face with her hands.

He leaned forward. "Do you regret it, dear?"

She lowered her hands and for a moment looked at him. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. She rested a light hand on his arm.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I really don't mean to be cross. You're saving my life, and —"

"Haven't saved it yet," he interrupted grimly.

"No, but — How quiet it is! I don't believe they're shooting now."

They were silent, listening. She deposited Wing on the seat, got to her knees, and looked out over the road ahead. Faint, far away, there was a new noise in the night, a coughing sound. "Come up here!" she commanded.

They stood side by side in the car. She was drawing on the glove he had removed. After a moment they sought each other's eyes. "It's an engine," she cried — "a train! They've been stopped by the fighting. Oh, do you think we can get to it?" And she opened the door and stepped to the ground.

He stood motionless, looking after her rather ruefully. Then slowly, very slowly, he put on his equipment and followed.

"I'm almost sorry," he said.

She tapped the dusty road with a neatly shod toe. "We must hurry."

"I'm sorry, sort of. It smashes our dream."

"You don't want me to be killed," said she. The situation had slipped out of his hands. Her mood had changed.

"Of course not. But, oh, Edith —"

He tried to take her in his arms; but she had no difficulty in eluding him, hampered as he was with his blanket-roll and rifle, and her satchel.

"Don't — please!" she said. "You'll hurt Wing."

His expression of exasperation was lost in the darkness.

She started off along the road. There was nothing for it but to catch up with her and take her arm. She walked easily and rapidly. He looked down admiringly at her swinging step.

"I know who you are," she broke out unexpectedly, after they had walked a little way. "You're Charlie Snyder, of Middletown."

The hand that held her arm moved with a sudden start.

"Yes," he said. "I told you the truth. My father is rich. I'm a rich man myself. I ran away to enlist. I'm Charlie Snyder, of Middletown."

Edith was in a brown study. "I know your sister Betsy," she went on. "We were at school together."

Her voice faltered. She knew other things. The escapades of Charlie Snyder were still a matter of gossip, even in the neighboring city in which she lived. This very matter of his enlistment had filled the local papers for just one blazing day — before old William H. Snyder could make his influence felt. It was a chorus-girl story — and not of one chorus girl, but two! Broadway had made short work of Charlie Snyder.

She disengaged her arm and went on unsup-

ported. Her lips were compressed. The same shadow of night that hid the queer, baffled expression on his face happily concealed the flush that came and went on hers—that came and went with certain troubled thoughts.

They walked through another small village, whose inhabitants of every age were out on the road in excited groups. They passed out between the last two houses, and saw, a quarter of a mile away across the fields, a long train of passenger-cars. Farther along, by the light of a row of bonfires, a swarm of men were working on the track. Most of the passengers appeared to be out, standing in dark little knots or moving slowly to and fro in the firelight.

In the shadow of a wall, they paused.

"It's hard to let you go like this," he said. She felt that he was trying to force a note of sentiment into his voice. But the effort was not wholly successful. There had been magic between them this night—a magic that had gone as a bubble goes.

"Thank you," she said gently. "You got me here."

He tried to press closer, but she held him off. "I'll write," he whispered. "Will you be at the Astor House in Tientsin?"

She shook her head. "You mustn't write."

"But—you're not stopping it like this!"

She nodded. "We must. It was a mistake."

"A mistake," he repeated bitterly, almost angrily. "Then it *was* what you said—just the romance, not me."

"Don't," she murmured. "Please let me go!"

He released her hand; and she slipped unobtrusively out by the train, among the shadows and the moving groups of men, women, and children passengers, and the curious, crowding Chinese. She stood quietly there—a slim, pretty girl in a tailored suit, turban, and white gloves, carrying in one hand an umbrella and a small satchel, and holding a tiny Pekinese dog.

And, standing there, she heard an officer call sharply: "Here, Sanders, what are you doing back here! Get forward there on the track work, and be quick about it!"

She pressed her hand to her eyes. How confusing it was! What a night! That officer was an acquaintance of hers. She turned away, unwilling to trust herself to speak to him.

Then she remembered that Charlie Snyder's ring was still on her finger. She wrenched it off. He was coming—he would have to pass her. It would hardly do for her to hand it to him—before all these people. She dropped it on the ground and looked at him. His eyes followed the movement. But, instead of picking it up, he kicked it contemptuously aside, strode by with stiff, military manner, and went

on until she lost him in the shifting crowd. At the sight, a little—a very little—of the magic that had woven its web about her heart and senses not an hour earlier fluttered back. It was an act of bravado; but she liked him for it. It was a better ending than the other. She looked on the ground for the ring. But over the spot where it had lain was the firmly planted foot of a bland, moon-faced Chinaman. She gave a little shrug. That, too, was better. And she turned her eyes to the train.

What she saw there made her pulse jump. At an open window not five yards away was the white face of her aunt, and behind it, peering over her shoulder, the rather fat, business-worn face of her uncle, Mr. Wilberly.

"For goodness' sake, Edith!" cried Mrs. Wilberly. "Where have you been, child?"

Miss Austin, as she nodded and smiled and then moved toward the steps at the end of the car, found herself doing some rapid thinking. "How on earth shall I explain it to them?" she was saying to herself. "How much shall I tell? I've got to say something. People don't pop up in the middle of the night from nowhere—not so often—and not in the heart of China." But her wits were too confused to settle this little problem. She found herself getting on the train and making her way to the compartment in which her aunt was reclining.

"How on earth—" began that lady again. "I felt sure you were somewhere on the train," her uncle interrupted. "I tried to look through for you, but it was so crowded—"

"Albert, you *told* me you *had* looked through," cried Mrs. Wilberly reproachfully.

"Well, my dear, I did—I went everywhere it was humanly possible to go. It's clear enough now that she *was* on the train, isn't it?" And the uncle added, with assumed cheerfulness: "It's a lucky thing you stepped out here, Edith, and we happened to see you. Your aunt and I *have* worried about you."

Miss Austin smiled and said nothing.

A little later, a fellow passenger stopped at the door of the compartment to inform them that the track was repaired and the line reported clear to Tientsin. The locomotive whistled, and there was the sound of men clambering to the roof of the car and moving about up there, as the Chinese passengers and the military escort prepared to continue the journey at that precarious altitude.

On the following evening, Miss Austin, in a pale yellow evening gown, with a flat gold ribbon bound about her fluffy hair, met her aunt in the hall of the Astor House at Tientsin and went in with her to dinner.



"SHE FELT THAT SHE WAS TURNING PALE, AND STEADIED HERSELF BY RESTING THE KNUCKLES OF ONE CLENCHED HAND ON THE TABLE"

"The same old thing," she said pleasantly, running her eye down the long card. "It looks like a real French dinner. But it isn't. Do you know, aunt, that's one reason I'll be glad to get out of China — just to eat a real meal, where there isn't always something the matter with the green vegetables, and the butter doesn't come in a can from Australia and the milk in a can from home. Oh, by the way, where's uncle?"

"I meant to tell you," replied Mrs. Wilberly, "he's invited company to dine with us. Did you ever hear of Charlie Snyder, of Middletown?"

Edith sat perfectly still; but her slim body had become suddenly rigid, and her fingers pressed

so tightly against the menu-card in her hands that the tips, usually a healthy pink, went white. She could not speak; so she nodded.

"Well, it's he. A queer, romantic story. He enlisted, you know, in the Marines. His father has just had Senator Mangelburg arrange with the department to get him out. Your uncle says it's done him a world of good — quite made a man of him."

Edith's eyes were fixed on the pedestal of the flower-vase that stood in the center of the table. Her head was swimming. She heard steps behind her, and Mr. Wilberly's voice. She saw her aunt smiling and preparing to rise, and

knew that she must rise too. She did rise. She stood motionless for a second, fighting down the confused tumult in her mind. Then she turned.

There stood her stout uncle. And beside him was a tall, broad-shouldered young man of twenty-four or -five, with straight black hair, heavy eyebrows, black eyes, and with a noticeably long, "strong" chin. She felt that she was turning pale, and steadied herself by resting the knuckles of one clenched hand on the table.

Then they sat down.

Fortunately for Edith, who could not possibly have framed a five-word sentence, the real Charlie Snyder was fully as talkative as his blond counterfeiter had been. And Mr. Wilberly was plying him with questions about his extraordinary experience as a private in the Marines.

"It's been rather hard luck," said the young man, — this was later, over the Parisian coffee and the Manila cigars, — "that they let me out when they did last week. I'd like to have stayed in for the Revolution. But once the orders came to hand me my discharge, I had to go."

He turned to Edith. "You might think it a rough life, Miss Austin. But it's astonishingly interesting. There are all kinds of men in the service, you know. And it does one good to rub up against them. You'd be astonished to know how much one really learns about life, just being close to those boys."

"Yes," murmured Edith, a shade drily; "I suppose I would."

"And, everything considered, they're nice boys. Good fellows. They have their faults, of course. But, taken by and large, they're real. They've taught me a lot. Why, take Curly Sanders alone. My life — the rest of it — would be a lot poorer if I'd never known Curly Sanders. I'm simply dippy about Curly."

Miss Austin's hands were clasped tightly in her lap, under the table. Her face was expressionless.

"Curly, you see, is really a gifted person," ran on the talkative young man. "He's one of that rare sort that actually live in a world of make-believe. He can't cross the street without running bang into the most extraordinary adventure. Real ones, you know. They happen to him. Mostly with ladies. He is — forgive me, Mrs. Wilberly, but he is — simply one wonder with the ladies. Rich and poor, high and low, they all fall for Curly."

"And the joy of it is, he always comes right

back and tells us all about it. Of course you can never be sure how much of what he tells is so. But he always gives names, places, and dates. And it's always gorgeous. Why, he must be down here now — it was our company that came with your train. . . . Come to think of it, Miss Austin, Curly is from your town. His father's a grocer. Curly went to high school there. Then he had to drive a grocery wagon. Then he worked in — oh, Williams' drug-store — a soda-water clerk. Then he skipped out to New York, had some hard luck, and enlisted.

"I must certainly look Curly up to-morrow. It's absolutely sure that he's had some hair-raising adventure in this mix-up."

More was said, but it passed by Miss Austin's ears unheard. She could only smile and nod mechanically now and then to give an appearance of being in the talk.

But gradually, as she sat there, her brain began to clear. Her independent spirit slowly reasserted itself. She wondered if —

"How long are you staying here, Mr. Snyder?" she asked, as she found herself leaving the dining-room by his side.

"Only to-morrow. I'm leaving for Shanghai on the night boat."

"Oh, really." Her big hazel eyes turned to his. They were beautiful eyes. And she added, quite deliberately: "I'm sorry we shan't see something of you. Betsy has told me so much about you."

She saw the light come into his own black eyes.

"Well," said he, "there is to-morrow. Couldn't we — well, play around together a bit?"

"I have nothing to do," said she.

"Just consider yourself engaged for the day, then." His manner was positively enthusiastic. "Do you know, seeing you here just wipes China out. It wipes the Marines out. It's like home."

She smiled. "I'd love to knock around and see the city. I don't get much chance with uncle and aunt. But I don't want to keep you from your friend Curly and his new story."

"Oh, hang Curly!" cried Charlie Snyder boyishly. And they both laughed.

"It won't be necessary to hang him."

"We'll forget him, then."

"All right," said Miss Austin, quite steadily; "we'll forget him."

As soon as they were outside, in the semi-darkness of the big porch, she gave way to the impulse to draw a long — a very long — breath.

"Wanda of the Mysteries" — the latest episode in The Charmed Life of Miss Austin, by Samuel Merwin — will appear in the March McClure's — out February 15

PEGGY GOES HUNTING

A New Peggy Story

BY

MARAVENE KENNEDY THOMPSON

AUTHOR OF "BLUE RIBBONS," "PEGGY AND THE SWAMI," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

HUSBAND and wife looked at each other with narrowing eyes — the measuring look of husband and wife from time immemorial, each trying to gage the vulnerability of the other. The man stood by the screen door of the veranda, his hand resting on the knob, his face turned sideways to view the challenging eyes upraised saucily to his. Their owner rocked herself easily meanwhile. It was rather an ominous rocking, so steady it was and serene, as though no doubts pervaded its propelling force. Unconsciously the man's shoulders squared.

"I won't agree to that proposition, Peggy, so no use talking any more about it. And you yourself don't want to kick Letty out, for that's what it would really amount to."

"*Kick Letty out!*" dimpled Peggy. "I should say *not!*"

Edwin Trowbridge laughed. The thought of Letty — weight a hundred and seventy, muscular as himself — being kicked out by slim little Peggy was a mirthful one. But he returned to the serious side of the subject.

"I'd do 'most anything you could ask quicker 'n this. Letty was here 'fore I was born. The first thing I have any remembrance of is her throwing me up in the air and catching me. She played with me, and slaved for me, and — by George! spanked me, too, when I needed it."

"That was better 'n throwing you up in the air," cried Peggy.

"Don't either seem to have stunted my growth," he chuckled. "No!" — answering her beseeching gaze. "You've struck a cropper this time. I won't hurt Letty, and that's all there is to it. She hasn't any folks of her own, or any home but ours."

"But you said once you'd set her up with

a place of her own if she ever left you. You did, Ed; I heard you."

"Sure — if she left us of her own accord. But that's a different matter from kicking her out."

"Kicking her out! Don't talk that way, Ed. You know I wouldn't hurt Letty, any more than you would. But we might keep an eye out for a middle-aged man to marry her."

He gave a searching look to see if she were in earnest, then threw back his head to laugh uproariously.

"By George, that's funny! Letty's lived in our family for twenty-seven years, — since she was twenty, — and she's never had a beau to my knowledge, and I remember ma's saying the same."

"But why?"

"That's easy. She's always been deaf's a post. A man can't make love through a megaphone."

"He can *look* love," returned Peggy. "And Letty's real good to look at, even now. I'm sure there's some one for her, if we could find him."

"A Jack for every Jill — eh?"

"Yes," seriously. Then, eagerly: "Why, of course, Ed, there must be some one for Letty. It's intended that a man and a woman should love and marry."

"Another good intention being used for underground pavement by the loose geese and ganders round here."

He turned his eyes to the unbroken sweep of grain before him, sun-kissed wheat, heavy with ripeness. Of course, it was only a joke about marrying Letty off. But there were other ways — and trust Peggy, once on the scent, to nose one of them out. And she was surprisingly gifted in the art of getting rid of things — his

things. She had accomplished wonders that were little short of miracles in that line in their short married life — much of which had amused him mightily. But to get rid of Letty, manifold household treasure, would not be cause for mirth. He had become habituated to Letty's orderly household régime.

"Hands off Letty," he gave notice laughingly, but with a warning note in his voice. "Letty isn't to be chucked out or thrown in as good measure to a second-hand man."

"You can't mean Bug Wheelock. He's looking for a wife. But he's fourth hand."

"You know what I mean, all right. Letty stays right here. This is her home for life, same as yours. If you —"

"Ed!" The eyes lifted to his held a wicked little gleam, and the lovely face was piquantly a-sparkle. "Is that a — dare? Sounds like it — might be."

"You know what it is, you little sinner!" he returned, with playful roughness.

"Yes, Ed, I — know," she answered, with a laugh. But under her light tone was an undercurrent strangely like restraint near to breaking.

Next day she sat on her mother's porch, seven miles distant — sat childishly on the step, her face pressed sideways against her mother's knee.

"Ma, do you know somebody who might marry Letty?"

Mrs. Patton stopped short with her mending.

"Peggy! Why —" Then she laughed, a big laugh that shook her plump person perceptibly. "You'll never lose Letty if you wait for that. Letty isn't the marryin' kind. And whatever would you do without her? You could never find her equal, nor anything like it. Ed's mother trained her — and she was a Morton, and the Mortons pride themselves on their housekeepin' more'n any folks I know. And, no use talkin', y' could never manage that big house's Letty does. When y' learn —"

"But I'll never learn with Letty there," came wistfully. "I like Letty. No one could help it. She's as good's gold, and a wonderful housekeeper — so wonderful that I would never dare to put up my own ways and ideas against hers."

"But if her ways are good ways?" suggested her mother.

"I know, ma; but I want to be the head of my own house."

"Land o' livin', dear, when y' have a woman like Letty t' take the brunt o' things, let her do it. I can't begin t' tell you how thankful I was you married a rich man, and one who'd let y' take things easy, and I'm grateful t' Letty for shoulderin' the burdens, if you aren't."

"There's worse things than shouldering burdens," said Peggy, with a quaint lift of brows —

"and that's to be incapable of shouldering 'em. Folks who amount to something aren't afraid of responsibilities. I've done an awful lot o' thinking lately. I find I'm a clever schemer at getting my own way, and that's 'bout all I am — so far. But it isn't all I could be. I *could* be a — a *fine* woman, I think, if I had a chance to express my own ideas and plans every day just as they come to me. But I just can't, with Letty there. She makes me feel incapable and young and silly. Perhaps I am — you never let me depend on myself for anything. Now I want to learn — I do, I *do*, ma! I want to stand on my own feet, even if it's only to fall down, and get up, and fall again. Some day I'd *not* fall."

Her mother's hand reached down and stroked the soft hair.

"I believe my little girl's right," said she. "And it's in you t' be 'most anything you want t' be. You're like the Pattons — they're always reachin' out for something beyond 'em — and gettin' it, too. My side o' the family's satisfied with things that come easy. But, dear, you can't marry off Letty. You talk t' Ed again. Ed's —"

"A darling, *after* a thing's done," laughed Peggy. "No, ma; I'm through talking. I'm going hunting for Letty's man. They say luck is making opportunities instead of waiting for 'em to knock at the door. Nobody's looked for a husband for her before."

"Nobody was crazy enough," said her mother. "And you've got your work cut out for some time, I'm thinking. And even if Letty would marry at all, which I'm not sure, she wouldn't take a no-'count fellow, nor one she didn't care for; and those that c'd choose wouldn't want Letty."

"There's some one for her," persisted Peggy.

Her mother smiled fondly. Nothing bespoke Peggy's own married happiness more fully than her honest belief that every one should marry. And that she should desire to burden herself with unnecessary responsibilities revealed a new Peggy, more beautiful even than she, in her doting tenderness, had imagined. But — there was Letty. And there would always be Letty, standing, like a capable and domineering mother, between Peggy and maturity. Peggy had rightly comprehended her stumbling-block; and pathetically — for she must know the hopelessness of finding an acceptable husband for Letty. She stifled a sigh.

"How's Baby Ed?" she asked, her voice, unconsciously, compassionate.

"Oh, ma," with starry radiance, "I just wish you could have seen him in his bath this morning. He —" She stopped and frowned.



"STEVE, YOU MUST STOP HANGING ROUND LETTY. IT ISN'T FAIR TO HER"

"Oh, my, I keep forgetting! And only just coming over I vowed I wouldn't repeat one thing he did."

"But why?" asked her mother, staring at her always amazing daughter with bewildered eyes.

Peggy explained:

"Mr. Coates, the funny little man that visited the minister last week, says he never visits at a house where there's a baby or a pet dog; that in a house where a baby is, it's 'baby—baby—baby,' from the time he goes till he leaves; and if there's a dog, it's 'dog—dog—dog.' And it is, ma. I was mad as a wet hen when he said it, but, oh dear! I soon found out it was 'baby—baby—baby' with me, too—just that one tune pounded out all day long."

"But, Peggy, I'm not a stranger; I like to hear 'bout baby."

"I know, ma, but the way to stop is to stop. If I mean to grow, I've got to sow my mind with more'n one crop. I've got to go about developing my mind scientifically, like Ed does the land. You don't get anywhere without working for it, ma. But, first, I got to clear some ground before other things can find enough soil to support 'em. *Then*—she looked up with merry eyes—"I'll portion it out with regular crops: baby and house and books and music and —"

"Ed —"

"Ed?" repeated Peggy. "No; I can't portion out Ed. He's the air and moisture and sunshine that just has to be there before the other things can even start to grow." Her eyes grew dreamy. "I feel awful sorry for Letty, ma—to know there's some one and—and not find him ever."

She reached for a piece of cake lying on the floor, and tossed it carelessly from hand to hand, giving no thought to the act. But a fragrance passed from the broken crumb to her nostrils, thence to a sleeping memory. And a closed door in her brain was unlocked and deftly opened, revealing its precious secret with no effort on her part. Her only virtue was to look in with seeing eyes before the door closed, and comprehend and quickly grasp the elusive talisman. But the possession of that virtue is largely essential in spelling success.

Her dreaminess left her. She sat upright, chin uplifted, breath sharply quickened.

"Where did this piece of cake come from?" she asked.

"That?" Mrs. Patton bent to look at it. "Guess it must 'a' fallen out o' this coat of Still Steve's I'm mendin'. He's always eatin' 'em. Swedish cakes o' some kind. I don't know where he gets 'em. Might as well ask the gate-post as him, for all the answer I'd get."

Peggy sat as though electrified, her eyes

childishly round and open. This was the kind of cookies she had found Letty taking from the oven one day when she had come home unexpectedly! And Letty had whipped them hastily under her apron and into the pantry. And they had not been served on the Trowbridge table then or later, though she had smelled the same peculiar fragrance in the kitchen since.

The mention of Still Steve aroused Mrs. Patton to her own troubles.

"There's always something t' worry over, dear. We have Still Steve on our hands, and forever, same's you have Letty. You know, he always was bent on doin' just opposite t' what he was told, and he gets worse and worse, seems like. The only way t' be sure he'll do a thing is to tell him not to. Pa says he isn't goin' t' do that any more; that Steve has t' get used t' taking orders straight or he'll discharge him. But he won't, of course. Steve's been here for eighteen years."

Her daughter sprang up excitedly, her eyes shining like sun-reflecting mirrors.

"Opportunity knocking at the door! It's been squatting on my steps for the whole year, and I haven't had sense enough to see it! Letty and Steve! Oh, ma! Ed'll set 'em up. They'll marry and be happy!—and we'll be happy!"

After a few moments' mental fumbling with this amazing proposition, Mrs. Patton let the coat she was mending fall to the floor.

"Letty—Steve! Why—why —"

But Peggy's active young body was moving down the driveway as though borne on the wind. She cranked the waiting roadster. Her mother came panting after her.

"Peggy! Stop it! You've gone clean crazy over this notion o' getting Letty a husband. She wouldn't look at Still Steve. You'll only insult her and make trouble for nothin'. Peg-gy!"

Peggy's caroling laugh floated back.

A little way up the road, she stopped the machine and beckoned to a hulking figure in the field alongside. The Swede beamed happily as he swung himself over the fence. He was slavishly devoted to Peggy, as overjoyed to fetch and carry for her as was her Bernard dog, which to her he somehow resembled—big, tawny, kindly-eyed, his spreading mouth always slightly open over long white teeth. His welcoming smile was partly suspended as he viewed Peggy's censorious countenance.

"Steve," she announced gravely, "you must stop hanging round Letty. If you wanted to marry her it would be all right; but just hanging round don't do you much good, and it keeps others away. Ed'll give her a little place of her own when she marries. You see, she wouldn't



CHARLES UNDERWOOD

"MARRIAGE ISN'T A BARTER. LETTY WANTS TO BE MARRIED JUST AS YOU DID—FOR HERSELF!"

leave Ed's mother, with her sick so long; and later she had to look out for Ed. But now that I'm there — And she could have her pick of some mighty fine men if you'd stop fooling round her. Of course, with a big, good-looking fellow like you always squatted in the kitchen or on the porch, there won't any one else come; they won't think they stand any chance. And it isn't fair to Letty. Nor to a man who wants a good wife. Letty's the mothering sort that makes a real home for a man."

Still Steve's weathered face became one of purpled amazement.

"Now, stop it, Steve — understand! You mustn't keep some one else from getting a good wife. For some trifling hugging and kissing —"

"No — no!" The need of the moment was stronger than Still Steve's distaste for speech. "I not hug kiss her! I not hug kiss no woomans ever."

Peggy's disciplining hand dropped to her lap; her lips parted over a swift "Oh, you poor Steve! You poor, poor Steve!"

The Swede shambled awkwardly from left foot to right, from right to left, his face taking on a dull brick hue, his eyes raised bashfully like a timid girl's. Slowly, very slowly, he questioned:

"Ess — goot — to hug kiss — woomans?"

Peggy's starry eyes were strangely misty.

"Ed thinks it is," she laughingly whispered, and started the rakish roadster and shot down the stretching white road.

Still Steve, she knew, had never thought of Letty sentimentally, or in any sense but as a friendly soul who did not find him in the way or expect him to talk. Since Peggy's marriage he had wandered every week or fortnight into Letty's cheery kitchen, or humped himself on the porch steps, Letty going on with her work, each in a silence that had in it nothing unsocial, and each, apparently, regardless of the other's presence. But Peggy, like her mother, knew the power of counter-suggestion on Still Steve. And now —

Steve and Letty! A love affair! Romance! She was a-quiver with it.

It was a week later.

"What in thunderation's the matter with Letty?" ejaculated Trowbridge. "There's salt in this pie 'stead o' sugar! And yesterday she put curry in the apple sauce! What's the matter with you, Letty?" he shouted, as Letty appeared from the kitchen. "Are you losing your taste? Or is it your eyes?"

His own eyes grew round, and he drew off and looked at her stupidly. "Crimps!" he muttered. "By the Lord Harry!"

As one not believing his own vision, he continued to stare at the crimps that, for the first time in his memory, relieved Letty's smoothly parted hair. Staring longer, he discovered an unprecedented bow at her throat and an altogether new look pervading her. His bewildered gaze turned from her to his wife. She shook her head, waiting until Letty once more disappeared into the vastness of the kitchen. Then:

"*Letty and Still Steve — are — engaged!*" she cried, in ecstatic breaths. "Last night! She told me this morning. I knew there was some one for her — of course! But I didn't expect to find him right at my door, waiting. Oh, Ed darling! I'm so happy! I've been just dying for you to notice her hair. And I thought you never, never would look. Steve likes waves."

There was nothing but tenderness in Peggy's voice. She had prinked for Ed's delight, and why not Letty for Steve's?

It was a hot, sticky August day. Trowbridge had spent three hours under the blistering sun repairing a broken thresher, the usual mechanic, along with half the hands, not having shown himself that morning, — the after effects of a circus the day before, — and he still tasted the salty pie. For the first time, he was really wrathful with his wife.

"What's Steve marrying on? Has he come into property?" he asked ironically.

"He will when he marries Letty," bubbled the conspirator. "I'm awfully glad it's poor Steve; I'm mighty fond of him. Oh, Ed dear, let 'em have the old Waitely place — Letty would just love that snuggy house."

"Your pa sent Steve over this morning to help out," he returned. "I'm going out now to give him just ten minutes to get off my place. The — skunk!"

He swung himself out of the door. Peggy, stunned at this turn of the affair, ran frantically after him.

"Ed!" she panted. "Ed!"

"Go back!" he commanded sternly. "I'll come and talk to you when I've settled with your tool."

He was gone less than five minutes. It was not a triumphantly joyous wife who met him on his return, but a wife white-faced, moist-eyed, lips a-tremble.

"Oh, Ed, what have you done! What have you done! Letty loves him — loves him just as I love you."

"And does Steve love her just as I love you?" Peggy drew back slowly, blinking as before a sudden glare of light, her eyes filled with vague, bewildered questioning.

"Pet, I don't think you understand just what you've plotted to do," said he, and there was no

anger now in his voice. "Marriage isn't a barter. And Letty wants to be married just as you did — for herself. How do you think she'd feel when she found out, as she soon would, that her poor crimps and her poor old self meant less to the man who married her than a clod of earth? I wouldn't hurt Letty any more'n I would my own mother. There was never a better, kinder, more faithful soul. I found that out in the four years after father and mother died. I should think you'd be glad to have her take the responsibility of this big place. There's lots of things for you to do without this. But if you're so set on getting rid of her that you could plan this low-down thing, I reckon I'd better put her out gently — before you do it some other way. I'll give her a life interest in the Waitely place, and get some couple to live with her — but only as long as she's single; I won't bait grafters to hound her."

"A couple to live with her! Oh, Ed dear, you don't understand. She *loves* him! She told me this morning that she's loved him for years. She remembers the clothes he wore the first time she saw him. Steve's good and kind; he'll treat her well."

"Meaning he won't beat her. No; I won't have a hand in marrying her to a man that's taking her for the premium that goes with her."

"I said she loves him just as I love you. But it's more as I love baby. She'll be happy just in *giving* love. There wasn't a word in her talk about what he could do for her; it was all what she could do for him. Ed, don't you see?"

"I see plain enough that if he'd wanted *her* he wouldn't have waited till you baited him with the promise of a farm — for that's what you did, of course. That kind of whelp would be a nice reward to give a woman for twenty-seven years' faithful service! Even supposing she does love him in the way you do Ed, will she get back the affection you get? You may not ask any love in return, but the little tike heaps it on you good and plenty already." He put an arm about her shoulders. "Little wife, you'll have to let me settle this part of it. Letty means to me what she could never mean to you."

"Ed, it'll break her heart," she sobbed. "If you had seen the look in her eyes when she told me! Steve's good; he is, Ed. Do this for me — for *me*, darling."

He swung her lightly off her feet and to his arms.

"That's not fair, pet. You know I'm soft's batter where my pretty Peggy love's concerned. But I've got to protect Letty, even if it's against you and herself." He kissed her and set her on her feet, and walked the floor, his face clouded. "Guess I'll send Letty out to Michigan to see the Turners — she's missed Mrs. Turner more'n any one except ma. You can try your hand at house managing while she's gone. Afterwards —"

Letty walked in, silent, as usual, handed Peggy a folded sheet of writing paper, and walked out again. Deep-bosomed, broad-hipped, her massive frame carrying its weight with stolid dignity, her impassive face unlined and pleasingly benign, the eyes serene, Letty was always an impressive figure, one that an artist might easily choose for a Madonna of the people. And to-day Peggy and Ed looked after her with quickened gaze. Somehow, this was not Letty, but another! It was as though a veil had been lifted, an invisible yet shrouding veil that no one knew was there, revealing depths of untold sweetness.

"You can't do it, Ed darling; don't you see?"

"Hang it all!" he fumed.

Peggy read the message Letty had given her. She passed it to him. "Read it," she quavered. Slowly he deciphered the scrawl:

Lands ess goot butt love ess much more better. Letty me takes lands eff Ed gifes ett freelies. Butt enyhow we marries. We has littel moneys an we nott frade work. You nott to begg Ed for farm orr to make us pressents. Letty me hafe eche otther an we tank you ferry much. STEVE.

Husband and wife looked at each other tenderly, quizzically.

"What are you starting to cry for now, pet?" he asked.

"What are you all choked up over?" she answered.

Stories by Leonard Merrick, the most cleverly ingenious that this brilliant author has ever written, will begin in the March McClure's. The first of these stories is called "The Elegant de Fronsac"

SYSTEMS AND MONTE

BY C. N.

JOINT AUTHOR, WITH A. M. WILLIAM-
"SCARLET RUNNER,"

ILLUSTRATED WITH A
BERGER AND WITH EX-
THE CASINO GAMBLING
AUTHOR BY PERMISSION
OF THE CASINO). THIS
BEFORE



Among the immense crowds of transient pleasure-\$6,000,000 a year in dividends for the Casino group of men who come there, year after year, in a stone or perpetual motion. They are the phenomenal fortunes at play. The writer has material that has hitherto been inaccessible to

ground of blue sea, palms, orange-trees, and roses, and framed in glittering sunshine. It is only the hundredth person who stops to think what a wonderful, even unique place the little Principality really is, with all its vast wealth derived directly from the Casino; and that, among its thousand remarkable features, one of the most remarkable is its group of system-players.

TO ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, whether they have visited the Principality or not, the name of Monte Carlo conjures up instantly a flashing picture of gaiety and fashion, lovely women and smart men; the raking on and off of gold on green tables; superficial delights and mysterious vice painted boldly against a back-

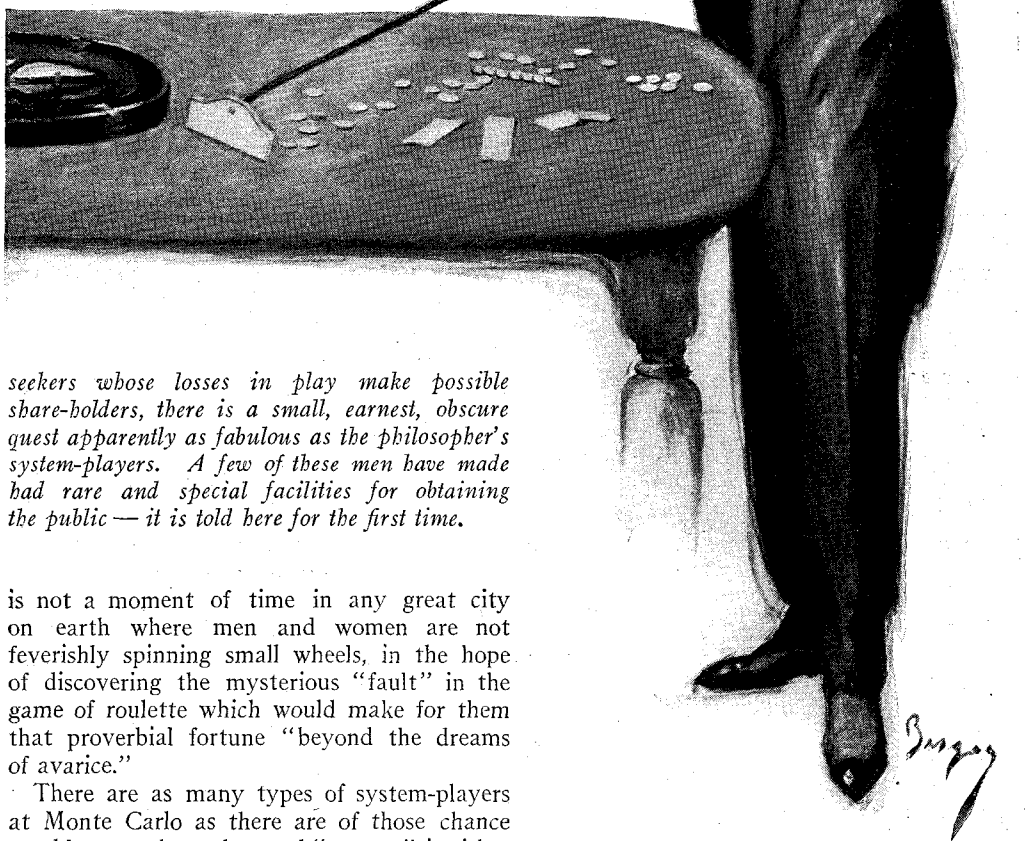
Everybody who takes the vaguest interest in the gambling centers of Europe knows that you can fling your money on to the tables as the spirit moves you, or that you can arrange a more or less systematic way of doing it; but only those who know can form any conception of the vast world-league of system-players who pour from all corners of the universe to Monte Carlo to test the success of their ardent studies. There

SYSTEM-PLAYERS AT CARLO

WILLIAMSON

SON, OF "THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR,"
"SET IN SILVER," ETC.

DRAWING BY WILLIAM
CLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS OF
ROOMS, TAKEN BY THE
OF CAMILLE BLANC (HEAD
PERMISSION HAS NEVER
BEEN GIVEN

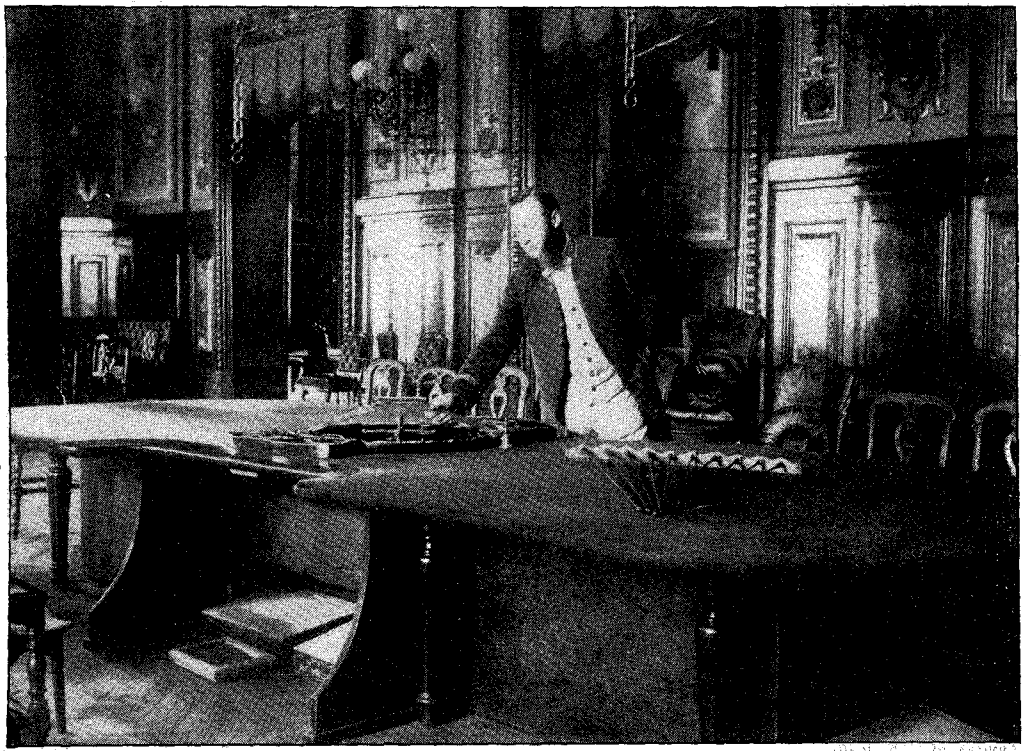


seekers whose losses in play make possible share-holders, there is a small, earnest, obscure quest apparently as fabulous as the philosopher's system-players. A few of these men have made had rare and special facilities for obtaining the public — it is told here for the first time.

is not a moment of time in any great city on earth where men and women are not feverishly spinning small wheels, in the hope of discovering the mysterious "fault" in the game of roulette which would make for them that proverbial fortune "beyond the dreams of avarice."

There are as many types of system-players at Monte Carlo as there are of those chance gamblers to whom the word "system" is either ridiculous or boring. And to students of human nature as seen at Monaco the former are infinitely more interesting. Their life, their work, their sensational successes, their tragic or ignominious failures, the extraordinary industries that grow up around them, are even thrilling. Yet no book has ever been written entirely round the system-players.

Their true Mecca is, of course, Monte Carlo, and not any other gambling resort, because at no other are the conditions so favorable to them. In the first place, trente-et-quarante and roulette are unquestionably far superior to baccara or boule or petits chevaux, or any other game of chance, from the point of view of the serious system-players. They say that only the



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ONE OF THE ROULETTE TABLES

A GARÇON DE SALLE IS LEVELING THE WHEEL BEFORE THE DAY'S PLAY BEGINS. A SLIGHT MECHANICAL FAULT IN ONE OF THESE WHEELS ONCE COST THE BANK OF MONTE CARLO \$400,000

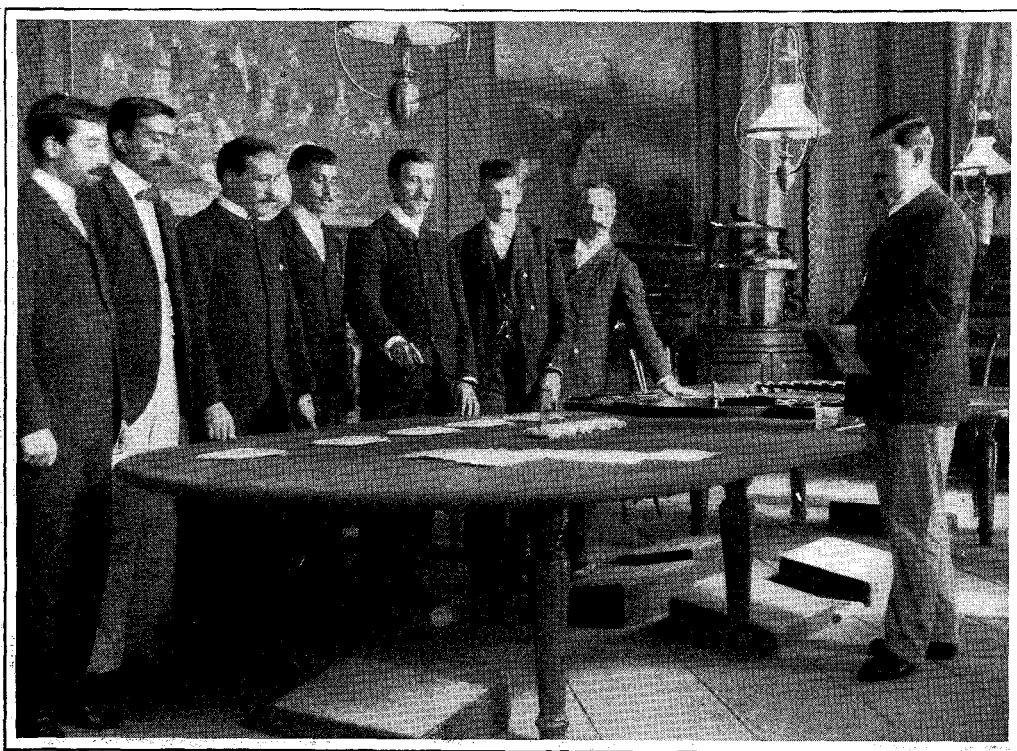
amateur or the one-franc man wastes his time inventing or studying systems except upon roulette or trente-et-quarante; and the casinos absolutely above suspicion where those two games are allowed can be counted on the fingers.

If all roads lead to Rome, so do all to Monte Carlo. It is delightfully easy to reach; and the "cheap" system-players who return year after year know where and how to live there for almost nothing. But not every system-player is cheap. The historic system men of Monte Carlo have worked and are working on a grand scale; and it is doubtless true, as is whispered among them, that even the great power behind the scenes fears some discovery which may some day "find the fault." In the epic day of that classic player, Jagers, the Casino trembled — but for his story by and by. And there have been and will be others, of whom he and one more modern man, an American, stand at the head.

The morning, soon after the doors open, is the time to find the system-players at their best; but evening in the high season, after dinner till the closing of the doors at midnight, gives the

most picturesque show of wild play among big punters. A little after nine o'clock in the morning a stranger would be surprised to see a crowd, composed mostly of men, solemnly assembled on the pavement across the road opposite the Casino. They look more like business men waiting for a suburban train to take them to the city than gay Riviera idlers. Their faces are intent, though not visibly anxious. They talk little to their neighbors, and laugh less.

Presently the tall liveried doorkeeper raises his hand, and the waiting players instantly move across the road in a compact body, to cluster on the steps, the first arrivals pressing as near as possible to the closed doors. This is the first stage in the advance of the system-players, those faithful workers who look upon the Rooms as their office or shop, in which they may or may not make money that day. By and by the outer doors leading into the vestibule and the great hall called the atrium are flung open. Then calmness is thrown aside like a cast-off garment. By this time there are women in the crowd, young and old; but, gamblers being no respecters of sex, system men do not



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THE SCHOOL OF CROUPIERS

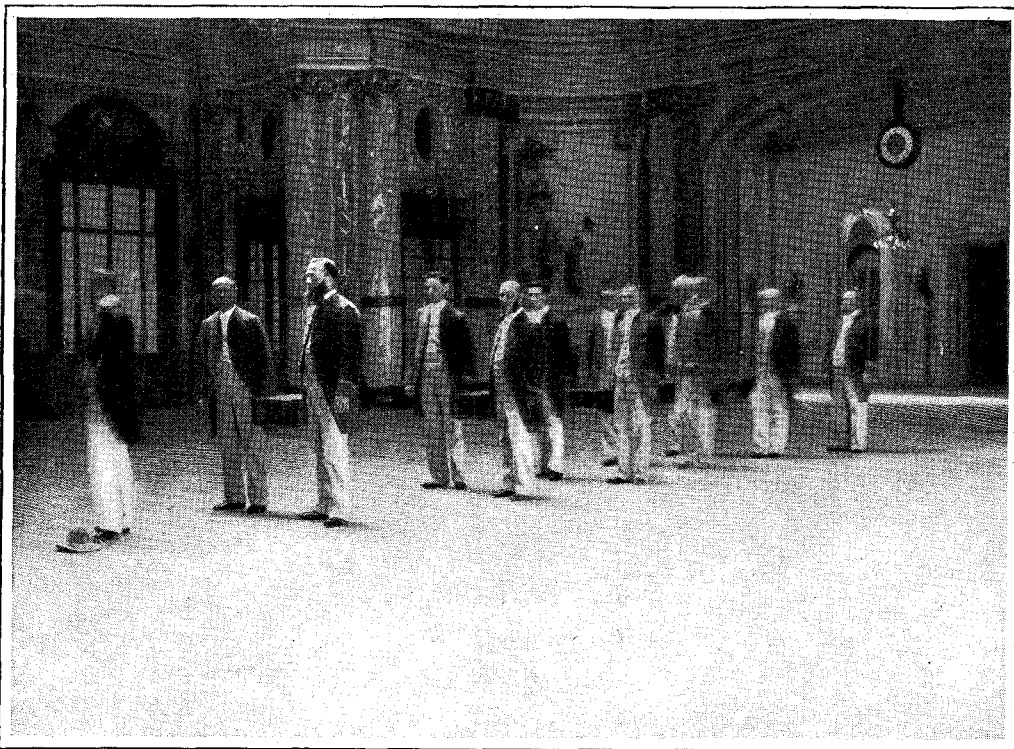
HERE APPLICANTS FOR THE POST OF CROUPIER ARE TAUGHT THEIR BUSINESS IN THE SUMMER MONTHS. THEY PLAY WITH METAL DISKS TO REPRESENT COINS AND PIECES OF PAPER TO REPRESENT BANKNOTES. IT TAKES SIX MONTHS' DAILY INSTRUCTION TO TRAIN A CROUPIER FOR HIS DUTIES IN THE CASINO

make way for system women. All — fat, thin, active, and decrepit — run in as fast as they are able, women having the advantage because they need not pause to leave their hats, whereas the unfortunate men must turn aside to put theirs in the cloak-room. Even now speed has only given first place near the inner doors. Another half hour is to pass before the Rooms themselves will be open for play.

How the Bank Opens

Meanwhile the interval of waiting is not dull. An official appears to inspect the cards of admission, which every player must possess. Then comes a procession of blue-coated footmen descending from the upper floor of the Casino, where the offices are, each couple of men carrying between them a heavy wooden chest clamped with iron. Longing glances follow the procession into the Rooms, for these boxes contain the money which all these patient gamblers, especially the system-players, hope to win. There is 80,000 francs (\$16,000) in each box that goes to a roulette table, and \$30,000 for each trente-et-quarante table. The

procession of footmen, headed by an inspector, moves into the gaming-rooms. The outer doors are opened, and, pressing up more closely, the crowd can see through the inner doors of glass that the footmen have marched with their boxes to the different tables. At last it is ten o'clock. The doors are thrown wide. The crowd pours in, jostling and pushing. Some make for favorite seats at roulette tables near at hand, others run for farther tables, often slipping and tumbling on the slippery parquet flooring; women pick up their skirts and sprint against each other the full length of the immense rooms to gain the distant trente-et-quarante tables, which are few in number. In the twinkling of an eye all the chairs are taken, for there are only sixteen places at each roulette table, and those who are late have to stand and play over the shoulders of the seated ones. Sometimes, half an hour after play has begun, a late comer will tap on the back a man who is seated. Up gets the man in the chair, quietly surrendering to the new arrival the place he has waited and struggled to obtain. The self-sacrificing individual is merely a paid "marker," known and tolerated by the Casino authorities — a man



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THE GARÇONS DE SALLE BRINGING IN THE MONEY FOR THE DAY'S PLAY
THE PROCESSION IS SHOWN CROSSING THE SALLE SCHMIDT, JUST BEFORE THE PUBLIC IS
ADMITTED. THERE IS \$16,000 IN EACH BOX THAT GOES TO A ROULETTE TABLE
AND \$30,000 FOR EACH TRENTE-ET-QUARANTE TABLE

who probably combines with marking the more lucrative trade of money-lending.

The lucky ones being in their places, money for the day's play is counted out under their eyes at each table. Gold, weighed in a balance, is piled in rouleaux; notes ranged according to denominations; humble five-franc pieces placed in lines, overlapping like scales of fish. An inspector verifies all, and signs his name to a statement on paper. One of the *garçons de salle* tests the wheel with a spirit-level. Everything in the Casino is done with the regularity of clockwork. The system-players now prepare for business, producing pencils and books. "What," said a stranger once, amused at the scene, "what are all those grave, silent people doing with their little washing-books?"

The System-Player's Washing-Book

Thus with a hasty phrase were the system-players classified. They are grave, they are silent, for they must not miss noting a spin of the wheel or their calculations may be upset. They are invariably the people with the "washing-books." No system could live with-

out a washing-book or carefully kept cards. But books are favored because they can more easily be referred to afterward at home. Scarcely a type of the many types of system-players is absent from the Casino in the morning, for then there is better air in the Rooms; it is easier to think, to do intricate calculations in a hurry; there are not such confusing crowds looking over the shoulders of the seated ones and playing across their heads.

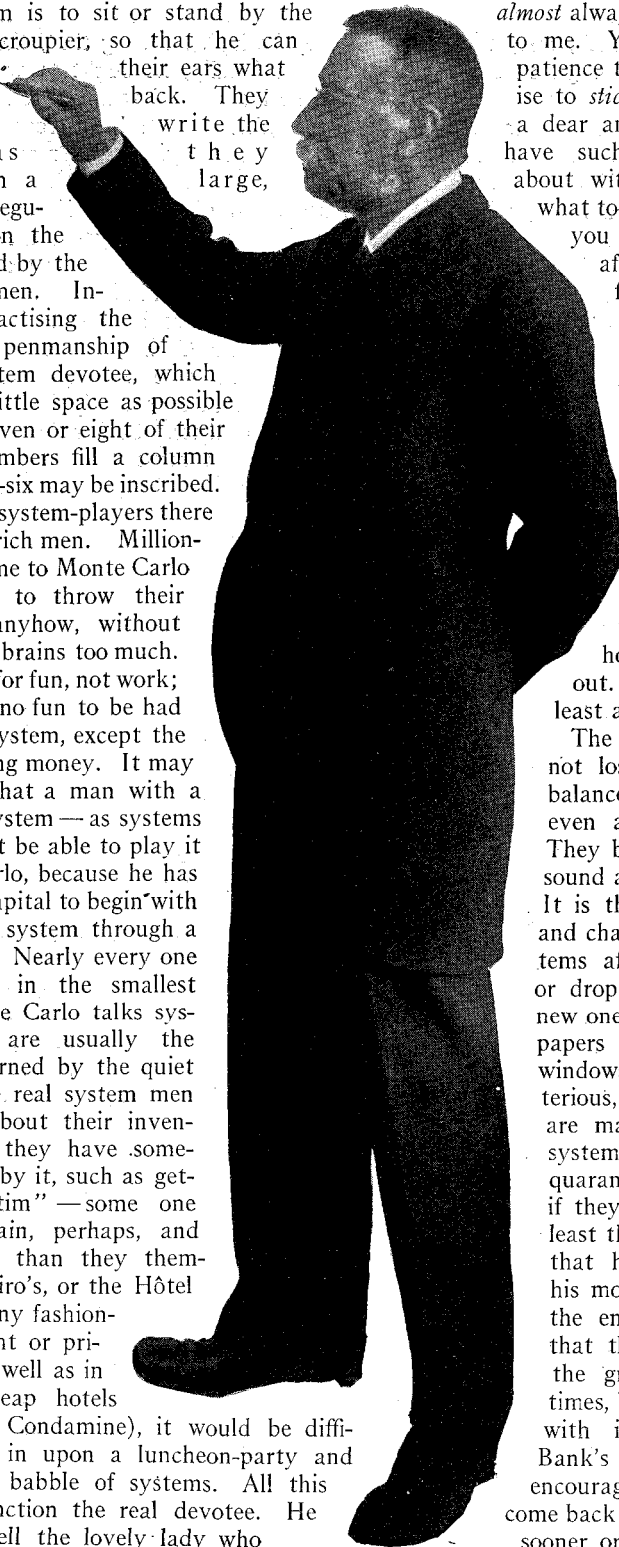
The scientific system-player almost never plays standing up. He must sit down, noting everything in his book. But not all system-players are scientific, even when they believe themselves to be so. To some it is enough of a system to have a lucky number or dozen at roulette, and follow it always. Such a one can quite well throw on his money over the serried ranks of the largest hats. Others, mostly women, believe that the croupiers, especially their favorite croupiers, can spin any number they please — "though of course they wouldn't dare to do it always, you know, or the inspectors would notice, and discharge them." These ladies do not need "washing-books" to keep the weavings of the game before their eyes. All that is neces-

sary for them is to sit or stand by the omnipotent croupier, so that he can whisper in their ears what number to back. They generally write the numbers as they come up, in a straggling, irregular hand, on the cards supplied by the Casino footmen. Instead of practising the small, neat penmanship of the true system devotee, which takes up as little space as possible on a page, seven or eight of their sprawling numbers fill a column where twenty-six may be inscribed.

Among the system-players there are few very rich men. Millionaires, who come to Monte Carlo to rest, like to throw their money on anyhow, without exerting their brains too much. They are out for fun, not work; and there is no fun to be had in a serious system, except the hope of making money. It may well happen that a man with a really good system — as systems go — may not be able to play it at Monte Carlo, because he has not enough capital to begin with or to see his system through a few mishaps. Nearly every one who gambles in the smallest way at Monte Carlo talks system. They are usually the amateurs, scorned by the quiet players. The real system men do not talk about their inventions, unless they have something to gain by it, such as getting a "victim" — some one with less brain, perhaps, and more money, than they themselves. At *Ciro's*, or the *Hôtel de Paris*, or any fashionable restaurant or private villa (as well as in the many cheap hotels down in the *Condamine*), it would be difficult to drop in upon a luncheon-party and not hear the babble of systems. All this bores to extinction the real devotee. He knows too well the lovely lady who sweetly says: "Oh, I hear you have the *most wonderful* system! Is it true you *always* make money? Well, then,

almost always. Do, please, teach it to me. Yes, indeed, I *will* have patience to learn it. Oh, I promise to *stick* to it, if only you'll be a dear and teach me how. I do have such *awful* luck splashing about without any definite idea what to do. Yet one must play, you know." This same lady, after giving her scientific friend (who has spent years in perfecting his idea) infinite trouble, will say to him flip-pantly next day: "Your system is no good at all, my dear man. I lost worse than ever this morning. Oh, indeed, I *did* do it justice. I tried it over and over again — anyhow, for half an hour — till I was cleaned out. I lost *horribly* — at least a hundred francs."

The true system-players do not lose courage if there is a balance of loss against them even after some weeks' play. They believe that their game is sound and must win in the end. It is the weak men who chop and change and alter their systems after a few "bad days," or drop them altogether, trying new ones they see in the system papers or purchase from shop-windows, sealed up in mysterious, alluring envelopes. There are many extremely ingenious systems for roulette or trente-et-quarante, and some so good that, if they are not sure to win, at least they protect the player so that he gets a fine "run for his money," and loses little in the end. This is the reason that the Casino likes better the great punter who sometimes, by sheer luck, goes away with immense sums of the Bank's hoard. He is sure to be encouraged by his easy wins to come back another season, and so, sooner or later, he is almost certain to pay back what he has so joyfully borrowed. The system-player, who knows that the



PRINCE ALBERT OF
MONACO

Casino is as dangerous as a sleeping lioness, is cautious in his approach, and, though he may snatch little from her gilded claws, does not leave much in them.

The two men, however, who are the most celebrated in the annals of system-playing at Monte Carlo, and who took the most enormous sums from the Casino, oddly enough are supposed to have had no real science in their systems. One — the great Jaggars — certainly had none; and the American who lately for several seasons played a “system” with the most astounding success is said by some to have won by means of a clever dodge.

The Great Jaggars

In the history of Monte Carlo, Jaggars has become almost legendary. He was an Englishman, whose photograph is a cherished possession in the hands of the one person now left at Monte Carlo who seems to have known him. He was an intelligent mechanic or engineer from the north of England. He was not a gambler, but he had heard of Monte Carlo, and of the wonderful roulette-wheels so ingeniously made that no one could beat them. Curiosity took him there when he had put together a little money and earned a holiday. He did not intend to play. It was the wheels themselves that he wished to see. When he found that he was not supposed to keep a seat at the table and watch the game for any length of time without playing, in order to study it in peace in his scientific way he began to venture a few five-franc pieces. He had a favorite table where he happened to feel more at home than at any other; and, while laboriously taking down numbers in order to make a record, he hit upon an astonishing discovery. Some of the numbers appeared more often in a day's play of about five hundred coups than they had a right to do mathematically, according to the laws of chance. Jaggars continued his tests for several days, until he was satisfied that the particular roulette-wheel under observation had some mechanical defect — that it was not truly balanced, but had a bias in one direction which caused the ball to fall more often in one quarter of the cylinder than in the others.

Jaggars Played the Wheel with a Bias

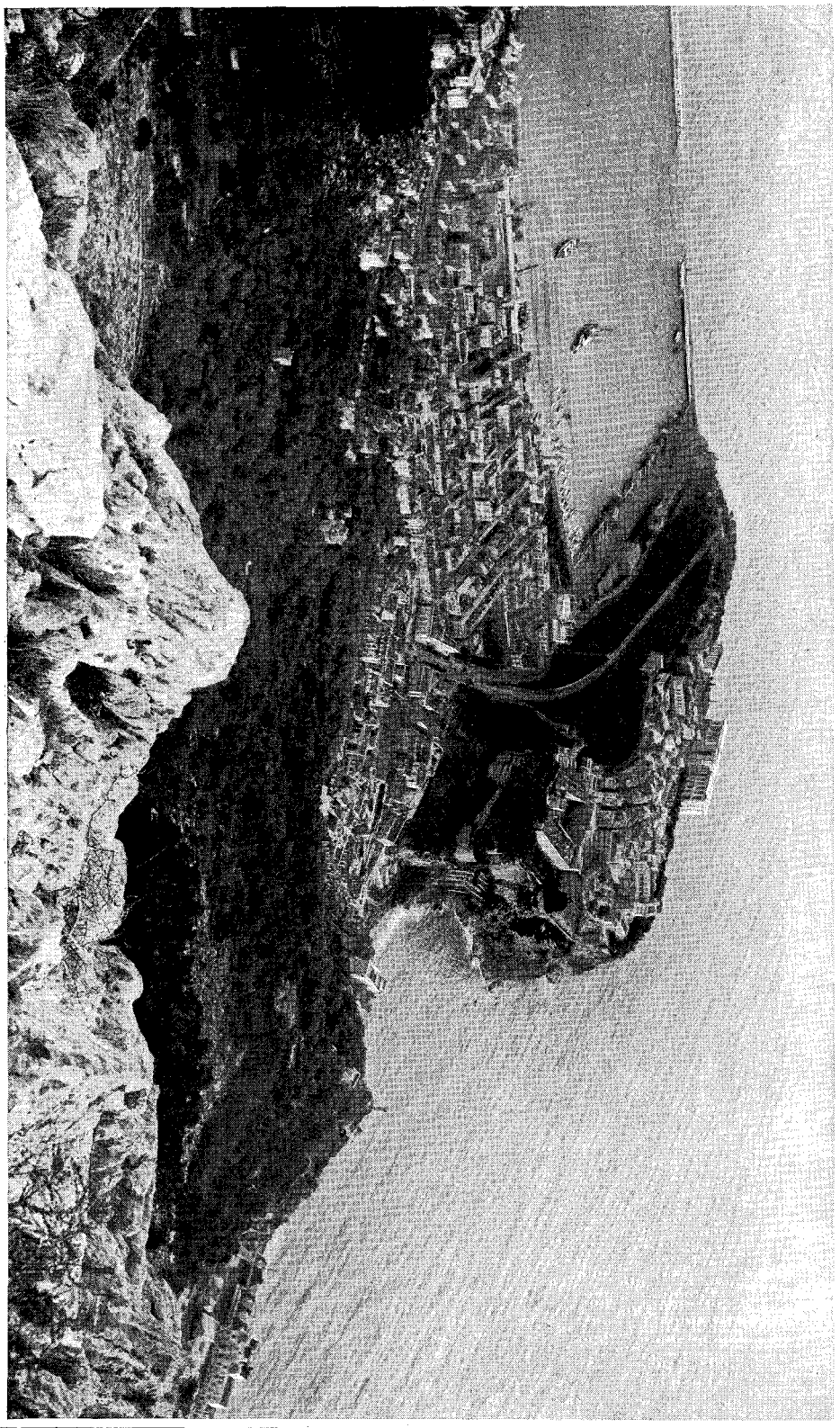
Not a word had the silent man of the north spoken to any one of his first suspicions or final discovery. On the fault, not of roulette in general as a game, but of this roulette-wheel in particular, did Jaggars then and there found his unscientific but amazingly successful “system.”

He decided to risk in the venture all the money he had, knowing that, though he must fail occasionally, he ought to win far oftener than he lost. At first he played quietly, with small stakes. Then he increased them until soon he was playing with maximums on the wheel's favorite numbers, and winning immense sums of money. Feeling sure of his ground, Jaggars now engaged a staff of men to play for him, taking their turns at the table as the croupiers do, and his wins continued till the Casino authorities became seriously alarmed. Never had the Casino, in the whole history of gambling at Monte Carlo (then comparatively short), suffered so severely in its hitherto impregnable pockets. Seeing that Jaggars always played at the same table, the management removed the cylinder from that table at night and transferred it to another.

How the Bank was Broken

Jaggars, however, was not a hard-headed Yorkshireman for nothing. He had expected every morning to find that luck had suddenly deserted him because his wheel of fortune was lost to him forever among a wilderness of other wheels useless for his “system.” His eyes were sharpened by the knowledge that a pin's point of difference was life or death to his interests, and he had observed on his cylinder a tiny white speck by which he could identify it among many others apparently alike. Each morning, on arriving at the table, he glanced at the wheel and made sure of the white speck before beginning “work”; and, on the day after the secret exchange, hovering inspectors saw the terrible Jaggars reducing his great stakes to a few paltry five-franc pieces. Presently he rose, to try the same small game at another table, and so on until his eyes lighted upon the blessed speck. Then he and his staff of clerks began to plunge again.

The “system” began to seem supernatural and in a few months Jaggars had taken from the Casino the unprecedented sum of \$600,000. The authorities began to suspect that all the cylinders were imperfect. The maker was sent for, and each wheel was subjected to a rigid scrutiny. The faulty one was discovered and taken away, and next morning Jaggars' tide of fortune turned. For a few days he went on playing, and lost back to the Casino some \$200,000 of his enormous winnings. Then he was wise enough to see that he was beaten. He discharged his staff, ceased play, and retired with the comfortable sum of \$400,000 intact. Never did he appear again at Monte Carlo; but his memory has lived there since as a classic one.

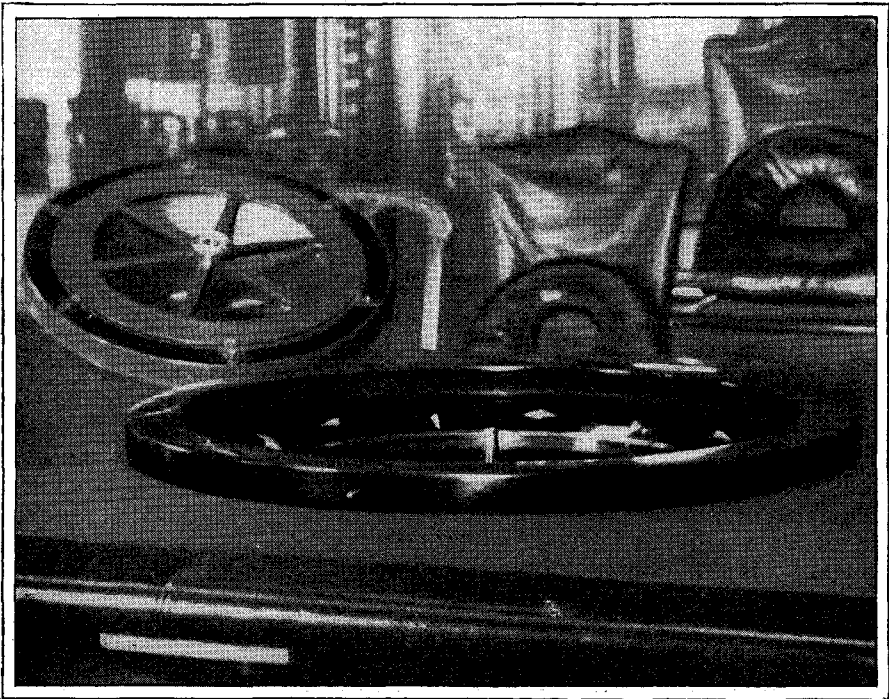


THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO, SHOWING AGAINST THE SKY-LINE THE INSTITUT OcéANOGRAPHIQUE, FOUNDED BY THE PRINCE OF MONACO, WHERE HE CARRIES ON HIS SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS

It would be hopeless to-day to try to emulate the exploit of Jagers, and that for a good reason, which is known, however, to very few members of the public. The mechanism of the wheels used at Monte Carlo is of the simplest. I am perhaps the one member of the outside public who has been allowed to enter the Casino early in the morning, before the gamblers are admitted, to inspect the roulette-wheel, take it in my hands, and photograph it. It is the most simple and honest thing in the world — just a cylinder of sheet copper (carefully balanced, and strengthened by bands of metal) revolving on a

a circular band, and *this band is movable*, so that the pocket which is opposite number 1 to-day may be opposite number 30 or any other number to-morrow. Probably not one person in ten thousand of those who play roulette knows this secret of the wheel.

The wheels are made thus for a legitimate reason. The Casino rightly wishes to guard by every means in its power against mechanical defects in the wheels; and it might happen that after much wear the thin metal partitions between the pockets might get warped or worn, so that the ball would fall into certain



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ONE OF THE FAMOUS MONTE CARLO ROULETTE-WHEELS REMOVED FROM ITS PIVOT AND PUT UPSIDE DOWN. THESE WHEELS ARE THE MOST PERFECTLY BALANCED IN THE WORLD

vertical pivot of steel. The wheel itself, with the wooden basin in which it revolves, is not supported, as it seems to be, by the table on which the players make their stakes, but is sustained by a separate gun-metal case bolted securely to the floor. The outer circumference of the copper wheel has attached to it a circular band divided into thirty-seven parts, bearing the numbers from 1 to 36 (though these are not arranged in numerical order) and a zero. Within the numbers are small pockets corresponding to them, and into one or other of these pockets the ivory ball must drop when the forces of gravity and friction overcome the initial impulse given by the hand of the croupier. Here comes in the only subtlety of the wheel: the numbers form

pockets more often than into others. Therefore the movable band which carries all the numbers is from time to time unscrewed, twisted round, and screwed up again, so that the same pockets are not always opposite the same numbers. No player can object to this; for, the more perfect the wheel as an instrument of hazard, the more hope is there for those players who base their systems on the well known operations of the laws of chance.

Two bright comets of the system world at Monte Carlo, not remote from the time of Jagers himself, were the Garcia brothers, two young Spaniards. One brother in particular will never be forgotten at Monaco, for he it was

whose science (his system being based on science, not trickery) invented a method of play which still has some followers. The late François Blanc, the founder of the Casino, was then at its head, and he is said to have taken a keen interest in the progress of the brilliant gambler who was "using the Bank like a milch-cow." Beginning play with a capital of 9 units, Garcia would place a third of it on the table as his first stake. In case of loss, on went the remaining two thirds at once, thus: capital of 9 units; stake 3 and win; total $9+3=12$; stake one third of $12=4$ and lose; $12-4=8$; now stake

how close to the top the stone be rolled, it is terribly likely to go tumbling to the bottom of the hill. The Garcias had courage, nerve, and patience, however, and they were rewarded by making a fortune, though they began in a very small way with a few thousand francs they had put together for their great adventure at Monte Carlo. So great was their elation and self-confidence that, after going away in a blaze of triumph, they were drawn to return, thinking to repeat their exploits. The sleeping lioness waked up with the second sharp pinch of her golden tail, and, putting out a claw, rent the



THE PRINCE OF MONACO IN HIS LABORATORY. HIS INCOME IS PAID OUT OF THE ENORMOUS WINNINGS OF THE CASINO, WHICH ALSO SUPPORT THE ENTIRE MONACO GOVERNMENT AND PAY THE SHARE-HOLDERS A DIVIDEND OF OVER \$6,000,000 A YEAR

the remaining 8 and win; total $8+8=16$; stake one third of $16=5$ and win; $16+5=21$; stake one third of $21=7$; and so on.

Playing thus, Garcia often brought off astounding coups. He and his brother, who played with him, had such runs of luck as have seldom been seen on this system, now known as the *tiers et tout*. Often they made eleven wins without encountering the two consecutive losses which swept away their initial capital of 9 units, thus turning the original 9 into 193. Only men of courage and unbreakable nerve can stand the strain of this system, which again and again brings them near their goal, only to dash them down to the beginning again. It might be called the Sisyphus system, as, no matter

Spanish brothers. They lost all they had made, and, broken-hearted, one brother is said to have committed suicide in a cave on the seashore not far from the Rock of Monaco. The other became a waiter in a restaurant, where his good stories of Monte Carlo made him a favorite; but he died ignominiously, without saving up enough five-franc pieces to try his luck once more.

A System that Risks Only the Winnings

Founding his system somewhat on the lines of the Garcias, there came to the Rock a man from Marseilles, a Monsieur Paul. He too, beginning with little, made much, playing

roulette on the simple chances. He began by putting on 3 units. If he won, 6 units lay on the table. He then added 3 more units of his own to the pile, so that his second stake was 9 units. If he won a second time, there were 18 units on the table, which he left on, hoping for a third win. If this came he had 36 units. Then, taking up his own original 6 units, he left the 30 (all of which had been won from the Bank) for the hazard of a fourth consecutive win; and if this, too, were lucky, he had won 60 units by risking 6. In case of bad luck he lost but little; with good luck he won largely; and, as fortune favored him, he was for a while one of the sensations of Monte Carlo. He also was lucky in going away with his winnings.

With Unlimited Supplies of Money Behind It, the Bank Can No Longer be Broken

Among the classic system-players who gained great sums at Monte Carlo was Charles Wells, adventurer and inventor, who came to Monte Carlo with the money of other people, to "win or lose it all" in testing his great idea. He played, also on the simple chances, a modification of the famous method of d'Alembert, the great mathematician. Wells began with a stake of 10 units, decreasing to 9 if he won, but increasing to 11 if he lost. His game was a kind of swinging of the pendulum, going up one way to 20 units and the other down to 1. For a time he contrived to prosper so sensationally

that the tables at which he played had occasionally to stop for a few minutes until more money was brought. This was "breaking the Bank," and gained Wells the honor of becoming the hero of a popular music-hall song. Nowadays, however, no successful player can have the thrilling joy of breaking the Bank. As soon as it is seen that one gambler or more may reduce the funds of a table to a low ebb, more money is unostentatiously brought by one of the footmen, and play never stops for an instant. Charles Wells has recently figured in the criminal courts of Paris, where he boasted he had won \$400,000 from the Casino.

Grand Duke Michael's Sensational Play

Many other bright luminaries have risen over the horizon at Monte Carlo, have been the golden idols of the hour (for every one delights in seeing the Bank beaten), and have eventually set behind clouds; but a few, though they have vanished, have left radiant trails behind them, because no clouds ever obscured their triumph.

A fixed star of the first magnitude is the Russian Grand Duke Michael, who spends most of his winters on the Riviera. When he is not playing brilliant golf at Cannes, he is making brilliant coups at the Monte Carlo Casino, where he is a most popular figure: handsome, dignified, striking, easy to find in a crowd because of his height, and amazingly lucky. His system is one that seems to be based on an absurdity — that numbers, having appeared, will immediately repeat them-



PHOTOGRAPH OF A CROWD AT PLAY AT MONTE CARLO, TAKEN BY A LONDON NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT WITH A SMALL CONCEALED CAMERA

selves several times in succession or close together; 29 and 36 are the Grand Duke's favorite numbers. When one of these appears, he bets the maximum (\$1,200) that it will repeat, staking also on chevaux and carrées, so that if the number itself does not come, another near it may still give him a limited success. Despite improbabilities, season after season the Grand Duke Michael wins on this system, and people seem as pleased as if they themselves had won the piles of gold and notes he gaily rakes off the table. But the greatest sensation of modern days has been made for several seasons running by an American — young, clean-shaven, keen-eyed, pale-faced. Many people know his name; but, as he is a private person and not a Russian grand duke, and may come back again, let him be anonymous here.

His first year in the Principality began with surprising good fortune, followed by some losses. Then he went away and was forgotten by the public that loves to talk system and successes. But in 1910 he returned, played wonderfully throughout the season, continued in "the vein" throughout the summer when the great crowds were out of the way, and returned after a short absence to do more brilliantly than ever in 1911. Every one talked of him. Every one wondered how he did it — what was the secret. Newspapers had paragraphs about him; he could not move without being snap-shotted. When he won vast sums, he did not smile; when he lost, his expression never changed. And so wonderful was his luck that the Casino trembled, as it had in the case of Jaggers.

An American System-Player Wins \$500,000

His play was on numbers, but seemed to vary from time to time, occasionally being for "repeats," often skipping from one side of the wheel to the other. No one could understand what he was doing, though it was evident that he had a system of some sort, as he staked without hesitation. The American often lost, but his wins were immensely higher than his losses. The whole table had to wait while he plastered it with numerous piles of gold, and wait again while he was being paid; but the interested crowd was never impatient, and the "system" remained a mystery until at last, when the lucky player left Monte Carlo with \$500,000 of the Bank's money, mysterious gossip began to fly about. It was declared, by those who claimed to have inside information, that the clever American had worked his system with the aid of an assistant, who was always with him at the tables. The American used to stand while he played, with one shoulder toward the wheel;

and it was said that his assistant, standing at the opposite side of the table, keenly watching the wheel, signaled to the player at the last instant in which quarter of the cylinder the ball seemed likely to fall. Whether this story be true or not, it is not impossible. Many thought it the only way to account for such a long and persistent run of luck with a system based on numbers.

Every system that can be played on the simple chances at roulette is applicable in precisely the same manner to the game of trente-et-quarante. This is a very simple game with cards, and, as the minimum stake allowed is \$4 (as against \$1 at roulette), a better class of players is attracted to it, and the game is carried on with less noise and confusion than at the roulette tables. One advantage of playing trente-et-quarante is that the percentage which zero takes from the player is slightly less than at roulette. In a thousand coups of roulette, zero should show itself, on an average, from thirteen to fourteen times; while at trente-et-quarante it appears only eleven or twelve times in the same number of coups — a good reason, from the point of view of the Casino, why there are a great many more roulette than trente-et-quarante tables.

How the Numbers are Placed around the Wheel

There are those who speak mysteriously of a "fault" in the roulette-wheel, without defining exactly what they mean. It is said that the inventor was unable to arrange the numbers exactly as he wished, and that a system might be invented to take advantage of this; but I have never heard of anything successful being done in that way. It is said (with what truth I do not know) that the inventor of the roulette-wheel was Blaise Pascal, philosopher, man of letters, mathematician, and physicist. Whoever was its designer, it is certain that the wheel is a diabolically clever apparatus. The numbers are arranged round the cylinder in what at first appears to be a haphazard manner; yet, if it be closely observed, it will be seen that they are arranged with method. The ruling idea on the part of the inventor seems to have been to avoid placing the numbers in such a way as to form combinations; but in this he could not, in the nature of the case, entirely succeed. The reds and blacks alternate round the wheel; but the evens and odds ("pair" and "impair") and the manque and passe numbers ("manque" means all numbers from 1 to 18 inclusive; "passe" all from 19 to 36 inclusive) are in some cases placed in pairs; for example, starting with zero

at the top, and moving round the wheel to the right, it will be seen at once that 15 and 19 are side by side; a little farther, 25 and 17, then 34 and 6, and so on. Another combination or grouping, probably here recorded in print for the first time, is this: Taking zero again as the starting-point, and moving half way round the wheel toward the right, it will be seen that fifteen out of eighteen numbers of the right half belong to the combination *manque* and third dozen, while fifteen numbers out of eighteen on the left belong to the combination *passee* and first dozen — though it does not seem that any advantage can be drawn from this discovery in actual play. If we refer now to the numbers as arranged on the green table on which the stakes are placed, it will be seen that here, too, are certain peculiarities of arrangement; for, though in the first column there are six black to six red numbers, in the second column there are eight black to four red numbers, while in the third there are four black to eight red; and many systems have been built on these differences.

What the Bank Wins in a Year

Newcomers at Monte Carlo often fall under the fascination of the martingale, or straightforward doubling system. One piece is lost; the player puts on 2; if those also be lost, he plays 4, then 8, and so on till a win comes, when he gets back all the losses, plus one unit of gain; or, if more ambitious, he may play the progression 1, 3, 7, 15, etc., so that, when the winning coup arrives, all losses are instantly recouped and one unit is won in addition for each bet made. Alluring as these methods are to the novice, they are fatally condemned by the existence of the maximum; and, further, it is folly to expose to the constant action of the zero tax the enormous sums that must be placed upon the table if the stakes be doubled at each coup. The zero tax amounts to one thirty-seventh of all money staked on numbers, *transversales*, *carrées*, or dozens, and one seventy-fourth part of money staked on the simple chances. Aptly is zero called *l'ami de la maison*. This automatic tax shears away with the relentlessness of a guillotine its due proportion of the capital of every player — a sum so enormous in its annual total that it is enough to pay all of the expenses not only of the Casino, with its two thousand employees, its theater, opera, concerts, and fêtes, but of the whole government of Monaco; to give, in addition, a handsome income to the Prince, and to leave more than \$6,000,000 as dividend to the shareholders.

A Conservative System that May Win —

Though the martingale 1, 3, 7, 15, etc., is the most dangerous game that can be played, there is another way of arriving at the same result (namely, a win of one unit for each coup played) which is not dangerous, and would seem infallibly sure to succeed in the end. It is a game known to but few players, and practised by still fewer; for it demands considerable capital and the patience of Job himself. The method of play is this: The first stake is 1 unit, and, as long as there are wins, the unit only is staked. After the first loss 3 units are staked. If there be now a win, these 3 units, with the 3 they have won, are picked up from the table, the result being that two stakes have been made and two units won — which is the player's objective — one unit per coup. Play is then resumed with the stake of 1 unit. But if the 3 units be lost on the second bet, another stake of 3 units must follow; and 3 units must be played at every coup until there is a win, when the player (who has, of course, noted down the winning and losing coups on his card) strikes out with his pencil the one unit that was lost at the beginning. These two transactions are regarded as canceling each other; the 3 units won wipe out the 1 unit lost, leaving a profit of 2 units on these two transactions.

A certain number of losing bets of 3 still remain, however, written down on the card, and, to wipe out these, stakes of 5 must now be played. If there now comes a series of wins of 5 equal in number to the losing bets of 3, the game is over, 1 unit per coup has been won, and the game is begun again with a stake of 1 unit. But if some 5's have been lost in the attempt to wipe out the 3's, then 7's must be played to wipe out the 5's, and perhaps 9's to wipe out losing 7's. And so the game goes on until every losing bet has been wiped out with winning bets each of which is automatically two units higher. This result, it is clear, is attained whenever the player gets equality of betting with the Bank — in other words, whenever he has guessed right as often as he has guessed wrong.

— But the Capital Needed is Large —

Here is a system of play sound, logical, and yielding a high return upon the capital embarked. Supposing the capital to be 5,000 units (and it would hardly be safe to begin this game with any smaller sum), then the return would be 40 units for every hour the game was played (reckoning that as the average number of spins of the wheel per hour), minus, of course, the

one seventy-fourth of all the capital put upon the table which zero would have claimed as its inalienable right. Nor is it necessary to have equality of betting with the Bank to win at this game. The player can be many bets behind the Bank and still be a winner. It can not be maintained, even by the most skeptical, that it is unreasonable for the player to hope to guess right as often as he guesses wrong, and, whenever equality arrives, the player will be richer by one unit for each stake made.

— *And the Gambler Must Make a Large Proportion of Correct Bets*

In this system the gambler's expectation of gain depends on two things: the progressive increase of his stakes, and his ability to make a large proportion of correct bets; and every system at roulette or trente-et-quarante has these two elements — the "progression" and the "attack," to use the language of the gambling-rooms. The progression is the rule according to which the stakes are raised or lowered; the attack is the rule that guides the player in placing his stakes on one chance in preference to another. In the vast majority of systems played at Monte Carlo, the hope of gain rests upon some more or less ingenious manipulation of the stakes; that is, upon the progression. It is assumed as an axiom by most writers on the game that any attempt to win by means of the attack alone — that is to say, any attempt to guess right oftener than the Bank does — is foredoomed to failure. At best, they say, as it is an even chance, you might hope to guess right *as often* as the Bank does; but, if that is the best you can do, you must lose in the long run, because zero comes every thirty-seventh spin of the wheel, on the average; so that the only result of your play would be that you would go on constantly paying the zero tax till your capital was exhausted. Therefore, to play successfully with a "flat stake," that is, playing the same unit every coup, you must invent a method of guessing which first annihilates the Bank's advantage of zero, and after that still gives the player a definite advantage. The thing is impossible.

Notwithstanding this apparently sound reasoning, many players have set themselves to solve the problem of winning with a flat stake, and some exceedingly ingenious systems have been invented. The progression is a two-edged

sword of which experienced gamblers have a wholesome dread, and it is not surprising that the solution is sought by means of the flat stake. Some authorities, indeed, reject all progressions as intrinsically unsound, declaring that if you can not win with a flat stake you ought not to play at all.

The Inventor of an Infallible System Who Died Miserably Poor

An ingenious flat-stake system has lately been practised in the Casino with sustained success. When tested over more than 50,000 authentic spins of the roulette-wheel, it has persistently given the surprising average of four wins more than the Bank in each hundred coups, after annihilating the zero percentage, and actual play at the tables has corroborated these results. It is difficult to make this system clear without an elaborate explanation; but, briefly stated, it seeks to follow the ball in all its intricacies, to pursue it in every one of its phases. It is a mistake, says the inventor, to suppose that the roulette-ball, falling continually into a black pocket or a red one, produces a series of intricate patterns like the interminable arabesques of the kaleidoscope. The patterns, on the contrary, are strictly limited, amounting only to some six or seven simple elements. The method of betting enables the player to follow almost immediately whatever pattern is beginning to show itself, and, should none of the conventional patterns declare themselves, then, by an ingenious and sudden change of play, the patterns are abandoned, and the player goes on winning during those jumpy periods of play when the whole game seems in a state of flux, and neither runs, nor intermittences, nor *coups de deux*, nor any other recognizable pattern shows itself.

The inventor of this ingenious system, who called himself "the Conqueror," died miserably poor in a London suburb while his pupils were daily winning considerable sums in the Rooms at Monte Carlo. There is no patent on a system; and such is the incredulity of mankind that it might quite conceivably happen that a man should invent an infallible way of winning, and yet be too poor to put it into practice — like the man in Mr. H. G. Wells' story who made an artificial diamond of immense size, yet starved in the streets because he could not get rid of it.

STAMMERING AND ITS CURE

BY

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

AUTHOR OF "THE MARVELS OF DREAM ANALYSIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. J. ENRIGHT

THERE lies convenient to my hand at this moment a thin, pamphlet-like volume that tells the story of one of the strangest among the many singular and tragic blunders which medical science has made in its progress to knowledge. It is a translation from the German of Dr. J. F. Dieffenbach's "Memoir on the Radical Cure of Stuttering." Assuredly, Dieffenbach's "cure" was radical enough, for it consisted in nothing less than the excision of a large, wedge-shaped section from the stammerer's tongue! In this little book, published in 1841 and embellished with several ghastly full-page engravings, is described with great professional gusto the first of these terrible operations, as performed, without the aid of any anesthetic, on an unhappy youth of thirteen. The result was a "complete success." Says Dieffenbach, writing a few weeks after the operation:

"At the present time not the slightest trace of stuttering remains, not the slightest vibration of the muscles of the face, not the most inconsiderable play of the lips. His speech is throughout well toned, even, and flowing."

Curing Stammering by Butchery

Thus was inaugurated a period of butchery that lasted until, almost before the year was out, it was observed that those "cured" by this sanguinary means usually began, before long, to stammer as badly as ever, and also that those who were not "cured" had a tendency to die. Yet Dieffenbach was no charlatan, no "quack." He was a reputable surgeon, who honestly believed that he had discovered the true remedy for stammering. And if the passage of time has intensified the tragedy and absurdity of his method, and has relegated his glowing account of it to a place in the literature of medical curiosities, there is this to be said of him — that he has had plenty of successors who have erred almost as seriously in their attempts to solve the

problem presented by the widespread and baffling malady of stammering.

In fact, up to within quite recent times the record of the struggle against stammering has been one of continuous failure. There has been a steady accumulation of methods of treatment, from surgical operations of a less drastic type than Dieffenbach's to the use of various articulatory and respiratory exercises and devices, without any appreciable effect in the diminution of stammering. Even to-day, the great majority of physicians and lay specialists — to whom, by a sort of tacit agreement, the medical profession has largely relinquished the task of coping with stammering — labor to little purpose. At this very moment there are in the United States alone at least three hundred thousand persons who stammer, fully half of whom stammer so badly that they are severely handicapped in the gaining of a livelihood. Thousands of these have resorted to medical advice, or have attended so-called schools for stammerers, with lastingly beneficial results to comparatively few. Small wonder that there is among stammerers and their friends a tendency to believe that stammering is, as a general thing, among the distinctly incurable maladies of mankind.

Yet it may be declared with confidence that they are wrong — that stammering, if usually incurable by the methods now in vogue, is nevertheless perfectly and invariably amenable to treatment. The trouble is that, until lately, there has been no really systematic effort to study its phenomena with a view to ascertaining with scientific exactness its true nature and causation. Stammering, it has long been recognized, is not a malady of uniform symptomatology, like tuberculosis and typhoid fever and Bright's disease. No two stammerers stammer precisely alike. They stumble over different letters and sounds; time, place, and circumstance have varying effects on the degree of their stammering; and the physical spasms and contractions that so often accompany this trouble

differ in different stammerers. There is, too, a great variation in the onset of stammering. Mostly, to be sure, it manifests itself in childhood, from the age of four to eleven. But it may not set in until much later in life, and, when it does begin in childhood, it begins under a marked diversity of conditions.

Sometimes a child stammers almost as soon as it has learned to speak, though seldom, if ever, coincident with the learning. Often the first appearance of stammering follows an attack of some disease like measles or diphtheria. Or, again, a child that has been speaking quite well suddenly begins to stammer, and persists in stammering, after being brought into contact with people who are themselves stammerers. "I was entirely free of stammering till I was five years old," writes a clergyman, in a typical communication, "when at that time of life there was a gentleman who occasionally came to my father's house, who indeed stammered very badly, and I distinctly remember one afternoon trying to imitate him, when, unfortunately, he heard me, and was very indignant; and so ashamed were my parents at my conduct that after he had gone I was taken to task and punished severely for it. Ever since that night I have been afflicted with this most distressing malady."

Heredity, the Catch-All of Science, Blamed for Stammering

Facts like these, I repeat, have long been observed and commented on by specialists in stammering; but, unfortunately, they have, for the most part, been dismissed as mere "oddities," while emphasis has been laid on the single fact that in the majority of cases stammerers have had parents or other relatives who themselves stammered. "Heredity," consequently, has been assumed to be the one and sufficient explanation of all stammering; and it has also been assumed that what is inherited is either an anatomical or a physiological defect. Hence, in too many instances, the use of the surgeon's knife; and hence, also, the invention of innumerable systems



"He was pounced upon and frightened almost into convulsions by a huge black dog"

designed to train the stammerer in the correct use of his breathing and articulating organs — in a word, to teach him how to talk.

But, as even the most enthusiastic exponents of these corrective systems are now beginning to appreciate, whatever else the stammerer may need, he certainly does not need to be taught how to talk. For he can talk well enough on occasion. Nothing is more significant, from the standpoint of assisting to a clear understanding of the nature of stammering, than the

fact that there are uncommonly few stammerers who have any difficulty in speaking when nobody is with them. On this point every stammerer with whom I have been in touch is in remarkable agreement, and others who have had a far wider acquaintance with stammerers testify to the same effect. Only the other day, Mr. Charles L. Rowan, of Milwaukee, a gentleman who has been a stammerer for years and has made a close study of the subject, sent me a statement in which he declared:

*He Stammers when Awake, but Talks
Clearly in His Sleep*

"When I am alone — and the same is true of other stammerers — I have no speech difficulty

whatever, and can talk or read aloud for hours with ease. It is only when I am with others that I halt and stammer in my speech. Sometimes I talk in my sleep, and the folks tell me I do not stammer then. But if I am dreaming, and in the dream imagine myself talking, it is always in a stammer.

"I have also noticed that most stammerers talk better when the subject is light and frivolous than when it is something serious. And they talk better when conversing with people whom they regard as inferiors. I know a man who is a section foreman, and he says he can give orders to his negro and Mexican laborers perfectly, but if the road-master comes along, he can not talk to him at all."

More than this, according to another diligent investigator, the majority of stammerers fail to stammer if addressed in such a way that their replies are made without their realizing that they are talking. Says this observer:

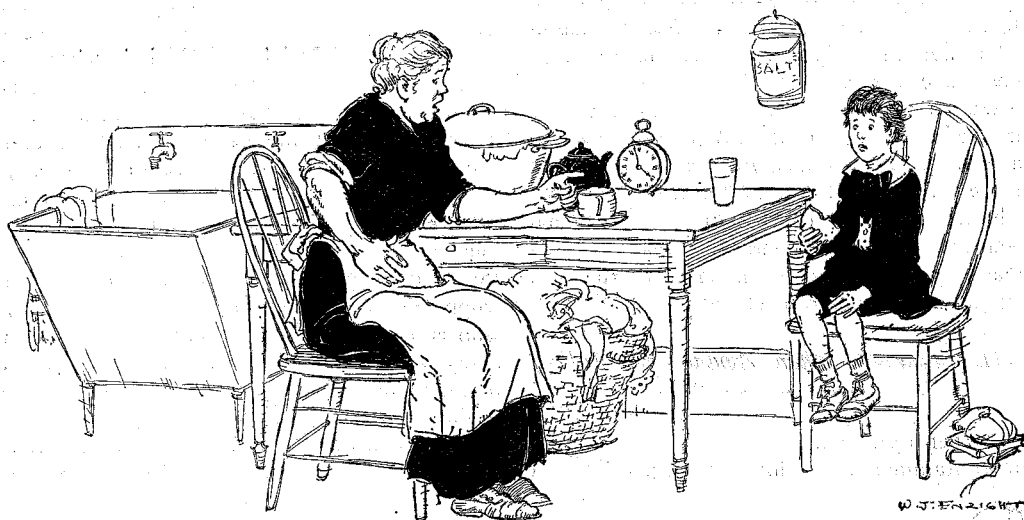
"Suppose a stammerer is engaged in a deep study and unaware of your presence. You speak to him softly. He answers readily, without hesitation, in an absent manner. Again, you ask a careless question, implying by your manner that you do not expect or desire an answer; to this he quickly and easily replies also. Now, look straight at him and pointedly interrogate him. See, when it becomes necessary for him to speak, how he is thrown into confusion."

It has further been found that most stammerers are at their worst when in the presence

of strangers. Some stammer scarcely at all when at home, with their relatives and intimate friends. On the other hand, there are some who stammer worse than usual when with relatives. Quite recently I learned of one case — that of a young lady who had stammered slightly from infancy — whose trouble was most pronounced when talking with her mother. Almost all stammerers, too, enjoy temporary relief from



*"He had been engaged to a young woman
who had eloped with his closest friend"*



"'I knew I was a bad boy—very bad. Nothing could atone for the sins I had committed' "

their speech defect when greatly startled, angry, or otherwise excited.

Stammering a Mental Disorder

Decidedly, then, it is not from anatomical or physiological inability to speak that a stammerer suffers. It is, rather, from a psychological inability. That is to say, the facts just mentioned strongly indicate that stammering is primarily a mental malady—that it is due to the presence, in the mind of the stammerer, of some idea or ideas that inhibit the normal functioning of the organs of speech. This conclusion is confirmed by the additional circumstance that nearly every stammerer who has been questioned on the subject admits that he is perpetually tormented by a haunting dread of not being able to express himself clearly to others, and so of exposing himself to their ridicule, contempt, or pity. Many, indeed, affirm their conviction that if they could only overcome this dread they would be free from their affliction. "I believe," is a characteristic utterance of stammerers, "that if I were to wake up some morning with total forgetfulness that I had ever stammered, I should never stammer again."

Faith as a Curative Factor

Still more significant is the fact that, of the many methods which have been invented for the treatment of stammering,—and which include such curious devices as beating time with every word, and wearing artificial supports under the tongue,—all have had to their credit a certain, however small, proportion of genuine cures. This would suggest, not that they have

been intrinsically valuable, but that, in the cases cured, they so impressed the mind of the stammerer with their therapeutic virtue as to banish his long-entertained belief that he could not talk like other people. For that matter, recent experiments go to bear out the view that almost any method, no matter how fantastic, will cure some stammerers, if only they have a "lively faith" in its efficacy.

For example, there was brought to the Boston City Hospital, some few years ago, a woman of thirty-five who, though formerly an excellent speaker, had begun to stammer in a most frightful manner, following a violent quarrel with her husband. She could utter scarcely a sound, except weirdly inarticulate noises, and these only by a great effort. The physician to whom her case was intrusted, Dr. I. H. Coriat, soon became satisfied that she was suffering mainly from a profound belief that she would never be able to talk again; and he therefore endeavored to reason her out of this, but to no purpose. Finally he abandoned the attempt, and, after leaving her pretty much to her own devices for several days, said to her one morning, in a tone of authority:

"Well, Mrs. Blank, I have been looking carefully into your case, and I find there is one way certain to cure you. It may be a little painful, but I know you will not mind that, as long as it is going to make you entirely well."

So saying, and with an air of the utmost confidence, he began to apply to her an electrical current just strong enough to make her wince. Only a few treatments of this sort were found necessary to enable the hospital authorities to discharge her as cured—and she has stayed cured.

Of late, consequently, with growing recognition of the dominant psychic factor in stammering, there has been an increasing tendency — though as yet it is far from universal — to employ psychological methods in treating stammerers. The effort is made to instil confidence in the sufferer — to convince him that he need only exercise his will power to bring about his own cure. In a good many cases, and frequently with most gratifying results, resort is had to hypnotism, the “suggestion” being reiterated to the patient, while in the hypnotic state, that in the future he will experience none of his overwhelming sensations of dread and anxiety, and will speak as well as persons who have never stammered. Or he may be treated by the “method of psychic re-education,” which consists essentially in the development of volitional control by suggestions tactfully imparted in the ordinary waking state. All of which unquestionably marks a tremendous advance over the theories and practices based on the alleged physiological defects of stammerers, and, unhappily, still popular with many practitioners.

There is this to be added, though — that, sanely beneficial as is the psychological treatment of stammering, it does not, as commonly administered, operate with anything like the regularity of a true specific. Whether the confidence-inspiring suggestions be given in the hypnotic sleep or in the state of normal consciousness, it often happens that they do not “take.” The stammerer, albeit he may perhaps show improvement for a time, remains without clear articulatory power. When this occurs, the natural tendency among those treating him — in view of the demonstrated truth that stammering is the effect of a peculiar state of mind — is to throw the blame on the patient instead of on the method. Yet, actually, it is the method that is at fault — or, to be exact, it is the failure to apply the method, which itself is thoroughly sound, in such a way as to remove from the stammerer’s mind not only the fear that haunts him and helps to perpetuate his stammering, but also the ideas in which his stammering originated.

Stammering the Effect of a Peculiar State of Mind

Here we come to the central fact in the whole problem of stammering — a fact which, when it is widely enough known and appreciated, is certain to exercise a far-reaching influence on the prevention of stammering, as well as its cure. At present, knowledge of this fact is almost entirely confined to a small group of foreign

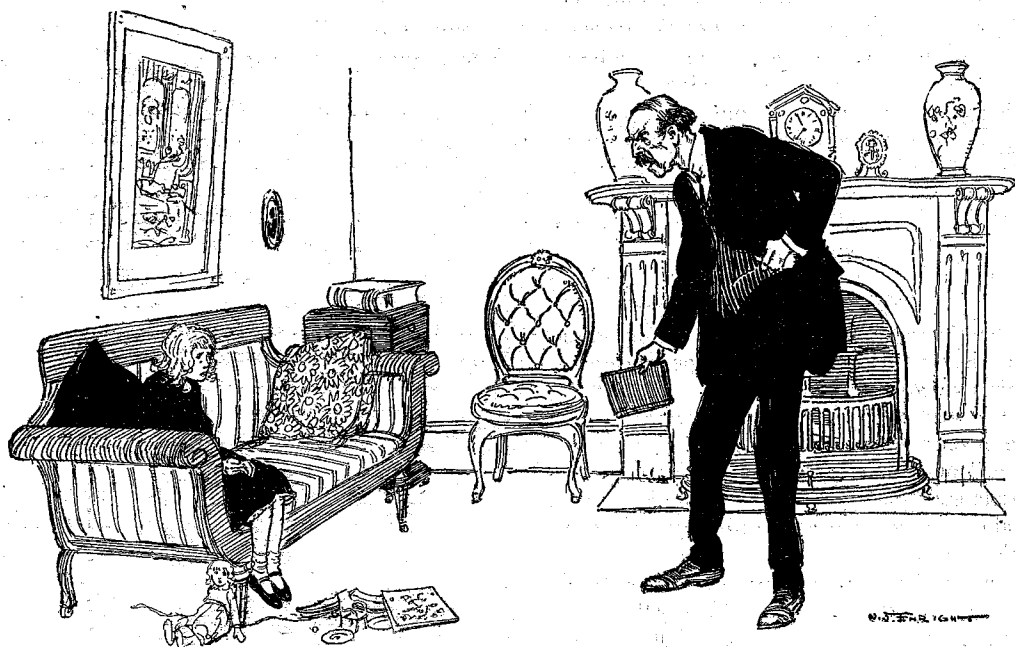
investigators, physicians with a psychological training, whose special business it has been to determine scientifically the possibilities, the limitations, and the exact procedures to be followed in supplementing the ordinary surgical and physiological treatment of disease by wholly mental treatment. These men, impressed by the predominance of the mental factor in all cases of stammering, were particularly impressed by some of the peculiarities mentioned above — such as the ability of almost every stammerer to speak well when alone or when in a state of abstraction. These, they knew from long experience, bore a strong resemblance to peculiarities characteristic of victims of hysteria, psychasthenia, or some other “psycho-neurosis,” in all of which there is a tendency for symptoms to disappear when the sufferer’s attention is momentarily withdrawn from them. And, accordingly, it seemed to the investigators quite possible that, in the last analysis, stammering was not so much a disease in itself as a psycho-neurotic symptom.

First Caused by an Emotional Disturbance

Now, for reasons I have already set forth in “The Marvels of Dream Analysis,”* they knew that every psycho-neurosis has its origin in emotional disturbances of one sort or another, which, occurring to a person of nervous temperament or rendered neurally unstable by a faulty upbringing, react adversely on the entire organism. Exactly what happens is that the emotional disturbance, — whether it be a fright, a grief, a worry, or what not, — while perhaps completely forgotten by the victim so far as conscious recollection is concerned, remains subconsciously alive in his memory, is ever seeking to emerge again into conscious remembrance, and, failing to do this, takes its revenge, so to speak, by the production of disease symptoms, ranging from mere oddities of thought and behavior to symptoms mimicking those of true organic disease.

Just what form these mentally caused symptoms will take depends altogether on the kind of suggestions received from the sufferer’s environment. If he chances, for instance, to have a relative or friend who is a paralytic, he may in time develop pseudo-symptoms of paralysis himself. Or, if his nervous equilibrium be sufficiently upset, he may develop them from merely hearing or reading about them. Whatever the symptoms he manifests, his malady is curable — precisely as it was produced — by mental means alone. Often a general “counter-suggestion” to the effect that henceforward he

* See McCURE’S MAGAZINE for November, 1912.



"Then followed a long series of reminiscences of the severe discipline imposed on her in childhood by her father, a stern, hard man"

will be perfectly well is enough to work his cure. More frequently, permanently curative effects are had only when, by special techniques devised for the express purpose of rummaging through the subconsciousness, the forgotten memory or memories responsible for the psycho-neurosis are brought to light, and the specific suggestion made that from that time they will do no harm. Sometimes, experience has shown, the mere recalling of them into conscious remembrance is enough to put an end to the disease symptoms they have caused.

On the view that stammering is similarly a psycho-neurotic symptom, and that when it fails to yield to treatment by general suggestion it is because the subconscious memories underlying it are too intense to be thus subdued, this group of investigators undertook to treat it as they would any stubborn psycho-neurosis. The outcome of their experiments has been such that I feel justified in declaring that at last science has penetrated to the true inwardness of stammering. Time and again these psychologically trained physicians have taken stammerers who had well-nigh exhausted their hopes and their resources in a futile quest for normal speech, and, after subjecting them to the searching methods of "mind tunneling," of which they are masters, have sent them on their way rejoicing in a perfect cure.

Thus there came some time ago to a German member of the group, Dr. B. Dattner, a stam-

merer of thirty-six, who had been burdened by his speech impediment from boyhood. He had first stammered, he told Dr. Dattner, after an attack of diphtheria at the age of nine, and he had for some time been treated on the supposition that the diphtheria had caused a peculiar kind of throat paralysis. This treatment failing, he had sought relief by other means, always without more than temporary benefit. Like many another stammerer, he spoke of the abnormal dread that harassed him, especially when with strangers, and expressed the belief that if he could conquer this he would be free from his stammer.

"Ah, but," Dr. Dattner explained, "do you not realize that, after all, your dread is caused by, not the cause of, your stammer? It has helped, doubtless, to keep it alive and to aggravate it. But it has not been the thing that originally made you stammer. That we must seek elsewhere."

"You mean in the attack of diphtheria?"

"Not at all. I mean in something that happened to you before you had diphtheria — something which so exceedingly distressed you that it was continually uppermost in your thoughts, and which finally worked on you so much that, when your nervous system was weakened by the diphtheria, it gave rise to your stammering. Now we are going to try to discover what that something was, and when we have done so it will be possible really to cure

you. Can you recall any particularly disagreeable incident of your childhood, occurring at any time before you were ill of diphtheria?"

"No," said the other, after a little reflection. "I think that I was perfectly happy as a child, and certainly I was treated very kindly."

"Just the same, something must have happened at that period to disturb you very much. Let us find out, if we can, what it was."

To this end, Dr. Dattner now made use of the "free association method of psycho-analysis," which consists in requesting the patient to concentrate his attention on his symptoms, and state without reserve the thoughts coming to him in connection with them — the theory being that, if there is any exceptionally distressing idea underlying them, the current of his spoken thoughts will sooner or later reveal it. In the present instance, this method at first brought forth only trivial and commonplace memory associations. But after

a time a reminiscence of extreme emotional import suddenly emerged.

A Remarkably Quick Cure

It related to an episode of the stammerer's eighth year, shortly before his attack of diphtheria, when he was pounced upon, and frightened almost into convulsions, by a huge black dog. This had virtually faded from his conscious memory; but now, as he sat in the quiescent mood enjoined on all patients undergoing psycho-analytic treatment, it welled up into full recollection, every detail of it being vividly recalled — the sight of the dog, the emotions of

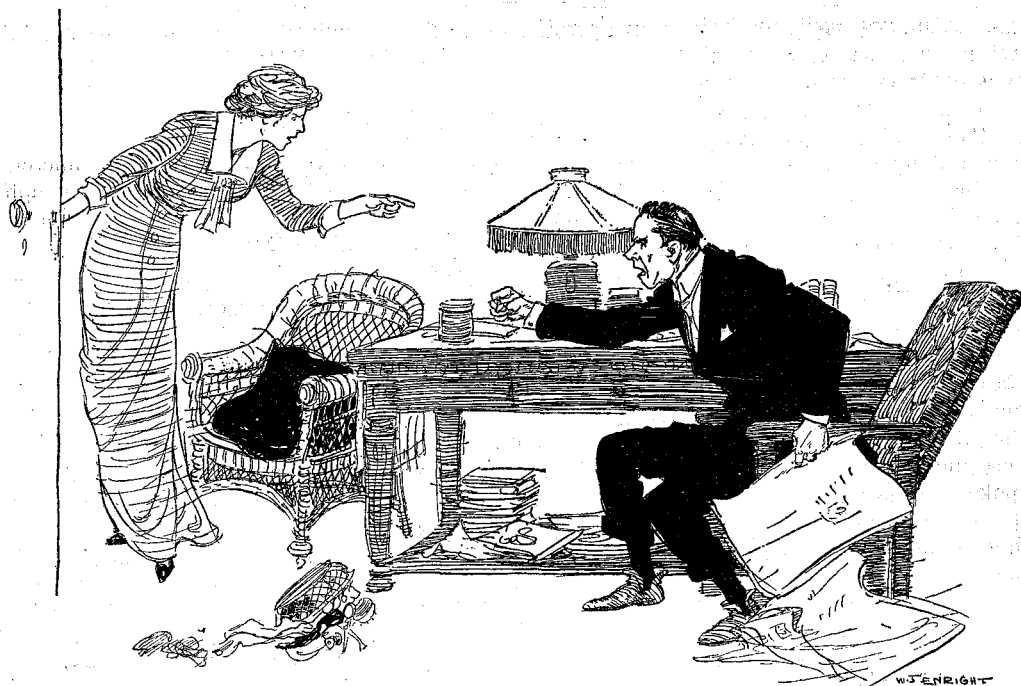
fear and horror, the hysterical shrieking that followed his escape, the difficulty his parents had in convincing him that he was un-

harmed. He used to lie awake, he remembered, thinking of the dog; he used to dream of it; the thought of it was always with him.

"Precisely," said Dr. Dattner drily. "And, you see, the thought of it is still with you, for look how graphically you have described it all. The trouble is that it has been leading an independent existence, as it were, in the depths of your mind, with all its original emotional intensity. Your stammering, I can assure you, has been nothing more than the external manifestation, the symbol, of its continuing presence, and of the deadly power it has had over you — sensitive, impressionable child that you must have been. But I can also assure you that your stammering will now come to an end; for we have not only found its cause in the subconsciously remembered shock of your boyhood, but



"I distinctly remember trying to imitate him, when, unfortunately, he heard me and was very indignant."



"Almost all stammerers enjoy temporary relief from their defect when greatly startled, angry, or otherwise excited"

we have actually removed that cause by the very fact of recalling it to your conscious recollection and consequently finding a normal outlet for the repressed emotions."

Altogether, it had required just six hours of psycho-analysis, at the rate of about an hour a day, to uncover this horror-incrusted memory of the stammerer's youth. But with its recall, and abundantly validating Dr. Dattner's confident prediction, he once more began to enjoy, and has since continued to enjoy, the blessing of a facile, flowing speech.

In another case, treated by one of the few American physicians who have as yet made any extensive use of psycho-analytical methods,—the same Dr. Coriat, by the way, who so ingeniously employed electricity as a medium of suggestion in the Boston City Hospital case of stammering,—the patient was a man of middle age, who stammered not only when he spoke, but even when he wrote, repeating letters and syllables in anything he tried to put on paper. He had been to two stammering schools, and had been discharged from both as cured, but each time had speedily relapsed.

Fear of Judgment Day Caused This Man to Stammer

Exactly as in the case of Dr. Dattner's patient, psycho-analysis demonstrated that the

causal agency of his stammering was a lingering subconscious remnant of distressing emotions of childhood. Only, in this instance the emotions related, not to an unexpected, stupefying fright, but to painful reveries indulged in as a child, and occasioned by certain unpleasant stories he had been told regarding the end of the world.

"These," he recalled, "took complete possession of my mind. I became convinced that the end of the world could not long be delayed, and I was in an agony of terror. Constantly I kept asking myself what I should do to escape destruction. I knew I was a bad boy—very bad. Nothing could atone for the sins I fancied I had committed. But I kept my fears to myself; I did not dare confide them to others. Night and day I worried about them, picturing to myself the terrible happenings of the approaching time of doom."

Until psycho-analysis brought them up to the surface of consciousness, he had long ceased to think of these foolish imaginings of infancy. He had as entirely forgotten them as if he had never entertained them. But, as the event showed, it was their malign influence, working on a nervous system already infirm by defects of inheritance, that had produced a psycho-neurosis which, in his case, had taken the form of a speech disorder through the suggestions unconsciously absorbed by watching

his mother, who likewise suffered from a peculiar variety of stammering.

Another of Dr. Coriat's patients, a young woman, impressed him, from the day of her first visit, with her extreme timidity and self-consciousness. Both were so pronounced as to be abnormal, and he immediately suspected that they, in common with her stammering, might be linked with subconscious memories of occurrences that had tended to deprive her of proper appreciation of her abilities and rights. She proved a good hypnotic subject, and, knowing that in hypnosis long-forgotten events are easily recalled, Dr. Coriat questioned her as to her previous history.

"Can you remember," he asked her, "just when it was that you began to stammer?"

"It was when I was a very little girl."

"Had anyone or anything greatly frightened you before then?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"It was my father."

Then followed, in answer to further questions, a long series of reminiscences of the severe discipline imposed on her in earliest childhood by her father, a stern, hard man. As she related them, she seemed to feel again all the emotions that they had provoked—the shame, grief, fear, doubt, longing for sympathy. Literally she lived through them anew, and to the trained understanding of the physician it was evident that she had never really forgotten them,—although, in the waking state, she was able to recall her childhood only vaguely,—but had subconsciously dwelt on them all her life long, to the wrecking of her self-confidence as well as the causing of her troubles of speech. Only by completely blotting them out, he saw clearly, could her restoration to health be effected.

An Oath Never to Mention Her Name the Cause of His Stammering

Similarly it has been found that emotional disturbances are always at the bottom of stammering when it develops not in childhood but in adult life. A particularly instructive case, because of the insight it affords into the ingenuity with which the expert psycho-analyst gets at the truth in even the most complicated cases of stammering, is one that was successfully handled by Dr. A. A. Brill, of New York, a pupil of that pioneer Austrian psycho-analyst, Dr. Sigmund Freud. Dr. Brill's patient was a man who, after an early life untroubled by speech defect, had begun to stammer from no discernible cause, and had been stammering for a number of years before he consulted the New York special-

ist. Several weeks of psycho-analysis elicited nothing that would account for his trouble, and Dr. Brill was in much perplexity until he one day noticed that the words on which his patient chiefly stammered were words beginning with or containing the letter K. It occurred to him that this letter might have some significant association in the stammerer's mind, but the latter denied that it could have.

However, after psycho-analysis had proceeded further, Dr. Brill learned that there had been an event in the patient's life, though occurring some little time before the development of the stammering, that had made a most painful, even agonizing, impression on him. He had been engaged to a young woman who had eloped with his closest friend, and this had so wrought him up that he had vowed never to utter her name again.

"And what was her name?" inquired Dr. Brill.

The stammerer stared at him, and burst into a violent tirade.

"Haven't I just told you," he cried, "that I have taken an oath never to speak it? What business is it of yours, anyway? What bearing can it have on my case?"

Only the Breaking of His Oath Can Cure Him

"Only this bearing—that it may be the means of curing you. Come, now, I am sorry you have taken an oath, because you will have to break it and tell me her name."

"I'll die first."

With this he seized his hat and dashed out of the doctor's office, in a frenzy of indignation. Dr. Brill did not see him again for a month, when he returned repentant. He would tell the name, he said, on condition that Dr. Brill did not write it down in the detailed record which, as is customary, he was making of the case. To this a prompt assent was given, and the patient told the name. As Dr. Brill had expected, it began with K. He then said, leaning forward and showing his sheet of notes:

"See, I have kept my promise. I have called her Miss W. And now we'll soon have you quite well."

But on his next visit the patient was in despair. He was, he protested, stammering worse than ever. Words that had never given him any trouble before were now almost unpronounceable by him. On investigation, it turned out that they were, one and all, words in which the letter W had a place.

"At last," said Dr. Brill, "we know for a certainty what has made you stammer. It was

the foolish oath you took, which served to sustain in your mind the memory of the terrible experience you went through with your faithless sweetheart. Vowing never to utter her name, yet thinking constantly of her, you have unconsciously made it difficult to utter even words in which the most prominent letter of that name, its initial, occurs. And now, since she has become Miss W to you as well as Miss K, you are stammering on words with W as well as words with K. We must free you from the torment of that vow, and of the pent-up emotions that go with the forbidden name, and then you will never stammer more."

To-day that young man experiences not the least difficulty in uttering any word — his cure dating, in fact, from the moment Dr. Brill explained to him the origin of his stammering.

To this mode of dealing with stammerers could anything be in stronger contrast than the brutal Dieffenbach technique? The latter exemplifies, if in an extreme form, the folly of attempting — as is so often done, even to-day — to treat stammering on a basis of imperfect observation. The former shows the happy results that may be obtained when it is attacked in the light of thorough investigation. No; it is neither by the surgeon's knife nor by the use of mechanical appliances or physiological devices that the one sure cure for stammering is to be had, but by intelligent application of the wonderful remedial measures which modern medical psychology has worked out.

Stammering, let me repeat, is not an anatomical or physiological trouble. Its individual peculiarities, varied as they are, all tend to prove that it is fundamentally and invariably a mental

malady, symptomatic of a psycho-neurosis having its origin, like all psycho-neuroses, in subconscious emotional states. The rôle that heredity plays in it is merely to provide the soil in which it can flourish. Of wholly mental causation, it is curable by mental means — whether by "faith" in the efficacy of any method of treatment, however intrinsically worthless that method may be; by "suggestions" of a general character; or, if needful, by specific recall and eradication of the "forgotten memories" that underlie it.

Prevention of Undue Emotional Strain in Childhood Better than Cure in Later Life

Prevention, of course, in stammering as in all other ailments, is more important than cure; and in the facts of its causation there surely is reason for regarding it as an eminently preventable disorder. Originating usually in the frights, worries, and perplexities of remotest childhood, — as most psycho-neurotic troubles originate, whether they first show themselves early or late in life, — the thing to be done is to guard the young, so far as possible, from emotional stresses of any kind. Particularly is this desirable when there is reason to suspect that a child is constitutionally nervous. And in all such cases — in the case of all children, for that matter — precautionary measures against emotional strain should be accompanied by a careful "education of the will," a training of the child to be calm, courageous, self-confident; so that, when the inevitable shocks and trials of later life arrive, they will have no power to overwhelm the mind and give birth to some neurotic evil.

TO TEACH PEOPLE HOW TO KEEP WELL

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THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND

BY

OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. WENZELL

John G. Slade and Bernard L. Majendie are conspicuous rival figures on the New York Stock Exchange, which is threatened with a great financial panic. It is important to Slade to know what Majendie's resources are for weathering the panic, and he tries to obtain this knowledge from Rita Kildair, who is that evening to give a supper which Majendie will attend. Slade plays upon Mrs. Kildair's love of jewels by leaving with her a valuable ruby ring.

Mrs. Kildair's supper is informal, and she asks her guests to help her prepare it. They go freely about her studio apartment, and in and out of her bedroom, where she has left Slade's ruby on her dressing-table. Just as they seat themselves at supper, Mrs. Kildair discovers that the ruby is missing. With the exception of Majendie, of Beecher, who has fallen under the spell of a young actress, Nan Charters, who is present, and of Slade, none of the guests are absolutely above suspicion. Mrs. Kildair has the doors locked, and declares that she will count one hundred in the dark. If, by the hundredth count, the ring has not been placed on the table, she will send for detectives to search her guests. The count goes to sixty-one, when a clatter is heard on the table. Mrs. Kildair continues the count to the end, but when the lights are lit the table is discovered bare. Detectives are sent for, but the ring is not found.

Young Beecher engages the services of the famous detective McKenna; while he is telling him the story, word comes that Majendie's Trust Company has gone down, and that the great panic is on. Mrs. Enos Bloodgood, one of the guests under suspicion of stealing the ring, has made preparations to elope with Majendie. But Beecher, intercepting her at the moment of her departure, breaks to her the news of Majendie's suicide. He takes her to Mrs. Kildair, who persuades her to return to her husband. Beecher discovers that Nan Charters has allowed Garraboy, a broker of uncertain reputation, to invest her small fortune in stocks. To protect her from possible loss he induces her to give him an order on Garraboy for the shares.

CHAPTER XIV

AT eight o'clock promptly McKenna presented himself at the door of Mrs. Kildair's apartment. Kiki, with his velvet glide, ushered him into the studio. The electric chandeliers were dull; only the great standing lamp was lit, throwing a foggy luster about the room, massing enormous dark silhouettes and spaces in the corners.

Every profession develops, back of its elaborate technique, a sudden quality of instinct which exists as the almost mechanical and unguided operation of the disciplined mind. McKenna had no sooner entered the room than he perceived the woman, with a quick defensive "on guard" of all his faculties. He felt at once that he had to do not alone with — what he had expected — a woman of unusual physical attraction, clever with the defensive intuition of one who has evaded the scrutiny of society; but with a woman of mental grasp and decision.

While he was still in the midst of his reflections, Mrs. Kildair entered.

"How do you do?" she said, nodding to him, a crisp, businesslike abruptness in her voice. "Shall we sit here?"

She took her position by the reading-table in a great high-backed upholstered arm-chair. Obeying her gesture, he drew up his chair to a position opposite. In the varied experiences of thirty years, he had come into contact with women of all walks of life. "Is she good or is she bad?" was the question that, in ninety cases out of a hundred, he put to himself at the turning-point of his campaign. For the first time, despite his previous prejudice, he was in doubt as to the answer.

"I have wanted to meet you for a long time, Mr. McKenna," she said directly, but without the accompanying smile of feminine flattery. "Mr. Slade has told me much about you."

"Slade?" he said, with a quick simulation of surprise, while admiring the abruptness, amazing in a woman, with which she had launched her attack.

"You realize, of course, Mr. McKenna," she continued quietly, without giving him time to deny her implication, "that Mr. Beecher, in engaging you, has, quite without his knowledge, brought on a situation that is very embarrassing to me."

"Good!" thought the detective. "She has made up her mind to tell the whole story."

Aloud he said, without change of expression: "In what way, Mrs. Kildair?"

"A situation exists which makes it extremely difficult for me to recover my ring without disclosing to the public matters in my own private life that at present are liable to great misconception."

McKenna did not answer, resolving by his silence to force her to speak.

"A week," she continued, without pause, though her eyes remained without wavering on his — "ten days at the most — may completely change this position. I won't conceal from you that I am extremely sorry that you have been brought into the case; but, now that you are in it, I shall be forced to give you a confidence against my inclination."

"But —" began the detective.

"One moment," she said, interrupting him. "Before I give you this confidence I wish you to answer one question."

"Mrs. Kildair, I must remind you," said McKenna warily, "that I am engaged in the interests of Mr. Beecher, and can do nothing without his permission."

"Are you representing any one besides Mr. Beecher?" she said, ignoring his objection.

"What do you mean?" he said carefully, to gain time.

"Are you, in this particular case, representing Mr. Slade?" she said directly.

"I have never said that I was employed by him, Mrs. Kildair," he said slowly.

"Mr. Slade has told me himself of your work in connection with the Gray Fox Mines, the Farmers' and Travelers' Bank, and the more personal affair of your recovery of his letters from a Miss Minna Weston. You see, I am informed."

"I have worked for Mr. Slade," said McKenna.

"And you are doing so now," she said sharply.

"I never refer to my clients, Mrs. Kildair," he said stiffly.

"I desire to put this matter entirely in your hands — without reserve," she said quickly. "All I ask from you is a promise that, notwithstanding your relations past or present, nothing I say to you shall be repeated to Mr. Slade."

"Mrs. Kildair," said McKenna, every faculty joyfully grateful for the contest of wits he felt impending, "I must remind you that my employer is Mr. Beecher, and that I can promise nothing that will keep him from doing anything he desires."

"Mr. Beecher is acting for me," she said calmly. "Very well; your position is correct. I will put it this way: Subject to Mr. Beecher's approval, will you give me your word that you will repeat nothing of what I may tell you?"

"If Mr. Beecher is willing, I am," said McKenna obstinately. "That's my word."

"Now I can speak to you freely," said Mrs. Kildair.

"I remain entirely free to communicate anything to Mr. Beecher," interposed the detective instantly.

"You do not understand," she said, without irritation. "Mr. Beecher, in retaining you, did so to assist me, and only after he had secured my permission. Now I desire, in order to arrive at results quickly, and to be free to give you my full confidence, to transfer that authority direct to me. In other words, Mr. McKenna, I wish to retain you."

"That, Mrs. Kildair, depends entirely on Mr. Beecher," repeated the detective.

"But if he acquiesces will you act in my interests only?"

McKenna was about to interpose another evasion, when he reflected that he would have time to acquaint Beecher with what had happened and to advise him either to accept or to refuse.

"Very well," he replied cautiously, feeling instinctively that some trap was being prepared, without yet perceiving what it could be. "I will leave it that way."

"Good," she said, with a little nod of her head. "Now, what have you done?"

"I can not answer that, Mrs. Kildair," he said, smiling; "not under my present arrangement."

"You have, of course, discovered that the ring belongs to Mr. Slade?"

Quite unconsciously, she had adopted his own tactics — the tactics of the inquisitor, who hurls the vital question at the suspect, and then seeks the answer in the almost imperceptible response in the eyes.

"Yes, I know that," said McKenna, who felt that the surprise he had experienced at having the tables thus turned on him had revealed the truth to the questioner. "That is, I know the ring did belong to Mr. Slade."

"Have you informed Mr. Beecher of the fact?"

"It has just come to my knowledge," said McKenna; "I shall, naturally, inform him."

Then she continued: "This is exactly my danger — you see, I won't mince words. It is a situation which constantly occurs, and which is inexplicable except by one construction in the eyes of society. Now —"

"I warn you," again objected the detective.

"I do not propose to explain my relations with Mr. Slade," continued Mrs. Kildair-coldly. "They are such that a great deal depends on the events of the next few days. At present it is enough that I can not explain my possession of the ring in any way that can satisfy publicity."

"Mr. Slade did not give you the ring?" said McKenna, in slow progression.

She carefully considered the question.

"Mr. Slade sent me the ring with an offer of marriage," said Mrs. Kildair evenly, with an appearance of great frankness. "The ring arrived on the night of the party, and I committed the imprudence of wearing it. If its source now becomes known, I must appear before the world either as Mr. Slade's mistress or as his fiancée; and at present I have not made up my mind whether I shall marry him."

The directness of this avowal left McKenna immersed in thought.

"You perceive now the delicacy of my position," she said; "and why I desire to have you completely in my interests."

"I do," he answered, but still clinging to the saving rope of defiance. "I only regret that you told me this before Mr. Beecher's——"

"Now ask me any questions you wish," she said, interrupting him impatiently.

"I don't feel at liberty to do so, Mrs. Kildair," he said warily, convinced that her whole motive was to find out the extent of his knowledge. "I prefer to know first where I stand."

"Very well," she said. "Let us talk of other things, then." Her manner changed to one of a lighter, inconsequential curiosity, which at once put him on his guard. "There is one point in the frightful happenings of the day I should like to know."

"What, madam?" said McKenna, whose instinct warned him to adopt a tone of artless attention.

"Majendie was followed by detectives, was he not?"

"That is the report."

"And he was on the point of leaving when he perceived that he would be followed?"

"That is what I have been told."

"And, believing that he was about to be arrested, he returned to the house and shot himself."

"That's the story."

"As a matter of fact, wasn't he mistaken?"

"In what way?" said McKenna, steeling himself under an appearance of surprise.

"Were not the detectives your own men—placed by you at Mr. Slade's orders to acquaint him with every move of Mr. Majendie?"

"That would make a good Sunday thriller," said McKenna, laughing boisterously.

"That is my guess," she said, drawing back as though satisfied. "I am certain that Majendie committed suicide through the blunder of believing he was threatened with arrest."

"My dear Mrs. Kildair," said the detective, rising, "I see that what you want to know is, am

I for or against Mr. Slade. If I'm not in his employ you think I'm retained by his enemies. Well, I don't intend to give you any information."

She made no answer, but, rising in turn, glanced at the clock.

"Since you are here," she said carelessly, "you may as well look over the ground." And, without waiting for his wish, she went to the door. "This is my bedroom. The ring was placed here."

He had hardly made his quick professional scrutiny when there came a ring at the door, and at a sign from Mrs. Kildair they returned into the studio.

"What now?" thought McKenna, who remembered her glance at the clock. "Slade or who?"

To his surprise, it was Beecher who entered. Mrs. Kildair went directly to him, a smile of confidence and welcome on her face, holding out an eager hand.

"Teddy," she said directly, "I have a favor to ask you, and I trust you so completely that I know I need not explain it further. Mr. McKenna and I have had a very complete understanding. I wish him to represent me entirely. I do not mean that you should not continue to work on the case," she added quickly, as she felt instinctively the gesture of warning McKenna made behind her back. "All I wish you to tell him is that anything I may have told him or will tell him shall be considered confidential until the time I am able to tell you myself. I must throw myself on your chivalry and protection as the fine gentleman I have seen you to be," she added, looking at him with a moistening of the eyes in which there was respect and a more tender emotion.

McKenna, though perceiving how completely she had prepared the isolation of the confidence he had just heard, did not again signal his objection, perhaps divining the futility of opposing such an appeal.

"Certainly, Rita," said Beecher, with a pride that brought a smile of amusement to McKenna's lips. "I wish McKenna to do everything he can for you and as you wish."

"Thank you," she said, with a little pressure of his hand. Then, turning, she added: "This I will say to you both. I have my reasons for believing that the ring will be returned within ten days; if it isn't, then I will have more to disclose."

"Returned?" said Beecher, struck by the similarity of her prophecy and that of Nan Charters.

"Exactly. Until then, I believe all that is necessary is to wait for developments." She turned toward the detective, who waited like a statue. "Mr. McKenna, I know you are a busy



“HOW COULD YOU KNOW ALL THIS—SO YOUNG!”

man. I won't keep you. Mr. Beecher has come to assist me on a very painful errand, one on which I would trust no other man that I know in New York." She held out her hand. "I do not often make mistakes in men, or I should not have told you what I did. Good night; I shall call on you soon."

McKenna bowed, experiencing, despite his resentment at her mastery of the evening, a feeling of respect and deference.

"And now, Teddy," said Mrs. Kildair, as soon as the door had closed behind the detective, "you know what I want of you. I have arranged everything. My carriage is waiting. We are going for Mrs. Bloodgood."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Bloodgood joined them, heavily veiled. They drove to the house next to that of Majendie, and, at a word from Mrs. Kildair, Beecher remained below on guard in the flickering obscurity of the street. The two women went hurriedly up the steps of Majendie's house, where the door was opened for them by some one who had been awaiting their arrival.

For a full half hour Beecher, prey to a profound melancholy, continued his aimless, mechanical pacing.

"What will my life be?" he thought, conjuring up the future. "Calm and commonplace? Or shall I ever be linked to some such tragedy — snuffed out, like Mrs. Bloodgood, all in a day?"

Finally the door opened and two shadows passed down the steps. He returned hastily, saw them into the carriage, and stood with uncovered head, a lump in his throat, as they drove on. Then he went directly to his rooms, and, exhausted by the emotions of the day, fell heavily into a sleep that was almost a stupor.

CHAPTER XV

THE next morning he was awakened by Gunther's abrupt hand.

"Nice time to sleep," said Gunther sarcastically. "Have you forgotten a little visit we're to make to that sweet person, Mr. Garraboy? You've got just twenty-two minutes to beautify yourself and fill the inner being."

"If we're to see your charming friend Mr. Garraboy," said Gunther half an hour later, as they were speeding toward the congested, stirring lower city, "we've got to nip our man before the opening of the Stock Exchange. Now let's hear what happened at Mrs. Kildair's last night."

The events in which Mrs. Bloodgood was concerned were sealed in confidence; but Beecher felt at liberty to recount to his friend the bare details of McKenna's visit as he had known them.

"What the deuce is behind it all?" said

Gunther. "What's the reason she wants to bottle up everything? What's her mix-up with Slade? Depend upon it, Ted, that woman knows more than we do — or why should she expect the ring to be returned?"

"If it's returned," said Beecher, "it's Mrs. Bloodgood who took it."

"Never. No woman ever got that ring out of the apartment — not alone; not a Mrs. Bloodgood, or a Nan Charters, or a Mrs. Cheever, or —" Suddenly he reflected. "Ted, there's one person I'd like to meet."

"Miss Lille?"

"Yes. Supposing we look her up a little more."

"I've thought quite a lot about her," said Beecher musingly; and, remembering all at once her self-possession on the night of the theft, he added: "There's nothing weak about her; still, I can't see the motive."

Entering a street where the obstructed sun never shone, they were shot up sixteen stories to their destination. The next moment Garraboy himself appeared at the rail, dapper, dried up, and severe.

"How do you do?" he said sharply, but without inviting them in. "What can I do for you? It's a very busy day for me."

"I assure you, I don't intend to take any more time than I am compelled to," said Beecher stiffly, with an accent that gave another meaning to the phrase. He plunged his hand into his pocket. "I have an order for you."

"Oh, yes, I remember now," said Garraboy, with a malicious drawing up of his lips. "You can save yourself the trouble."

"What do you mean?" said Beecher, surprised.

"You have an order on me to deliver certain stocks I hold for Miss Charters?"

"I have."

"Well, Miss Charters has changed her mind," said Garraboy, letting his glance rest on Beecher with the vacant, impudent stare of which he was master.

"You have seen Miss Charters?" said Beecher, growing very angry.

"I have; and when I explained to her that she had been unduly excited by some one who evidently is not aware that there are laws in civilized countries adequate to deal with those who attack the reputations or interests —"

"Sir!" exclaimed Beecher, moving so quickly toward the rail that Garraboy hastily retreated.

"When Miss Charters learned that, and likewise that she had parted with stocks worth considerably over twenty thousand dollars, she changed her mind very quickly."

"Mr. Garraboy," said Gunther abruptly, "all this is not to the point. We have a formal order on you for certain stocks. Ted, present it."

"True, I forgot," said Garraboy, who produced from his coat a letter, which he looked over with nonchalant delay and finally handed to Beecher. "I presume you are acting from altruistic motives and are not standing on technicalities. Here is a little note which Miss Charters requested me to give you."

Beecher, frowning, unable to conceal the vexation that this unexpected check brought him, opened the letter. The address by its formality completed his irritation:

Dear Mr. Beecher:

Mr. Garraboy has called and explained everything satisfactorily. I am afraid I was needlessly alarmed last night and did him an injustice. As he has shown me how advantageous it will be for me to transfer my holdings to other stocks, now far below their market value, I have decided not to lose the opportunity. Thank you just the same for your interest in this matter. I shall be in at five this afternoon and will explain to you more fully.

Cordially yours,
NAN CHARTERS.

The two watched him read to the end, fold the letter carefully, and put it in his pocket.

"Well?" said Garraboy.

"Insist on the delivery, Ted," said Gunther militantly. "If Miss Charters wants to return them again, that's her affair. The stocks are yours."

"If Mr. Beecher wishes to stand on technicalities," said Garraboy, in his even, oily voice, "he can do so. He can make a very nice profit. Which is it? I repeat, I can not give you much time."

"Miss Charters' letter is sufficient," said Beecher suddenly. "Good day."

The feeling of mortification and chagrin which her action had brought on him dominated all other feelings. He went out in a rage, tearing the letter into minute fragments, without a word until they reached the street and entered the automobile.

"Last time I ever try to help a woman!" he said, between his teeth.

"What the deuce did you play into his game for?" said Gunther. "He's bamboozled her. I believe the fellow is an out-and-out crook—he's got a rotten bad eye. Why the deuce didn't you get the stocks?"

"She can take her own risks," said Beecher furiously. "It's her own affair if she's going to blow hot and cold. By Jove, Bruce, I never met any one who could make me so mad clear through and through."

"What's the use of taking them seriously?" said Gunther, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Amuse yourself, but don't let them absorb you. Suppose we take a turn at the Curb and see what's doing."

With the opening of the market, all the giant sides of Wall Street seemed suddenly animated with the fury of a disturbed ant-hill. At the Curb market the brokers were shrieking and flinging their frantic signals in the air. They entered the Stock Exchange, and reached the balcony, their ears suddenly smitten with the confused uproar from below. They stood there a few minutes, marveling at the inferno of speculation and embattled greed flung before them in all the nakedness of man's terror; and then left, oppressed by the too frank exhibition of their mortal counterparts.

"You like that?" said Beecher, when once more they were in the automobile and the din and oppression of cell-like monstrosities had receded.

"I do," said Gunther, locking and unlocking his broad hands.

"That's only one side of it—speculation; but even that is impressive. Look beyond those little mobs we saw, get the feeling of the whole country, the vast nation, rising in anger—flinging over hundreds of thousands of holdings—sweeping down the little gamblers with the tremendous waves of its alarm. The whole vibrating industry of the nation is right here, within a quarter of a mile—the great projects of development, the wars of millions, the future of immense territories to the West and the South. There's a big side to it—a real side—that gets me. I've a mind to walk down now and face the old governor and tell him I'm ready."

"Why don't you?" said Beecher. He himself had felt the restlessness of indecision and enforced idleness. He gave a laugh. "You know, Bruce, I'm beginning to feel the same way. Either I've got to get into the current somewhere, or I'm going to pack off for Africa some fine day."

"By the way, Tilton's up at the club. He's here for a few days, getting ready for a lion hunt or something."

"Tilton?" exclaimed Beecher joyfully. "By Jove, I must get hold of him. I'd go in a minute."

He believed what he said. The whirl of emotions into which he had lately been plunged—revealing to him as it had all the mercenary, clutching side of the city—had left him disturbed, rebellious, longing to be away from the mass of men in general, and of women in particular, the brilliant, keen, and calculating women of the city with whom he had been thrown.

In the afternoon he went to call on Miss Charters.

As he neared his destination and began to rehearse all the grave causes for offense that he held against her, he was surprised at the slender stock of ammunition he held.

"It was perfectly natural," he thought, struck by the idea — having considered her reasons for the first time. "If Garraboy called and explained everything to her satisfaction, why shouldn't she change her mind? Besides, there is nothing against Garraboy — nothing definite."

Very sheepish, he felt his irritation slipping away as he yielded to the eager desire of once more entering her presence. But all at once he remembered that she had allowed him to receive the news at the hands of a person intensely disagreeable to him.

"Why didn't she telephone me? That's the whole point."

And, all his irritation restored by this one outstanding fact, he entered the apartment with the dignity of a justly offended person.

She was seated by the fire in an easy-chair, and she did not rise as he entered. She was bending eagerly forward, an open manuscript in her hand, and, without turning, she made a little sign to him to be seated until she should have finished.

"Ah," she cried at last, dropping the play in her lap, "it is wonderful!" And, tapping the manuscript with a gesture of decision, she exclaimed: "I will play that part — it will be an enormous sensation!"

Her mind still obsessed by the thought of the newly discovered masterpiece, she turned toward Beecher, who was seated like a ramrod on the edge of his chair.

"A wonderful play! Really, that Mr. Hargrave is a coming man." Forgetting her previous estimate, she rushed on: "Isn't it strange — I always knew he would do it, from the very first! What is extraordinary is the subtlety of it — how he twines two or three emotions together in the same scene. What a chance for an actress! I must telephone the office."

As she rose, a slip of paper which she had been using as a marker fluttered to the floor. She picked it up, recognized it, and handed it to him.

"Oh, yes, here's your check!" she said. "I put it there so as not to forget it. Thanks very much. I'll explain in a minute. I must telephone Stigler; I'm all excited!"

Beecher, more annoyed by this revelation of her professional life than by the rub to his vanity, took the check and pocketed it — not having pronounced a word since his arrival.

Stigler, her manager, was out, and she put down the receiver with a jar of impatience. She looked at him again, and, perceiving that an explanation was due, sought at once to shift the responsibility.

"Do you know, really you were ridiculously alarmed last night," she said. "I don't know what made you so panicky."

"Of course," he said sarcastically, "I realize now that I should never have stirred you up, when everything was so calm. It's strange that I did not explain to you the natural reasons for Mr. Garraboy's not calling you up — but then, I usually lose my head at such times."

"You are angry," she said.

"What a strange idea! On the contrary, it was a charming experience to enter Mr. Garraboy's office and be so delightfully reassured that everything was so prosperous with him."

She did not like irony, or know how to combat it, so she frowned and said:

"I telephoned you."

"Why should you do that? You might have deprived me of the pleasure of meeting your charming friend Mr. Garraboy."

"I telephoned. You were not in."

"When?"

"Last night. Four times."

He was mollified by this, but tried not to show it.

"And this morning?" he said.

"But I never get up before ten," she cried, aghast.

"Your explanations are crushingly convincing," he said, with a bow and a smile.

She watched him with an uneasy look, totally unconscious of any sense of obligation, accustomed as she was to have her requests for service regarded as favors. The reaction from their last interview had left her in a coldly antagonistic state, determined to pluck in the bud this progress toward intimacy which had so disturbed her. Now, seeing him collected and ironical, she was instinctively alarmed at the distance which he, and not she, had placed between them.

"Don't be horrid, Teddy," she said impatiently, and, wishing to appease him quickly, that she might talk to him of the play, she continued: "The fact is, Mr. Garraboy has done everything he could for me. He sold my stocks a week ago, foreseeing this panic, and saved me several thousand dollars. He offered to give me his check for twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars, or to reinvest it for me, when the time came, in the enormous bargains that can be picked up now. What was I to do?"

"You're quite right, and I made a great mistake so to mislead you," he said, with great seriousness.

"It wasn't your fault," she said abruptly.

"Wasn't it?" he said, opening his eyes with a show of surprise.

She comprehended that she would have to surrender, and, changing her tone to one of gentleness, she said:

"It was a great thing for you to do what you did, Teddy — I shall never forget it."

"Nonsense," he said, persisting in misunderstanding her. "I often get up early — that was nothing at all."

"You are not at all the way you were last time," she said reproachfully, forgetting that that was just what she wished to avoid.

But at this moment the telephone rang. Stigler, her manager, was calling. Immediately she forgot their misunderstanding, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment. Beecher, with a clear vision, followed her, noticing in her voice, as she sought to cajole the manager, the same caressing pleading which she had employed a moment before with him.

"Now I really see her," he thought, with a liberation of his spirit. "Emma was entirely wrong. She's not a woman — she's always an actress."

"I'll send you the play right away," she was saying. "Mr. Hargrave is coming. I'll have him take it to the hotel. But you must read it to-night. Promise! Oh, yes, lots of comedy — delicious! Heart interest and big scenes — yes, sensational. Just the part for Fannestock. I must have him for the part!"

"Ah, there's Fannestock too," said Beecher grimly to himself.

She rose from telephoning, joyous and excited.

"Oh, if Stigler will only see it! It's a great part — a great part!"

Miss Tilbury came in to announce that Mr. Hargrave was calling. An expression of delight lit up the features of the actress. But all at once she turned anxiously to Beecher, who had risen stiffly.

"By Jove, I've overstayed my time," he said readily, glancing at the clock.

She was grateful, and yet dissatisfied that he had suggested what she wished, and, recalling his new spirit of independence, she said anxiously, with a compensating smile:

"Teddy, call me up in the morning — this is so important."

In the hallway he stepped aside as Hargrave, a frail, oldish-young man, entered, with his famished, doubting glance.

"Oh, it is wonderful — wonderful!" cried the actress, seizing both his hands. "I am still thrilled. Wonderful — wonderful!"

"You liked it?" said Hargrave timidly.

"Like it!" continued Nan Charters, retaining hold of one hand to draw him into the salon. "It is marvelous! How could you know all this — so young!"

Beecher, in the excitement, quietly made his escape.

In the elevator, to the surprise of the wondering bell-boy, Beecher was seized with a mad laughter, which continued to convulse him as he rolled into the street.

"Heaven be praised!" he exclaimed. "Cured — cured, by Jove! I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

On turning the corner of his club, he ran into Becker, a club acquaintance whom he tolerantly disliked.

"Becker, old boy," he said, seizing his arm and flourishing his cane in the direction of the club, "what can I buy you? Come on — *en avant!*"

"What the deuce has got in you?" said that correct youth.

"Joy, laughter, everything. I'm happy as a Croton water-bug on a hot marble slab!"

At the bar, he gathered every one in sight, slapping their shoulders. His comrades looked at him with envy and awe, believing that he had profited by a tip to make a killing in the market. Their own enjoyment was little enough. The market, outdoing the day before, had plunged like a wild steer into the maelstrom of panic.

CHAPTER XVI

THE next day Beecher did not consider for a moment telephoning to Nan Charters, despite her last request. He felt that it was a chapter closed in his life — one of those innumerable false paths down which one plunges, only the quicker to return. He went off for the morning to play rackets with Bruce Gunther, and lunched at the club with Tilton, who urged him to join his hunt, an invitation that he discussed with enthusiasm.

The news from the stock market was the same. The panic had ceased to be one of speculative concern only. Every one was anxiously asking if a permanent blow had not been dealt to the industries of the country. Many freely prophesied that, if the downward rush were not checked within three days, it would take the country ten years to restore its shattered prosperity. There was a rumor that the big men of the Street had made up a fund, reaching to many millions, which would be brought on the morrow to the support of the market. The run on the Associated Trust still continued, checked though it was by delay and technicalities.

Beecher lingered after luncheon, played a hundred points at billiards and won, and an hour's bridge and won again. Then he went off in high spirits to call on Emma Fornez.

"So, you bad boy, you and your little Charters have quarreled," said the prima donna, greeting him with an accusing smile.

"Not in the least," he said, a little surprised at the insinuation.

"Ta-ta-ta! Enough of your stuff and nonsense," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders.



"SHE ENTERED RADIANTLY, AND FLUNG HERSELF INTO THE POSE



OF CARMEN. 'WILL THEY THINK ME BEAUTIFUL?' SHE ASKED."

"You are too big a simpleton — a little woman like that will always get the best of you."

"But there is no quarrel, and I am not in the least interested."

"Oh, *avec ça* — keep away — better keep away! You will burn your fingers. Just the kind of a little doll that is dangerous. Women like that are like half colors between one thing and the other — very dangerous! A young girl — *jeune fille* — would bore you now, and an old campaigner like Emma Fornez would amuse you; but a little thing like that is too puzzling for you. I see just how it is with you," she continued, placing her hands on her hips and bobbing her head energetically, while Beecher, very much pleased to be so lectured, listened with a mocking look. "Yes, yes, I know very well; she gets you — how do you say? — going and coming. When she is an actress you say she is different from the rest — what a child! And when she is playing the child, you say what a difference — she is such an artist! You laugh — see!"

Beecher broke out laughing at this characterization which came so near the truth.

"What I have said is very good — very good," repeated Emma Fornez, pleased. "It's all studied, very carefully studied out, but it takes with young simpletons, big geese, good-looking boys — don't I know? *Est ce que j'en ai joué de ces tours là?* Come, now, what did you fight about?"

Beecher had an inclination to take her into his confidence; but he resisted the impulse, and to turn the conversation said artfully:

"By Jove, you look stunning! You won't have to sing a note."

She was in a filmy peignoir, and, as his glance showed an amused admiration, she said, with a look of apology which she did not feel at all, gathering the peignoir closer with a modest movement:

"It's very bad — my receiving you like this. I am going through my costumes. They are dreams. Wait, you shall see — you wish to see them? Good!" All at once she stopped and, seizing his arm, cried: "Teddy, I am in a cold fright — I shiver all over whenever I think of it. New York audiences are terrible. It will be a big, big failure, won't it?"

"There, I'll give you my lucky piece," he said, patting her shoulder as he would a child's.

"Will you?" she cried, delighted; and, running into the bedroom, she called back: "I will show you the costume for the second act first. You will fall down and adore me. Keep me talking, Teddy — I shall go into hysterics. Oh, I am so frightened!"

She tried her voice singing a scale, inquiring

anxiously, her head peering around the door: "That sounds bad, *hein?*"

"Marvelous," said Beecher, who did not know one note from another.

Reassured, she entered radiantly, took two or three steps forward, and, lifting the castanets on her fingers, flung herself into the pose of Carmen exulting in the return of her lover.

"Carmen, Teddy," she cried, with a toss of her head — "Carmen is different from all other rôles. To succeed in Carmen, one must be a Carmen one's self — *enfant de la Bohème*. You like this? Wait — wait a moment."

Back in her bedroom, she continued (pausing from time to time to shriek at her maid): "Teddy, you do me so much good — you take my mind off. . . . Victorine, *tu m'assassine!* . . . Teddy, they will think me beautiful, *hein?* You will stay — you will talk to me until I go?"

"Wish I could," said Beecher, to whom this peep behind the scenes was novel. "The deuce is, I'm dining with Mrs. Fontaine — going in her box."

"And Chartères — she is going too?"

"I don't know."

"What — you don't know?" she said, emerging, a shawl of shaded luminous greens slung over the shoulder of a russet taffeta. "You lie to me! You love her — and you know!" Then, slipping on the sofa beside him, half playful, half feline, she pleaded: "Tell me, Teddy — tell me just to distract me. Be a nice boy — you see how nervous I am — please!"

Beecher did not resist. He recounted lightly, making little of what he believed inconsequential, the few passages at arms between him and Nan Charters, ending with a droll reproduction of his laughing exit, cured and disillusionized.

"Ah, my poor Teddy!" said Emma Fornez, shaking her head. "Everything you say proves what I feared."

"What?"

"You are in love; you are beyond hope."

"What, after I've told you this?"

"Exactly. She asked you to telephone. You didn't. Why? Because you are in love — you are afraid."

"Emma, I will tell you the truth," he said, with an excusing shrug.

"Aha!"

"I was attracted —"

"Good."

"But I saw what an idiot I would be."

"Very good."

"I am completely cured, and if I didn't telephone it is —"

"Because you are in love," said Emma promptly.

"Nonsense!"

"You will see her to-morrow; if not, day after to-morrow. And the longer you stay away, the worse for you."

The arrival of Spinnetto, the conductor, to run over a last few points, broke in upon this interesting discussion. Beecher departed, undisturbed by the charges of Emma Fornez.

"I haven't thought of her the whole day," he said contentedly. "If I didn't telephone, it's because — well, because — what's the use? I have other things more interesting to do."

In his apartment he found McKenna waiting for him, in company with Gunther, who was already dressed for the dinner at Mrs. Fontaine's.

"Hello, McKenna," he said, surprised. "What's up?"

The two had been discussing energetically, and the little difficult hesitation told him that he himself had been the subject of conversation.

"I'm called off on an important case," said McKenna. "Thought I'd better have an understanding with you first."

"What understanding?" he said. His eye was attracted by the heaped-up mail on a side table, and he moved over to examine it, with a curiosity, utterly illogical, to see if Miss Charters had written him.

"Mr. Beecher, I have a request to make of you," said McKenna quickly.

"What's that?"

"Don't open any letters or answer the telephone until I am gone."

"Why, yes; but —" He cut off with a look of interrogation.

"Pump it into him, Mac," said Gunther, throwing himself back and puffing forth great volumes of smoke.

"The truth is, Mr. Beecher," said McKenna, smiling, "Mrs. Kildair played us both to the queen's fashion."

"What was I to do?" said Beecher warmly. "Whom does the ring belong to, anyway? Is there any reason I should do what she doesn't want me to?"

"No — no," said McKenna slowly.

"Could I have refused a direct demand from her like that? — and what reason could I give if I had?"

"You couldn't," said McKenna, eyeing the end of his cigar. "She did the job neatly. I admire that woman — don't know when I've met one of that sex caught my fancy so."

"I suppose you're sick of the case and want to get out," said Beecher, believing he had divined the errand. "Don't know as I blame you."

"No, I don't want to quit," said McKenna

slowly, while Gunther smiled to himself. "I should say, rather, there are things in this case that make me particularly interested — interested for my own curiosity to go a little deeper. Only, I want to be sure we understand things the same way. You don't understand from anything Mrs. Kildair said, do you, that I am prevented from going on working on my own hook?"

"Why, no; of course not," said Beecher, reflecting. "I understand two things: one, that Mrs. Kildair wishes to keep in confidence what she said to you, which I should say was the explanation of certain facts connected with her having the ring."

"Second?" said McKenna.

"Second, that she believes the ring will be returned, and until she is sure it is she doesn't wish to give us certain suspicions or knowledge that she has."

"First rate — just right," said McKenna, rising quickly, showing satisfaction in the instant alertness of his movements. "That's what I understand; we understand each other." As he spoke, the telephone rang. He made a quick gesture of opposition as Beecher started, saying: "Not now, sir; I'd rather you wouldn't answer — not just now."

Beecher looked at Gunther, who nodded and said:

"McKenna has a good reason. You'll understand later."

"Now, Mr. Beecher, I've just one thing to say before I go," said McKenna, while the insistent bell continued its querulous summons. "I'd prefer you wouldn't mention to any one that you saw me. At any rate, as Mrs. Kildair evidently isn't anxious for quick results, there's nothing to be done now. Perhaps by to-morrow there may be a different turn to the case."

"What do you mean?" said Beecher. "Why don't you tell me what you know?"

"You forget, Mr. Beecher; you yourself have stopped me there," said McKenna, with a slightly malicious smile. "However, there's going to be a little meeting to-night that may have a whole lot to do with the fortunes of a good many people; and when it's over it may, or may not, throw a new light on this case."

"They're going to put Slade through the same initiation they gave Majendie," said Gunther, at a look from Beecher. "There's a meeting of the big fellows at the governor's to-night — a sort of sheep-shearing — though Slade's not much of a lamb."

"And his wool grows close to the hide," said McKenna, with one of his rare laughs. "However, I can tell you this much: whatever hap-

pens, I don't believe there'll be any exit by the bullet route — not if I know John G. Slade. Now, sir, I've got to disappear for a while on my own troubles."

"Where can I get you?" said Beecher.

"You can't get me," said McKenna, with one of his sudden contractions of the eyelids. "That's the whole point — not till I get you. I'm off, and you don't know where," he added, offering his hand. "Maybe two days, maybe a week."

"I don't understand," said Beecher, with a puzzled expression.

"I do," said Gunther, pulling his sleeve.

"Now, there are two little points may interest you gentlemen as expert deducers," said McKenna, with his hat on his head. "One is, I've found out who those detectives were that night — they're crooks. Second, — and don't forget this, — I share Mrs. Kildair's opinion that the ring is going to be returned."

"Then you know who took it!" exclaimed Beecher, while Gunther looked up suddenly.

"I don't know a single thing," said McKenna, "but I'm getting in the suspicious stage. So long."

The telephone had stopped. Beecher, left open-mouthed by the exit of McKenna, turned cynically to Gunther, who had resumed his easy lounge.

"What the deuce is going on, Bruce? What's all this mystery?"

"Look over your mail," said Gunther irrelevantly.

Beecher obeyed the suggestion. At the end of a moment he exclaimed:

"Hello! Why, here's a note from Mrs. Kildair — sent by messenger, evidently."

"Read it."

Beecher glanced at it hurriedly.

Dear Teddy:

Have been trying all day to get hold of McKenna, but they tell me at his office he's out of town. I want to see him very much. If you know where he is, please have him call me up. Shall see you at Mrs. Fontaine's to-night.

RITA.

P. S. Please find McKenna if you possibly can.

"By Jove — McKenna!" he exclaimed, and hastened toward the door, only to be stopped by Gunther.

"Ted, you blockhead, what are you doing?"

"Going after McKenna."

"Just what he doesn't want."

Beecher stopped short, suddenly comprehending.

"That's it, is it?" he said, returning. "He wants to keep clear of Mrs. Kildair, then?"

"You see," said Gunther, "it is not often that McKenna gets double-crossed. When he does, he doesn't particularly relish it. Mrs. Kildair may be perfectly right in bottling up the whole affair; but, after what happened yesterday, Mac isn't going to stop until he gets to the bottom of the whole business."

"But why disappear?"

"Because, you little white fluffy toy donkey, the last thing in the world Mrs. Kildair wants is to have him do anything at all, and, as you are putty in the hands of any pretty woman, he doesn't intend to have you call him off."

"I'll see Mrs. Kildair at Louise's. What am I to say?"

Gunther shrugged his shoulders.

"Wonder if she's really playing to be Mrs. Slade?" he said grimly. "If she is, she'll give that up after to-night."

"What's going to happen to him, Bruce?"

"He'll come out with so little left that a committee on virtue will arrest him for indecent exposure — and the country will be saved."

When they arrived at Mrs. Fontaine's, they found, to their surprise, that Mrs. Kildair had been delayed by an automobile breaking down, and would only join them later at the opera.

Not one of them had the faintest suspicion, when later Mrs. Kildair calmly entered the box, that she had passed through two hours of supreme agitation that had left her torn between hope and dread — her whole future staked on one turn. Slade, face to face with the crisis that would determine whether he should survive as one of the figures of the financial world, or return staggering into the oblivion of the commonplace, had gone to see her in the afternoon.

Confronted, too, by the imminent outcome of a gamble that had absorbed all her ambitions and her hopes, she had recklessly thrown aside all the restraints which she had interposed between them, by an impulse of daring which makes such women irresistible to men; and, having invented an excuse for Mrs. Fontaine, had kept him to dinner, trusting to his protection, insisting on his confidence.

Afterward she had driven him to the gray, prison-like structure which Gunther called a home, and seen him, defiant with a defiance she had breathed into him, with the scorn of the gambler who comes at length to the ultimate stake, walk up the steps past the group of newspaper men, who, suddenly ceasing their chatter, huddled together and watched him with a unanimous craning of their necks.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE DIARY OF A NEW YORK POLICEMAN

BY

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

This is the third and last of Mr. Lewis' chronicles of the progress of a crooked New York police officer, giving actual experiences as related to him.

It tells the story of the policeman's big clean-up and final retirement to the suburbs, incidentally showing the tremendous proportions of graft in the greatest city of the continent.

WHEN you get fixed right in a good police precinct in New York, believe me, it's no penny-ante game you've got into. It is some financial operations. That fattest precinct of Muggs and mine was good for its \$50,000 a month, all right, without counting the extras we knocked down.

I'm not good at remembering figures; and, naturally, we didn't keep much in the record line. But I can tell you, offhand, some of the big things. There were, to start with, twenty-two gambling-houses, that would average \$550 apiece every month; and, say, fifteen first-class disorderly houses, at an average of \$400 a month, and sixty smaller ones at \$200. Then, there were pool-rooms, and Raines-law hotels, and dance-halls, and opium-joints, and all kinds of small gambling enterprises, that raised the total to \$50,000 a month easily.

There was a lot of it escaped us, too. The street women paid their \$5 a week — a weekly total of \$3,000 — to the plain-clothes men. That graft had belonged to the plain-clothes men for I don't know how many years. There'd be a fine row if any captain or inspector tried to grab that pasture away from them.

Then, the saloon-keepers. A few months after we took the precinct, all at once they bunched their play under the brewers, and came down with a lump sum of \$135,000 to the "man higher up." It was called a "political contribution." Whatever you called it, it did the business for the saloon-keepers; and the force had its orders to keep its nose out of the excise game; and at the same time we lost the revenue.

But still we had our regular \$50,000. Just a little over half of it went to the inspector.

I don't know exactly, but I figure twenty per cent of his half went to Headquarters somewhere. Twenty per cent of Muggs' half came to me, and every now and then Muggs and I would get something fat on the side. Oh, we weren't pining for food those days.

Graft was big — it's bigger than it used to be in the best of the "good old days" — because crooked business in New York is so big. You take Baden, for an example. That dangerous foe had come into line now, mild as Mary's little lamb, and we worked together cheerful and most prosperous. His place — probably the best known of its kind in the country — did a business on a scale that would make an ordinary country magnate open his mouth and look around. For example:

There is a multi-millionaire, — as you may know, — one of the iron kings, who's a bug to gamble. And just because he's as well known as the Worth Monument, we'll call him Bawsh. He's mighty religious, too; and once, when I felt him out as to how he reconciled gambling with religion, he looked at me with round eyes and said:

"Why, young man, you can't find a word against gambling in the Bible, search from cover to cover."

Not being up on the Scriptures, I had to let him by with it; and even now I'm obliged to refer the question to better posted parties than myself.

Collecting the Iron King's \$400,000

This Iron Croesus commonly did his gambling at a swell club where they play bridge for thou-



"THE RAILROAD MAN COMPLAINED AT BEING LEFT \$125,000 IN THE HOLE. 'WELL,' SAID THE OTHER, 'IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL, TWIRL A QUARTER ONE TOSS TO SEE IF YOU OWE ME \$250,000 OR NOTHING.'"

sands. It's always been my opinion that he was what you'd call money-numb. While crazy to gamble, amounts meant nothing to him. Just to show you: He got up one evening, about eleven o'clock, from a game of bridge. Said he was tired, or some such careless excuse, and thought he'd go over to the Waldorf. Now, a big railroad guy was sitting in the game, and he owed my iron friend an even \$125,000. Also, he wasn't money-numb at all; and the situation fretted him.

As my iron gentleman was being helped into his coat by one of the club lackeys, the railroad student bleated a feeble kick about being left in the cold, inhospitable hole for that \$125,000 — and the evening no later than eleven o'clock.

"Well," said my iron friend, as the boy fitted the coat-collar to his neck, "if that's the way you feel about it, twirl a quarter one toss to see if you owe me \$250,000 or nothing."

The railroad party, after thinking a while, fell for the offer, and, by the time my iron friend had got his ulster buttoned, there was \$250,000 coming to him instead of \$125,000.

Bridge and his swell club, however, didn't always touch the spot, and our iron king 'd break in on a regular gambling-house, and go against a faro-bank or the wheel. Always with the bridle off, too. No limit for him; he wanted to bet 'em higher than a cat's back. The big houses were glad to get his play, and they'd always let him go as far as he liked. He'd stick till the fit wore off; and that, with a few hours off to eat and sleep, might mean a week.

One day Baden came whispering in my ear. This iron bug had been playing faro-bank, night and day, for four full days. And one time Baden had him hooked for over \$600,000. He was playing markers, not cash; and Baden, who got afraid he might not make good for so large a sum, finally let him win back nearly \$200,000 so as to ease his fall. When he came creeping to me, my iron friend was still down for better than \$400,000.

Baden was anxious to stop and collect; but, since the iron man himself showed no signs of quitting, Baden didn't know what to do. He couldn't call a halt, and him winner. At last, as an only way out, he thought of having the place pulled. In that event the game would have to close.

"Of course, you don't have to pinch him," said Baden. "As for myself, I'd gladly stand for a fine, just to bring things to a focus."

That very evening I came down upon Baden like a wolf on the fold. As I roughed my way into the gambling-room, after smashing the doors, I thought my iron friend would faint. I assured him, however, that, beyond taking his

name in case I needed evidence, he had nothing to fear. He thanked me forty times, and tried to give me a thousand. I delicately declined — there being too many looking on.

As I helped him into his taxi, however, and bid him to be good, he gratefully shoved the thousand into my pocket. Sure it stayed there. It would have been impolite to refuse; and, besides, I can't always be depended upon to shake my head at a thousand dollars.

As to the pinch, I took a couple of Baden's dealers to court, and they paid the usual fine. Meanwhile, as adding to my glory, and in the line of showing how hard Muggs and I were working to clean up our precinct, I gave the raid to the papers, carefully leaving out my iron friend. You should have seen the credit they gave us!

Did Baden get his \$400,000?

He sure did, my iron friend kicking in with it before twenty-four hours had gone by. Baden needn't have got cold feet. That iron millionaire would have come across for \$600,000, or twice as much. He's what you'd call a square citizen. Baden has never quit hating himself for letting that \$200,000 go back. However, you can imagine I didn't get off very bad, as it was, for my part in this little frame-up.

I Accommodate a Fifth Avenue Matron

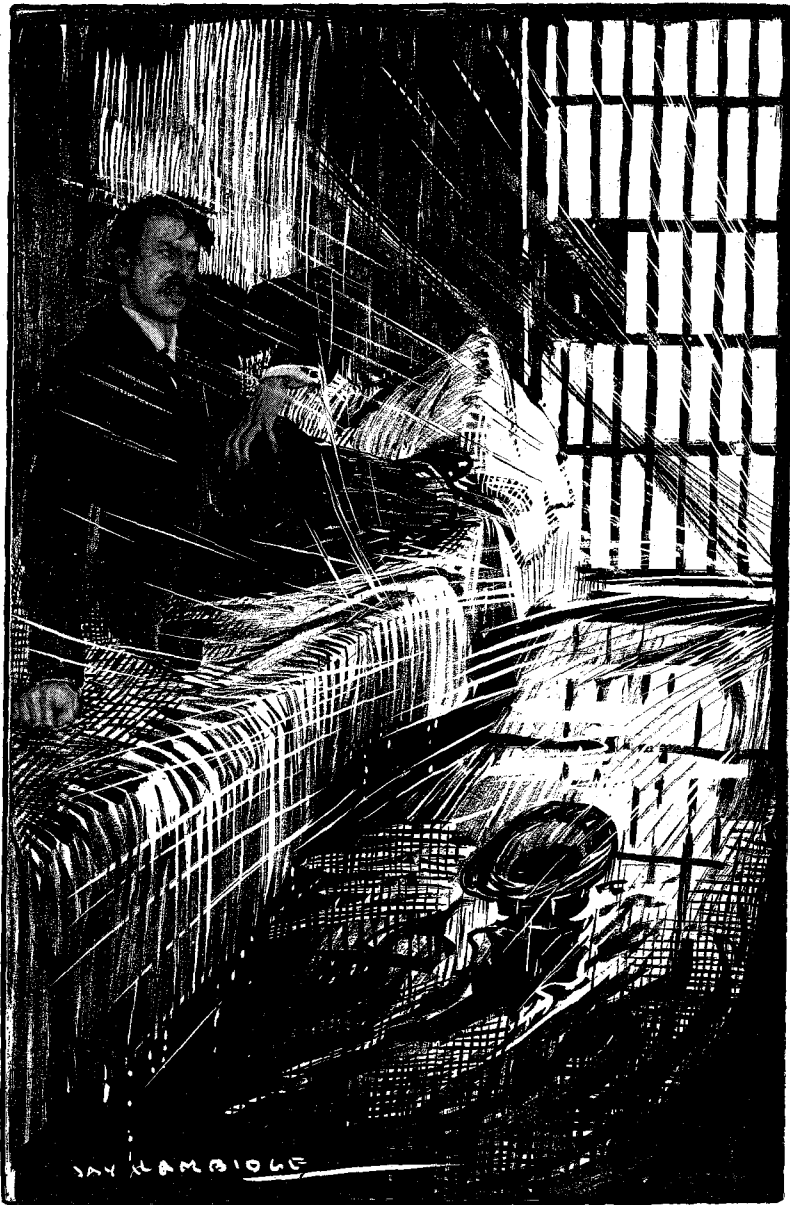
Next to Baden's the biggest game in the precinct was run by a man named Rebew. Rebew was one of the cleanest among the sports, and his heart was bigger than a house. While collecting for Muggs, I did him a favor which he never forgot, and to this day he stands ready to teeter to the front with \$10,000 or \$15,000, or whatever's necessary — once I pass the examination — to make me a captain.

The favor I did Rebew was for smaller stakes than my round-up of the iron king for Baden; but it wasn't such a little thing, either. One of our Fifth Avenue Willie-boys went against Rebew's wheel and dropped \$12,000. To get it, it seems he had hocked mama's diamonds. The old dame wasn't any time in missing her ice, and instantly she put up a roar to the Pinkertons. They made short work of locating it; and when they told her where the stuff was, they gave her the whole story.

It was a rough dose; still, the old dame didn't want her Willie-boy son sloughed in. She was none the less red hot to pinch Rebew's joint, and lodged a complaint at Headquarters.

The commish sent for me. "Well, my foxy friend," he began, "I'm afraid it's up to you to get Rebew's place. Here's a gilt-edged squeal, and I must have the report of a pull to file with it before the week's out."

There'd have been no kick, even if I'd got Rebew that night. A pinch is a trade risk, and they all are wise to it. Every gambling-house, of high-rollers had blown in on him, and were busy dropping from \$7,000 to \$10,000 a night. A pinch would put these game-birds to flight,



"THE DOORMAN, WHOM I STAKED TO FIVE DOLLARS, GOT HIS HOSE AND BEGAN TO WASH DOWN THE CORRIDORS. INCIDENTALLY HE FLOODED THE CELL OF MR. SALTERS"

however much it's in right, has to stand for a pull when the complaint's in such shape that there's no ducking nor dodging.

There were reasons, however, why a raid just then meant unusual loss to Rebew. A bunch

and of course Rebew wasn't crazy to have 'em disturbed.

Rebew explained this to me, when I gave him the tip that there'd have to be a pull. Certainly; I didn't want to spoil a soft thing, and, to avoid

it, this is what I did. I had Rebew rent the top floor — it was vacant — of the next door to his joint. He squared the janitor. And about Twenty-four hours later I backed up the wagons. I took three of Rebew's men, who'd been sent over as fall guys, and loaded them and



"ONE OF OUR FIFTH AVENUE WILLIE-BOYS HAD STOLEN HIS MOTHER'S DIAMONDS, PAWNED THEM FOR \$12,000, AND DROPPED IT ALL AT ROULETTE"

three o'clock one morning, when quiet folks were in bed, he had his people fake up that top floor as a gambling-room. They used a lot of worn-out wheels and bum faro lay-outs, and before daylight had everything nicely ready.

the old broken-down gambling rubbish into the wagons. Thus organized, I went galloping and gonging off to the station, as though something had really happened. The play went through without a hitch. I reported the pull as Rebew's

place, and fixed the street number to suit. The old dame whose son had spouted her sparks was satisfied; the papers were there with the praise; my report went on file—you can read it any day—as covering the original squeal; and Rebew's high-rollers continued changing in their nightly thousands undisturbed. Rebew told me himself that that little frame-up differed him favorably for over \$20,000. And, between us, he acted—toward me—as though it had.

A Warning on the Elevated

But you mustn't go away with the idea that all this happened by itself, and the dough kept dropping into our fingers without an effort on our part. Anything that's worth having in this world you have to put up a battle for. And there was plenty of work and plenty of danger still in gathering in our sheaves.

Whatever might be the newspaper fame and reputation of "Muggs the honest cop" and his sterling wardman, those who really knew were never much affected by our pathetic innocence. And every now and then some one took a bite at me—usually some of those reform guys.

For example, there was one shadow who was paid to follow me by one of our moral millionaires. The millionaire himself had been guilty of a score of trade crimes for which he ought to have been locked up. But that made no difference. He was a mighty moralist, just the same.

The shadow was not on me very long before I got hep to him. I knew him; his name was Nagg.

One day he followed me up on to the Fiftieth Street elevated station; and, as a throw-off, he greeted me effusively. I slipped my hand under his arm and led him to the upper end of the platform, he all the time trying to be friendly and I letting him think I wasn't wise.

At the far north end of the platform I stopped. "Nagg," I said, pointing to the coming train, then down near Thirty-third Street, "you see that train?"

"Yes," he replied, wondering.

"When it gets here, I'm going to chuck you under it. I ought to be able to make it suicide with the coroner."

Nagg was the most frightened party in all of broad New York. In the finish I let him go; but only upon the thorough understanding that, the next time I found him on the same elevated platform with myself, he'd go to grease the wheels. Nagg never tailed me after that.

The Hunch and the \$2,000

But Nagg was a mere incident to my friend "Salters," detective of one of the anti-vice

societies. Nothing can make him let go—as everybody knows now. But that time he was just beginning, and it happened one of his first cracks was at me.

Talk with a Central Office bull, and he'll use the term "thief-wise." What he means is this: You can plant a crook within feeling distance of him, and he'll have an uneasy knowledge inside of ten seconds that there's a thief about. He can't explain; he merely knows. By way of giving the miracle a name, he'll say he's "thief-wise."

Now, by the same token, a wardman gets wise to people who come trying to trap him. That instinct for knowing when some party was out to hand me a lemon has saved me twenty times. I never failed to get the hunch, the moment some smart guy came edging up to throw his net over me.

One afternoon, a man on whom I'd have bet my life introduced me to a smooth, plausible personage who wanted to "talk business."

"This is Mr. Salters," said my friend; "and you can go to sleep on anything he says."

Then he lit a cigar and went his way, leaving "Mr. Salters" and myself sitting at our ease in a café.

Mr. Salters began his negotiations at once. A woman from Chicago, he said, wanted to open a disorderly house; and then he added that there was \$2,000 in it for me to stand, paws off, and let her start. He took out the \$2,000, as proving his sincerity, and tried to slip it to me on the spot. It was in two 1,000-dollar bills.

Before Mr. Salters had got half through his oration, I could feel that it was a job. I simply knew it. Those bills were marked. Some one was out for my scalp, and I'd only to take that \$2,000 to get collared. It would be a plain case of caught with the goods. I let the tail of my eye drift round the café. There wasn't anybody in sight who seemed to be in with Mr. Salters. All the same, I knew.

Also, I wanted that \$2,000.

An idea came to me. As Mr. Salters sat offering the money, I waved him back. "Come with me," I said.

Mr. Salters looked puzzled, even troubled, but followed me.

We'd hardly again hit the street before he was all for handing over the dough. I refused for the second time.

"Not here," I said.

"What's the matter? You don't think I'd try to put one over on you?"

"Never mind," I replied; "I have my own way of doing these things."

Mr. Salters grinned a deprecatory grin.

We headed up Broadway. Before we'd reached Twenty-eighth Street I'd "made" the parties who were working with him. There were two of

had been a new wire-tapping joint opened in Fortieth Street, and four Central Office bulls were planted on it.



"'UNLESS YOU TELL ME,' I SAID, 'I'LL KILL YOU.' COCKING MY .38, I BEGAN TO COUNT: 'ONE—TWO—THREE!' AT THE LAST WORD, I SHOT . . ."

them, and it was funny to see them dodging to the other side of street-cars and hiding behind trucks, as they sleuthed their way after us up the street.

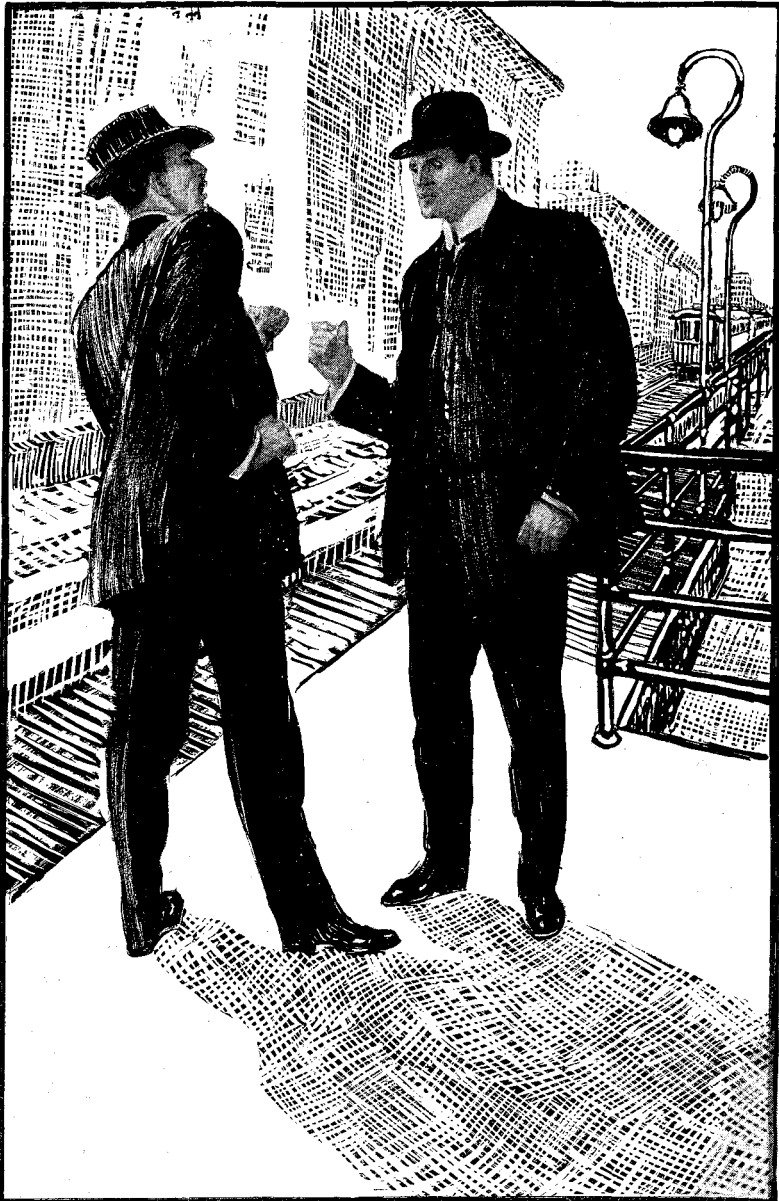
Since Mr. Salters had two of his dicks along, I thought I'd take in a few of my own. There

At Herald Square, I carried Mr. Salters up Sixth Avenue, and then, by way of Fortieth, back to Broadway.

Mr. Salters knew nothing of those four planted bulls. As we swung along Fortieth

Street, the four bulls taking us in, I ran my hand along my coat collar as though straightening it out. My four observant gentlemen

of Long Acre Square, they'd got on to Mr. Salters' two dicks. The plot was thickening, as our novel-writers say.



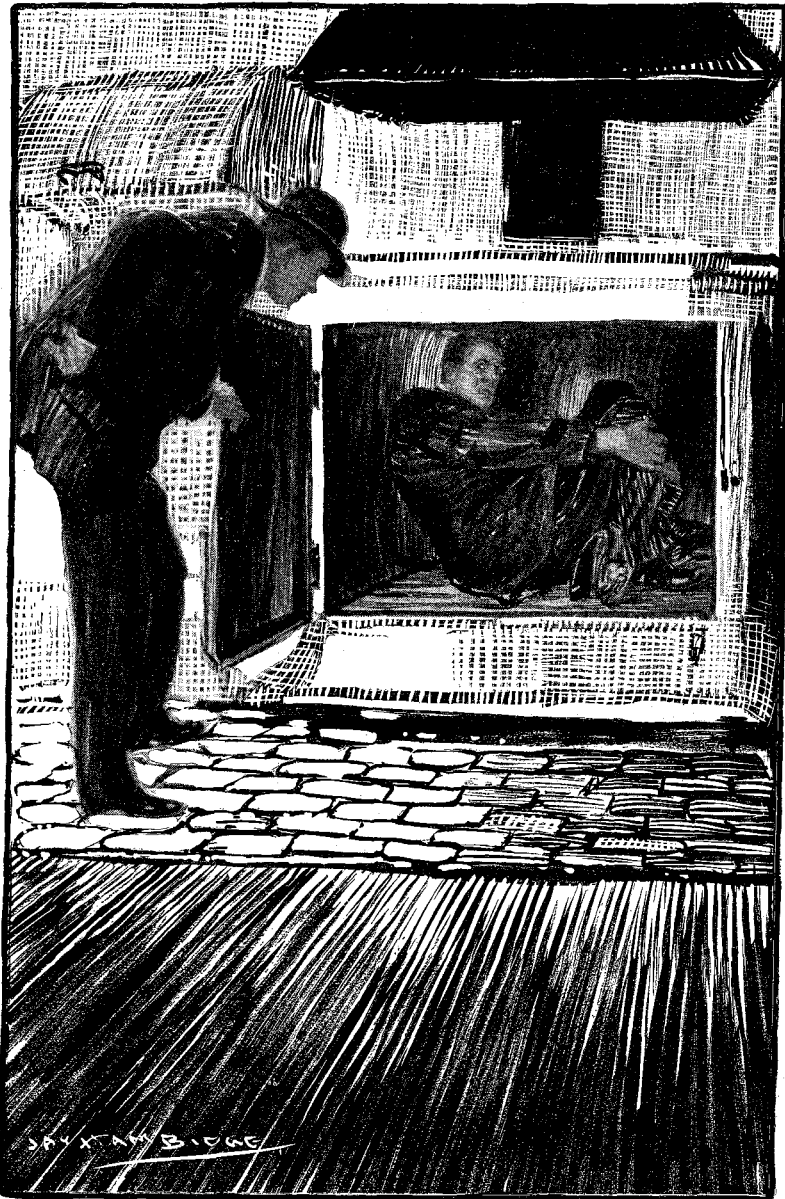
"'NAGG,' I SAID, 'YOU SEE THAT TRAIN?' — 'YES,' HE REPLIED, WONDERING. — 'WELL, WHEN IT GETS HERE, I'M GOING TO CHUCK YOU UNDER IT'"

from Mulberry Street saw and understood. It was the notice that Mr. Salters would make a first-class collar, and to follow on. They followed; and so well did they know their business that, before we'd gone the length

When Mr. Salters and I reached Central Park, I steered him to an out-of-the-way bench. I knew all about that bench; it was one of the places where my collectors came looking for me, to turn over the month's dough. Also, there

was a convenient crack on the under side of the seat, which I'd discovered in my idler moments. I'd led Mr. Salters all this weary way because

bills, and I made as though to put them in my trousers pockets. As I did so, he scrambled to his feet to give the signal to his merry men.



"TUCKED AWAY IN THE CAVERN OF AN OVEN, ALL HUNCHED UP LIKE
A SUCKING PIG FOR ROASTING, WAS MY
CITY'S BOLD DEFENDER"

I was about to need that crack in my destinies. The moment we were seated, I turned to Mr. Salters.

"I'll take that money now," I said.

Mr. Salters shoved me the two 1,000-dollar

In an instant, I'd folded the two bills and shoved them into the crack on the safe side of that excellent bench. That financial feat accomplished, I swung my right on Mr. Salters' neck — his innocent back was toward me —

and dropped him. "So you'd bribe me!" I shouted. "I'll teach you, and every scoundrel like you, that neither you nor any other of your bribe-offering tribe'll open a disorderly resort in my precinct!"

While I was grinding Mr. Salters' countenance into the gravel, his two followers came up on the run. So, likewise, did those four intelligent Central Office splits.

"Grab 'em!" I cried.

We carried the three in great triumph to the Forty-seventh Street station, Mr. Salters a bit the worse for wear. On the way, he never opened his head; no more did his two men. Once before the desk, however, he proclaimed himself the agent of the anti-vice society, and vowed that he had just paid me \$2,000 for the privilege of opening a disorderly house.

"He's got the money on him now," he said, pointing at me; "it's in two 1,000-dollar bills. I insist that he be searched."

"And I insist on being searched!" I shouted, shaken by a fit of virtuous indignation. "Why, you infamous rascal, do you think to escape by a trick?" Wheeling on the desk lieutenant, I held up my hands. "Search me!" I said. "I'll dispose of that fellow's cheap lie here and now."

"It's in that pocket," said Mr. Salters, indicating the keck in which he fancied he saw me put the money.

The lieutenant turned the pocket inside out. "Nothin' doing!" said he, as the accused pocket proved innocent of money, illicit or otherwise.

Insisting upon being frisked from top to toe, I made the lieutenant continue his search. I even invited Mr. Salters to assist. There was never a sign of those two 1,000-dollar bills about which the complaining Mr. Salters was making such a howl. In the end, we booked Mr. Salters and his brace of dicks, on the charge of attempting to bribe a public officer, and threw them into separate cells.

The doorman, whom I staked to five dollars, got his hose and began to wash down the corridor, and per incident flooded the cells of Mr. Salters and his friends. Having made this particular provision for the comfort of my enemies, I thanked my four Central Office adherents for so nobly responding to my call, and let them go back to their plant on the pay-off.

The two 1,000-dollar bills?

They weren't lost, be sure. And, at that, I waited until long after dark before I went looking for them. Some one from the station might have believed just enough of Mr. Salters' fairy tale to set him tailing me; remembering which, I, as a first strategy, made straight for the elevated road and took the train down town. It was three o'clock next morning before I went

after Mr. Salters' \$2,000, and then I went in a touring-car, at twenty miles an hour. In this world, and in the New York City world especially, a party can't be too careful. And you never know when you're being shadowed.

When Mr. Salters and his friends showed up in court, there was no conviction. The anti-vice society which had been trying to hand it to me wired them out. The society, however, came in for a tongue-lashing from the judge.

"It was only the invincible honesty of this young man," said the judge, indicating me, "that saved him. What right have you to go about trying to corrupt the city's police?"

But, you understand, life isn't all collecting or dodging frame-ups, even for a wardman, and a pet fox. Now and then you've got to get out and make good on detective work, and build up a name with the newspapers. And, when it came to that, I flattered myself I could hold up my end. For instance, there was the negro burglar that I pried the evidence out of that connected a fence the force had been after for years.

That negro had been arrested time and time again, and the police had him down for a tough nut. The detectives, in giving him the third degree, had all but killed him; and yet they'd never been able to make him tell them a thing. They'd beaten him with their blackjacks; they'd broken night-sticks over his head. No use. He remained as wordless as an image.

There was a loft cracked in Muggs' precinct, and \$8,000 worth of silk taken. The bulls were certain that it was the negro burglar who'd turned off the loft, but couldn't get a word of evidence. Also, their past experience had rendered them hopeless of knocking a confession out of him. He lived on San Juan Hill, and, without blowing any bugles about it in advance, I decided to have a shy at him myself. With that, I nailed him one morning about two o'clock in front of the place where he lived. He was all alone, and so was I.

"You ain't got nothin' on me!" he cried.

"I'll have the North River on you before I'm through," I returned.

Instead of carrying him to a station, I headed for Riverside Drive.

"Where you takin' me?" he demanded.

Not a word did I reply.

By the time I'd dragged him across the tracks opposite the foot of Seventy-eighth Street, and had him down to the river's edge, his imagination began working double time. The racket was new to him; I'd got at his imagination in flank. His nerve began to shake; he was getting scared. Who was it said that "courage consists in doing something that

you've done before"? I'd sprung a new game on my burglarious coon.

"What you goin' to do, boss?" he faltered, as I planted him so the water fairly lapped his feet.

"Unless you tell me where that silk is," I said, as I pulled my gun, "I'll kill you and throw you in. I'll give you three chances. Tell me before I count three, or I'll blow your block off."

Cocking my .38, I began to count: "One—two—three!"

While badly scared, he didn't really think I'd shoot. He let me count "Three!" without a peep. At the last word, "Bang!" went my pistol, with the roar of a cannon. The bullet shot a piece off the rim of his derby hat.

Ferociously breaking into curses, I recoiled the gun. "I'll get you this trip!" I said.

It was too much. Shaking, chattering, my black box-worker fell at my feet. Turning up his scared face, he began to talk a stream. The silk, he said, had been sold to the fence I've referred to for \$300. I made a note of that; and then, having got him on the run, I made him tell me more. As the fruit of his confidence down there by the sobbing river, I collected an auto-car full of silverware, the swag of a dozen burglars, before the sun came up. And before night I'd got the fence; and I'd got him right this time. The two of them jogged up my score quite a few.

Taking everything into the count, I was getting along well enough in every way — net proceeds, and reputation too. And then my commissioner, who'd called me a pet fox, and whom I'd begun to like, got his walking papers. He had a run-in with the Mayor about something, and defied his Honor. He figured he'd been tied up with his chief in some deals that the municipal leader would not care to have come to light. Unfortunately, his Honor called his bluff, and he found himself on the street; and he discovered, when he came to think of it,—like most of them do,—that he couldn't tell about the Mayor in that deal without telling the same thing about himself. So he had to bite his tongue and take the medicine.

But right there I could see where Muggs and I were likely to get off. A new commissioner is apt to be a new broom and sweep pretty clean — especially in precincts like ours.

Sure enough. This new man hadn't been in the chair very long when he developed a dark-lantern streak, and started off cop-hunting.

The New Commissioner's Sleuth

A man I knew met up with me one day, and opened up about a party who wanted to start

a pool-room. At the go-off I couldn't say but what everything was on the level; it was only my studied caution that saved me. I sent my would-be pool-room keeper word to see me the next day at 1 P. M. in the Albemarle Hotel.

The Albemarle's single entrance opened on Twenty-fourth Street, which made it easy to watch. I planted across in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel,—torn down now, it is,—and about one o'clock saw my would-be pool-room man enter the Albemarle. His name was Bocab, but that I didn't learn till later. The name I was to call him by was "Brown."

Once Brown was surely in the Albemarle, I rang him up on the Fifth Avenue Hotel 'phone.

"Come up here to the Savoy," says I; "I'll wait for you here. It's impossible for me to get down to the Albemarle."

Hurrying back to my Fifth Avenue Hotel window which commanded the Albemarle's entrance, I saw Brown come out. If he'd headed honestly north for the Savoy, I'd have grabbed a taxi and followed. But, as I'd foreseen might be the case, he didn't. He stood on the Albemarle step a moment, looking up and down. It was no time before he was joined by three men — his aides. Apparently Brown told them I'd shifted to the Savoy, and issued a fresh set of orders to fit the changed arrangements. The three hurried away in one cab, and Brown made ready to charter another.

Now Brown was alone, I had no fear; my word was as good as his — or better. So, merely to get the sneer on him, I came out of the Twenty-fourth Street entrance of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and called across:

"Oh, Brown!" He glanced up with a startled eye. "I don't think I'd bother about that Savoy appointment," I said.

There was a moment when Brown nearly sat down on the pavement. Then, as though he'd come to a new resolution, he strode across.

"Guilty!" said he.

In ten minutes Brown had given me his correct name of Bocab, and wised me up as to what the new Czar of Mulberry Street was trying to do to me. Brown's repentance was full, his confession complete. It was the usual thing. The new commissioner detailed a copper that'd just been made, and I didn't know, to get me.

After a few words more, we concluded — Brown's three men having journeyed on before — to go through the motions of keeping the Savoy appointment. He took one cab, I another. We met at the Savoy — under the eyes and ears of the watchful three, who strolled in, one by one, as we sat talking. They heard me as I loudly and virtuously refused to deal with Brown. The report went back to Mulberry

Street that I was locked in my integrities as in a tower, and could not be approached. I can't say that anybody really believed this; but it was Brown's report, and it had to stand.

The Cop in the Cook-Stove

This certainly was a good thing for me; I was wise to the news from Headquarters, so long as Bocab was there. He meant to deliver the goods, all right; but, if he hadn't, I had him, a little later, held to my breast with hooks of steel.

It happened, soon after the thing I was telling you, that there was a wrong pool-room running — without putting up protection, I mean; and one afternoon — I needed a pinch at the time — I thought I'd take it into camp. One of the proprietors met me outside.

"You've got us bang right," he confessed. "But can't you put off the pull till to-morrow?" "Why should I?"

"Because there's a bull inside putting down a bet, and you know better than I do he'll get fired off the force if he's nailed."

"Show me," says I, for I thought the thing was a stall. "Give me a peek at your bull, and I'll let you run a week."

The keeper cheered up, and we went inside. The bull was there, sure enough; and where do you think he'd ducked to? The place had been some kind of a bum restaurant, and the range, big and cold, was still standing in what used to be the kitchen. Tucked away in the cavern of an oven, all hunched up like a sucking pig for roasting, was my city's bold defender. Also, when I hauled him out by the heels, who should he be but Brown, alias Bocab.

Scared? He thought it was his last police day on earth.

When he saw me he was paralyzed. I simply gave him the laugh, and told him to brush the rust off his coat and do a sneak. And ever afterwards, you may imagine, Bocab was my man.

Four months later I cashed in on him. He called me up, one morning, and gave me warning that a new captain had been named for Muggs' place.

The order wouldn't be published for a month.

My first notion was to chase to the station-house and post Muggs. Then I took another thought. Muggs had been having it pretty sweet; he'd got all that was coming to him, and a little more. Why not swell my own personal account by a final \$50,000?

The idea made a hit with me.

"Muggs," says I over the 'phone, after I thought things out, "come to Shanley's, and come a-running."

The quaver in my voice threw a dark blue scare into Muggs; that's why I put in the quaver. When he reached Shanley's he was looking a trifle leery.

"What's loose?" he asked anxiously — for he never had his equal to see ghosts. "They ain't after us, are they?"

Muggs' "they" meant anybody and anything, from the police commissioner to the evening papers.

"That's it," I said. "I don't know why, nor what started it, but there's twenty Parkhurst people in our precinct, trying to get something on us. I'm afraid some one's squealed."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Muggs, turning white about the gills. "I was on, the moment I heard your voice. Don't touch a dollar — don't bat an eye nor wag an ear — until the thing blows by! Better send word through the precinct to close up tight as a drum."

"You put the inspector next to the news," I said.

"I'll put him wise at once."

Throughout all of that last month, I was the inspector, Muggs, and the whole thing. They got nothing; I harvested a lapful. Certainly they found it out in the end; but that was later. The inspector breathed fire and smoke. What of it? What could he do? Muggs only laughed; he said that by rights it was coming to me. Muggs had some notion of justice.

So then we had to get up and go away and leave it. Not that I ought to kick. It certainly was clover-deep while it lasted. With that last \$50,000, I was \$250,000 to the good. Not in money — I wasn't boob enough for that. Every dime had gone into gilt-edged stocks, and every certificate was indorsed to me in blank. There wasn't anywhere on earth a scrap — nothing but my possessions — to establish my membership of that stock.

One man only, the banker who bought them for me, could have testified to it. But, since I had something on him, not at all concerning stocks, the least whisper of which would have made him change his name and leave New York, I'd nothing to fear from that angle. It was a stand-off — a case of "you keep my secret and I'll keep yours."

Muggs and I were sent over to Whitestone, out to the bosky city limits where the most disorderly thing in sight was a nursery and the only graft a daily bouquet.

And so I ceased to be a wardman. But I don't doubt, when the wheel turns round again, I may be back in the old game. It's going on now, just as it was then, only more so. If there's any one thing in the world that's immortal, it's graft.

WE promised last month to begin in this issue a three-part detective story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Before Mrs. Rinehart completed the work she discovered new and amazing possibilities in the extraordinary situation she had devised. As a result, we have in hand as absorbing and thrilling a narrative as anything since the best of Sherlock Holmes. But the story is twice as long as originally planned.

Therefore we have been compelled to postpone Mrs. Rinehart's story, but only for a month or so.

Not being able to present in this issue the work of the best detective story writer in America, we immediately secured the work of the best detective story writer of England—Gilbert K. Chesterton—who herewith re-introduces to the United States his famous and unique "Father Brown."

These short stories you may count upon finding in every issue of MCCLURE'S for at least six months to come.

THE STRANGE CRIME OF JOHN BOULNOIS

A Father Brown Story

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

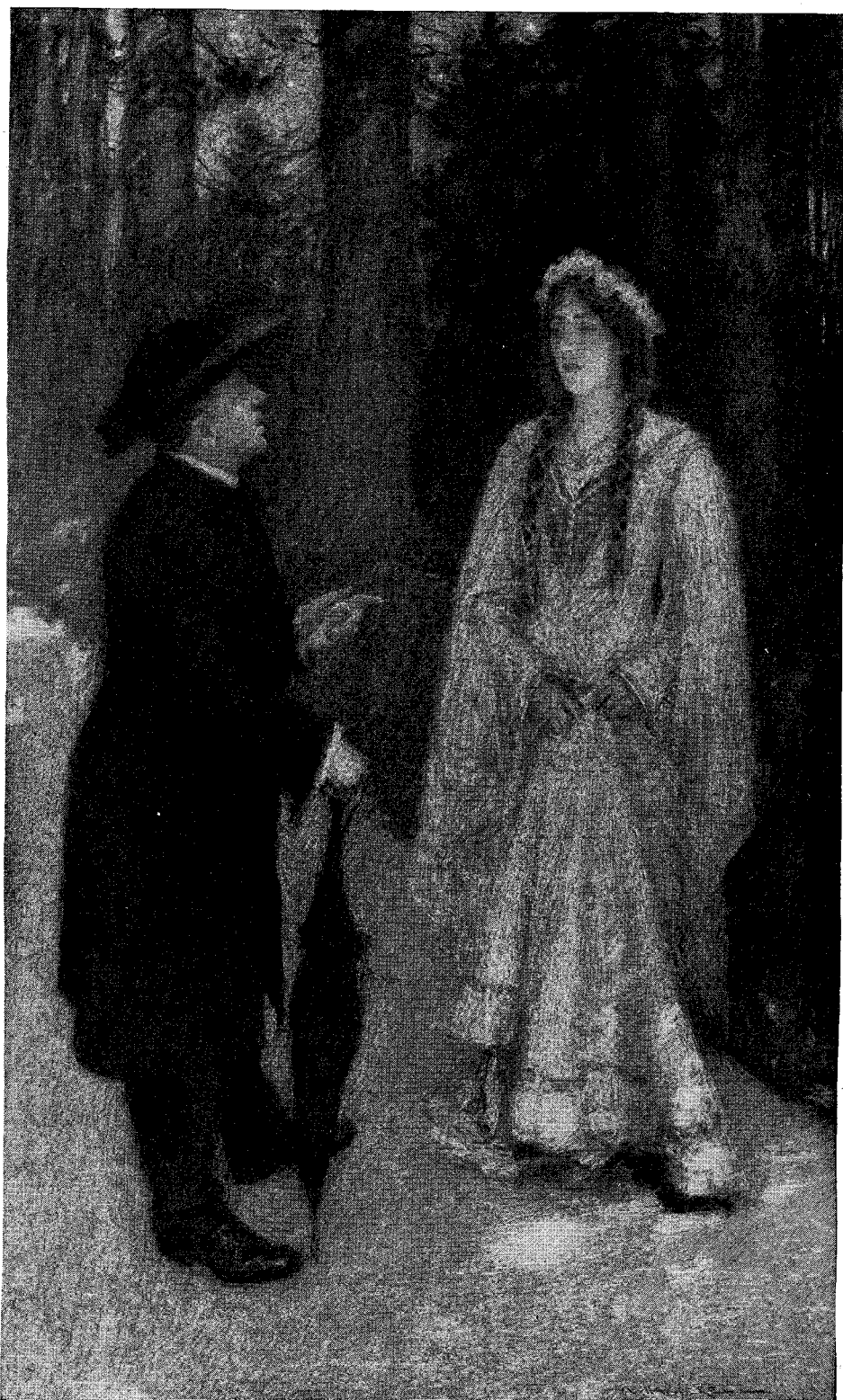
AUTHOR OF THE "FATHER BROWN" STORIES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HATHERELL

M R. CALHOUN KIDD was a very young gentleman with a very old face—a face dried up with its own eagerness, framed in blue-black hair and a black butterfly tie. He was the emissary in England of the colossal American daily called the *Western Sun*—also humorously described as the *Rising Sunset*. This was in allusion to a great journalistic declaration (attributed to Mr. Kidd himself) that he "guessed the sun would rise in the west yet, if American citizens did a bit more hustling." Those, however, who mock American journalism from the standpoint of somewhat mellow traditions, forget a certain paradox that partly redeems it. For, while the journalism of the States permits a pantomimic vulgarity long past anything English, it also shows a real excitement about the most earnest mental problems of which English papers are innocent, or, rather, incapable. The *Western Sun* was full of the most solemn matters treated in the most farcical way. William

James figured there as well as "Weary Willie," and pragmatists alternated with pugilists in the long procession of its portraits.

Thus, when a very unobtrusive Oxford man named John Boulnois wrote, in a very unreadable review called "The Natural Philosophy Quarterly," a series of articles on alleged weak points in Darwinian evolution, it fluttered no corner of the English papers; though Boulnois' theory (which was that of a comparatively stationary universe visited occasionally by convulsions of change) had some rather faddy fashionableness at Oxford, and got so far as to be named "Catastrophism." But many American papers seized on the challenge as a great event; and the *Western Sun* threw the shadow of Mr. Boulnois quite gigantically across its pages. By the paradox already noted, articles of honest intelligence and enthusiasm were presented with headlines apparently written by an illiterate maniac—headlines such as: "Darwin Chews Dirt; Critic Boulnois Says He Jumps the Shocks"; or, "Keep Catastrophic, Says Thinker Boulnois."



"SHE HAD GOLDEN HAIR IN TWO LONG SHINING ROPES, AND A FACE SO STARTLINGLY PALE
BETWEEN THEM THAT SHE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CHRYSSELEPHANTINE — MADE, THAT
IS, LIKE SOME OLD GREEK STATUES, OUT OF IVORY AND GOLD."

And Mr. Calhoun Kidd, of the *Western Sun*, was bidden to take his butterfly tie and lugubrious visage down to the little house outside Oxford where Thinker Boulnois lived in happy ignorance of such a title.

That fated philosopher had consented, in a somewhat dazed manner, to receive the interviewer, and had named the hour of nine that evening. The last of a summer sunset clung about Cumnor and the low wooded hills; the romantic Yankee was both doubtful of his road and inquisitive about his surroundings; and, seeing the door of a genuine feudal old-country inn, the Champion Arms, standing open, he went in to make enquiries.

In the bar parlour, he rang the bell, and had to wait some little time for a reply to it. The only other person present was a lean man with close red hair and loose, horsey-looking clothes, who was drinking very bad whiskey but smoking a very good cigar. The whiskey, of course, was the choice brand of the Champion Arms; the cigar he had probably brought with him from London. Nothing could be more different than his cynical negligé from the dapper dryness of the young American; but something in his pencil and open note-book, and perhaps in the expression of his alert blue eyes, caused Kidd to guess, correctly, that he was a brother journalist.

"Could you do me the favour," asked Kidd, with the courtesy of his nation, "of directing me to the Grey Cottage, where Mr. Boulnois lives, as I understand?"

"It's a few yards down the road," said the red-haired man, removing his cigar; "I shall be passing it myself in a minute, but I'm going on to Pendragon Park to try and see the fun."

"What is Pendragon Park?" asked Calhoun Kidd.

"Sir Claude Champion's place — haven't you come down for that too?" asked the other pressman, looking up. "You're a journalist, aren't you?"

"I have come to see Mr. Boulnois," said Kidd.

"I've come to see Mrs. Boulnois," replied the other. "But I sha'n't catch her at home." And he laughed rather unpleasantly.

"Are you interested in Catastrophism?" asked the wondering Yankee.

"I'm interested in catastrophes; and there are going to be some," replied his companion gloomily. "Mine's a filthy trade; and I never pretend it isn't."

With that he spat on the floor; yet, somehow, in the very act and instant one could realize that the man had been brought up as a gentleman.

The American pressman considered him with more attention. His face was pale and dissi-

pated, with the promise of formidable passions yet to be loosed; but it was a clever and sensitive face. His clothes were coarse and careless, but he had a good seal ring on one of his long, thin fingers. His name, which came out in the course of talk, was James Dalroy; he was the son of a bankrupt Irish landlord, and attached to a pink paper, which he heartily despised, called *Smart Society*, in the capacity of reporter and of something painfully like spy.

Smart Society, I regret to say, felt none of that interest in Boulnois on Darwin that was such a credit to the heads and hearts of the *Western Sun*. Dalroy had come down, it seemed, to snuff up the scent of a scandal which might very well end in the divorce court, but which was at present hovering between Grey Cottage and Pendragon Park.

Sir Claude Champion was known to the readers of the *Western Sun* as well as Mr. Boulnois. So were the Pope and the Derby Winner; but the idea of their intimate acquaintanceship would have struck Kidd as equally incongruous. He had heard of (and written about — nay, falsely pretended to know) Sir Claude Champion as "one of the brightest and wealthiest of England's Upper Ten"; as the great sportsman who raced yachts round the world; as the great traveler who wrote books about the Himalayas; as the politician who swept constituencies with a startling sort of Tory Democracy; and as the great dabbler in art, music, literature, and, above all, acting. Sir Claude was really rather magnificent in other than American eyes. There was something of the Renaissance Prince about his omnivorous culture and restless publicity; he was not only a great amateur, but an ardent one. There was in him none of that antiquarian frivolity that we convey by the word "dilettante." That faultless falcon profile with purple-black Italian eyes which had been snapshotted so often both for *Smart Society* and the *Western Sun* gave every one the impression of a man eaten by ambition as by a fire or even a disease. But, though Kidd knew a great deal about Sir Claude, — a great deal more, in fact, than there was to know, — it would never have crossed his wildest dreams to connect so showy an aristocrat with the newly unearthed founder of Catastrophism; or to guess that Sir Claude Champion and John Boulnois could be intimate friends. Such, according to Dalroy's account, was nevertheless the fact. The two had hunted in couples at school and college, and, though their social destinies had been very different (for Champion was a great landlord and almost a millionaire, while Boulnois was a poor scholar and, until just lately, an unknown one), they still kept in very close touch with each other.

Indeed, Boulnois' cottage stood just outside the gates of Pendragon Park — as close as it could be without being actually in the grounds.

But whether the two men could be friends much longer was becoming a dark and ugly question. A year or two before, Boulnois had married a beautiful and not unsuccessful actress, to whom he was devoted in his own shy and ponderous style; and the proximity of the household to Champion's had given that flighty celebrity opportunities for behaving in a way that could not but cause painful and rather base excitement. Sir Claude had carried the arts of publicity to perfection; and he seemed to take a crazy pleasure in being equally ostentatious in an intrigue that could do him no sort of honour. Footmen from Pendragon were perpetually leaving bouquets for Mrs. Boulnois; carriages and motor-cars were perpetually calling at the cottage for Mrs. Boulnois; balls and masquerades perpetually filled the grounds, in which the baronet paraded Mrs. Boulnois like the Queen of Love and Beauty at a tournament. That very evening, marked by Mr. Kidd for the exposition of Catastrophism, had been marked by Sir Claude Champion for an open-air rendering of "Romeo and Juliet," in which he was to play Romeo to a Juliet it was needless to name.

"I don't think it can go on without a smash," said the young man with red hair, getting up and shaking himself. "Old Boulnois may be squared — or he may be square. But if he's square he's thick — what you might call cubic. But I don't believe it's possible."

"He is a man of grand intellectual powers," said Calhoun Kidd, in a deep voice.

"Yes," answered Dalroy. "But even a man of grand intellectual powers can't be such a blighted fool as all that. Must you be going on? I shall be following, myself, in a minute or two."

But Calhoun Kidd, having finished a milk-and-soda, betook himself smartly up the road toward the Grey Cottage, leaving his cynical informant to his whiskey and tobacco. The last of the daylight had faded; the skies were of a dark green-grey like slate, studded here and there with a star; but lighter on the left side of the sky, with the promise of a rising moon. The woods looked very black.

The Grey Cottage, which stood intrenched, as it were, in a square of stiff, high thorn-hedges, was so close under the pines and palisades of the Park that Kidd at first mistook it for the Park Lodge. Finding the name on the narrow wooden gate, however, and seeing by his watch that the hour of the "Thinker's" appointment had just struck, he went in and knocked at the front door. Inside the garden hedge he could see that the house, though unpretentious

enough, was larger and more luxurious than it looked at first, and was quite a different kind of place from a porter's lodge. A dog-kennel and a beehive stood outside, like symbols of old English country life; the moon was rising behind a plantation of prosperous pear trees; the dog that came out of the kennel was reverend-looking and reluctant to bark, and the plain, elderly man-servant who opened the door was brief but dignified.

"Mr. Boulnois asked me to offer his apologies, sir," he said; "but he has been obliged to go out suddenly."

"But see here; I had an appointment," said the interviewer, with a rising voice. "Do you know where he went to?"

"To Pendragon Park, sir," said the servant, rather sombrely, and began to close the door.

Kidd started a little. "Did he go with Mrs. — with the rest of the party?" he asked rather vaguely.

"No, sir," said the man shortly; "he stayed behind, and then went out alone"; and he shut the door, not brutally but with an air of duty done.

The American, that curious compound of impudence and sensitiveness, was annoyed. He felt a strong desire to hustle them all along a bit and teach them business habits — the hoary old dog, and the grizzled, heavy-faced old butler with his prehistoric shirt-front, and the drowsy old moon, and above all the scatter-brained old philosopher who couldn't keep an appointment.

"If that's the way he goes on, he deserves to lose his wife's purest de-votion," said Mr. Calhoun Kidd. "But perhaps he's gone over to make a row. In that case, I reckon a man from the *Western Sun* will be on the spot."

And, turning the corner by the open lodge gates, he set off, stumping up the long avenue of black pine woods that pointed in abrupt perspective toward the inner gardens of Pendragon Park. That avenue seemed to him to be endless; he half believed it was telescoping onward like a corridor in a nightmare. The trees were as black and orderly as plumes upon a hearse; there were still a few stars. He was a man with more literary than direct natural associations: the word "Ravenswood" came into his head repeatedly. It was partly the raven colour of the pine woods, but partly also an indescribable atmosphere almost described in Scott's great tragedy: the smell of something that died in the eighteenth century; the smell of dank gardens and broken urns; of wrongs that will never now be righted; of something that is none the less incurably sad because it is strangely unreal.

More than once, as he went up that trim



"THERE WAS A LONG RED STAIN DOWN THE BANK FROM WHICH THE MAN HAD ROLLED. . . . HE HAD BEEN RUN THROUGH THE BODY."

black road of tragic artifice, he stopped, startled, thinking he heard steps in front of him. He could see nothing in front but the twin sombre walls of pine and the wedge of starlight sky above them. At first he thought he must have fancied it, or been mocked by a mere echo of his own tramp. But as he went on he more and more inclined to conclude, with the remains of his reason, that there really were other feet upon the road. He thought hazily of ghosts, and was surprised how swiftly he could see the image of an appropriate and local ghost, one with a face as white as Pierrot's, but patched with black. The apex of the triangle of dark blue sky was growing brighter and bluer, but he did not realize as yet that this was because he was coming nearer to the lights of the great house and garden. He only felt that the atmosphere was growing more intense; there was in the sadness more violence and secrecy — more — he hesitated for the word, and then said it, with a jerk of laughter — Catastrophism.

More pines, more pathway slid past him, and then he stood rooted as by a blast of magic. It is vain to say that he felt as if he had got into a dream; by this time he felt quite certain that he had got into a book. For we human beings are used to inappropriate things; we are accustomed to the clatter of the incongruous; it is a tune to which we can go to sleep. If one appropriate thing happens, it wakes us up like the pang of a perfect chord. Something happened such as would have happened in such a place in a forgotten tale.

Over the black pine wood came flying and flashing in the moon a naked sword, such a slender and sparkling rapier as may have fought many an unjust duel in that ancient park. It fell on the pathway far in front of him, and lay there, glistening like a large needle. He ran like a hare and bent to look at it. Seen at closer quarters, it had rather a showy look; the big red jewels in the hilt and guard were a little dubious. But there were other red drops upon the blade which were not dubious.

He looked round wildly in the direction from which the dazzling missile had come, and saw that at this point the sable façade of fir and pine was interrupted by a smaller road at right angles — which, when he turned it, brought him in full view of the long lighted house, with a lake and fountains in front of it. Nevertheless he did not look at this, having something more interesting to look at.

Above him, at the angle of the steep green bank of the terraced garden, was one of those small picturesque surprises common in the old landscape-gardening: a kind of small round hill or dome of grass, like a giant mole-hill, ringed

and crowned with three concentric fences of roses and having a sun-dial in the highest point in the center. Kidd could see the finger of the dial stand up dark against the sky like the dorsal fin of a shark, and the vain moonlight clinging to that idle clock. But he saw something else clinging to it also: for one wild moment, the figure of a man.

Though he saw it there only for a moment, though it was outlandish and incredible in costume, being clad from neck to heel in tight crimson, with glints of gold, yet he knew in one flash of moonlight who it was. That white face flung up to heaven, clean-shaven and so unnaturally young, like Byron with a Roman nose, those black curls already grizzled — he had seen the thousand public portraits of Sir Claude Champion. The wild red figure reeled an instant against the sun-dial; the next, it had rolled down the steep bank and lay at the American's feet, faintly moving one arm. A gaudy, unnatural gold ornament on the arm suddenly reminded Kidd of "Romeo and Juliet": of course, the tight crimson suit was part of the play. But there was a long red stain down the bank from which the man had rolled: that was no part of the play. He had been run through the body.

Mr. Calhoun Kidd shouted, and shouted again. Once more he seemed to hear phantasmal footsteps, and started to find another figure already near him. He knew the figure, and yet it terrified him. The dissipated youth who had called himself Dalroy had a horribly quiet way with him; if Boulnois failed to keep appointments that had been made, Dalroy had a sinister air of keeping appointments that hadn't. The moonlight discoloured everything; against Dalroy's red hair his wan face looked not so much white as pale green.

All this morbid impressionism must be Kidd's excuse for having cried out brutally, and beyond all reason:

"Did you do this, you devil?"

James Dalroy smiled his unpleasing smile: but, before he could speak, the fallen figure made another movement of the arm, waving vaguely toward the place where the sword fell; then came a moan, and then it managed to speak:

"Boulnois . . . Boulnois, I say . . . Boulnois did it! Jealous of me . . . he was jealous, he was, he was. . . ."

Kidd bent his head down to hear more, and just managed to catch the words:

"Boulnois . . . with my own sword. . . . He threw it. . . ."

Again the failing hand waved toward the sword, and then fell rigid with a thud. In Kidd



"Yes. The soup will be Campbell's Tomato".

HOW easy that is to say! Even at the last minute if it happens so. And how satisfying to all concerned. Your whole dinner-program is simplified by

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It relieves you completely of anxiety or effort about this usually trying course. You know that it will be above criticism, and served on the instant without trouble or fuss.

The practical way is to order this tempting wholesome soup by the dozen, at least. You'll want it served in one way or another nearly every day in the year.



"Hear the kettle boil and bubble.
Most melodious humming!
Say good-bye to toil and trouble.
Campbell's Soup is coming!"

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Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
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Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
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Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label



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NOTICE TO READERS

BETWEEN THIS PAGE AND THE BACK COVER

are four important editorial features which have been added to the usual contents of the magazine.

These additional features, appearing where there was formerly no reading matter at all, increase the quality and value of our service to advertisers; and, by so doing, increase, without cost to you, the amount and value of our service to you.

By this new make-up of the magazine, we are able to print in this issue the following extra features that would otherwise have been left out:

THE STRANGE CRIME OF JOHN BOULNOIS
By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON
Ending Page 147

WHAT WILSON IS UP AGAINST
By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER
Beginning Page 148

THE NEW DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN
By INEZ MILHOLLAND
Beginning Page 181

THE MYSTERIOUS COUNTERFEITER
By DETECTIVE BURNS
Beginning Page 190

Without any of these features, you have the magazine as you have known it.

With them you have a McClure's of added interest and variety, of increased value and usefulness—without increased cost to you.

The Editors of McClure's

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rose from its depths all that acrid humour that is the strange salt of the seriousness of his race.

"See here," he said sharply and with command, "you must fetch a doctor. This man's dead."

"And a priest too, I suppose," said Dalroy, in an undecipherable manner. "All these Champions are churchman." And he turned his back and strode swiftly to the house.

The American knelt down by the body, felt the heart, propped up the head and used some last efforts at restoration; but before the other

Boulnois was not coming to Pendragon Park this evening."

"There again," said the Yankee grimly, "I may be in a position to give the old country a fact or two. Yes, *sir*; John Boulnois was going to stay in all this evening: he fixed up a real good appointment there with me. But John Boulnois changed his mind; John Boulnois left his home abruptly and all alone, and came over to this derved Park an hour or so ago. His butler told me so. I think we hold what the all-wise police call a clue—have you sent for them?"



ONLY CAME TO ASK YOU ABOUT THE CRIME YOU COMMITTED THIS EVENING,' SAID FATHER BROWN, SMILING "

journalist reappeared, followed by a doctor and a priest, he was already prepared to assert they were too late.

"Were you too late also?" asked the doctor, a solid, prosperous-looking man, with conventional moustache and whiskers, but a lively eye, which darted over Kidd dubiously.

"In one sense," drawled the representative of the *Western Sun*. "I was too late to save the man, but I guess I was in time to hear something of importance. I heard the dead man denounce his assassin."

"And who was the assassin?" asked the doctor, drawing his eyebrows together.

"Boulnois," said Calhoun Kidd, and whistled softly.

The doctor stared at him gloomily, with a reddening brow; but he did not contradict. Then the priest, a shorter figure in the background, said mildly: "I understood that Mr.

"Yes," said the doctor; "but we haven't alarmed any one else yet."

"Does Mrs. Boulnois know?" asked James Dalroy; and again Kidd was conscious of an irrational desire to hit him on his curling mouth.

"I have not told her," said the doctor gruffly. "But here come the police."

The little priest had stepped out into the main avenue, and now returned with the fallen sword, which looked ludicrously large and theatrical when attached to his dumpy figure, at once clerical and commonplace.

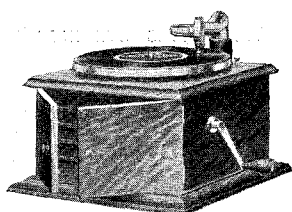
"Just before the police come," he said apologetically — "has any one got a light?"

The Yankee journalist took an electric torch from his pocket; and the priest held it close to the middle part of the blade, which he examined with blinking care. Then, without glancing at the point or pommel, he handed the long weapon to the doctor.



If you enjoy musical comedies, you should have a Victor-Victrola

This wonderful instrument not only repeats for you right in your own home the charming selections from "The Pink Lady", "The Spring Maid", "Madame Sherry", and other operettas now delighting the public, but revives for you beautiful old-time favorites like "Robin Hood", "Olivette", and "The Mikado" which are rarely heard nowadays.



Victor-Victrola IV, \$15
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The Victor-Victrola also brings to you many of the European successes long before they are produced in this country—"The Count of Luxembourg" just being presented here is the latest instance.

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And this is but one of the many forms of music and entertainment that delight you on the Victor-Victrola.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play your favorite music and demonstrate to you the wonderful Victor-Victrola.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

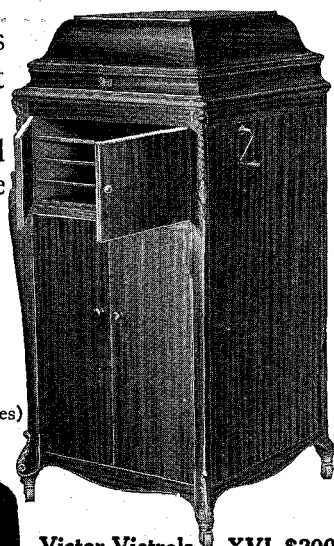
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Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—the combination. There is no other way to get the unequalled Victor tone.

Victor Steel Needles, 6 cents per 100

Victor Fibre Needles, 50 cents per 100 (can be repointed and used eight times)

Victrola



Victor-Victrola XVI, \$200
Mahogany or quartered oak
Other styles \$25 to \$150

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"I fear I'm no use here," he said, with a brief sigh. "I'll say good night to you, gentlemen." And he walked away up the dark avenue toward the house, his hands clasped behind him and his big head bent in cogitation, so that he looked from behind rather like a caricature of Napoleon.

The rest of the group made increased haste toward the lodge gates, where an inspector and two constables could already be seen in consultation with a lodge-keeper. But the little priest only walked slower and slower in the dim cloister of pine, and at last stopped dead, still looking at the ground. It was his silent way of acknowledging an equally silent approach: for there came toward him down the avenue a presence that might have satisfied even Calhoun Kidd's demands for a lovely and aristocratic ghost. It was a young woman in silvery satins of a Renaissance design; she had golden hair in two long shining ropes, and a face so startlingly pale between them, that she might have been chryselephantine—made, that is, like some old Greek statues, out of ivory and gold. But her eyes were very bright, and her voice, though low, was confident.

"Father Brown," she said.

"Mrs. Boulnois?" he replied gravely. Then he looked at her, and immediately said: "I see you know about Sir Claude."

"How do you know I know?" she asked steadily.

He did not answer the question, but asked another:

"Have you seen your husband?"

"My husband is at home," she said. "He has nothing to do with this."

Again he did not answer; and the woman drew nearer to him, with a curiously intense expression on her face.

"Shall I tell you something more?" she said, with a rather fearful smile. "I don't think he did it . . . and *you* don't, either."

Father Brown returned her gaze with a long, grave stare, and then nodded, yet more gravely.

"Father Brown," said the lady, "I am going to tell you all I know, but I want you to do me a favour first. Will you tell me *why* you haven't jumped to the conclusion of poor John's guilt, as all the rest have done? Don't mind what you say; I — I know about the gossip and the appearances that are against him."

Father Brown looked honestly embarrassed, and passed his hand across his forehead.

"Three very little things," he said. "At least, one's very trivial and the others very vague. But, such as they are, they don't fit in with Mr. Boulnois being the murderer."

He turned his blank round face up to the stars and continued absent-mindedly:

"To take the vague idea first: I attach a good deal of importance to vague ideas. All those things that 'aren't evidence' are what convince me. I think a moral impossibility the biggest of all impossibilities. I know your husband only slightly, but I think this crime of his, as generally conceived, something very like a moral impossibility. Please do not think I mean that Boulnois could not be so wicked. Anybody can be wicked: as wicked as he chooses. We can direct our moral wills; but we can't generally change our instinctive tastes and ways of doing things. Boulnois might commit a murder, but not this murder. He would not snatch Romeo's sword from its romantic scabbard; or slay his foe on the sun-dial, as on a kind of altar; or leave his body among the roses; or fling the sword away among the pines. If Boulnois killed any one, he'd do it quietly and heavily, as he'd do any other doubtful thing: take a tenth glass of port, or read a loose Greek poet. No; the romantic setting is not like Boulnois. It's more like Champion."

"Ah," she said, and looked at him with eyes like diamonds.

"And the trivial thing was this," said Brown.

"There were finger-prints on that sword. Finger-prints can be detected quite a time after they are made, if it's on some polished surface like glass or steel. These were on a polished surface. They were half way down the blade of the sword. Whose prints they were I have no earthly clue; but why should anybody hold a sword half way down? It was a long sword, but length is an advantage in lunging at an enemy. At least, at most enemies. At all enemies except one."

"Except one!" she repeated.

"There is only one enemy," said Father Brown, "whom it is easier to kill with a dagger than a sword."

"I know," said the woman. "One's self."

There was a long silence, and then the priest said quietly but abruptly:

"Am I right, then? Did Sir Claude kill himself?"

"Yes," she said, with a face like marble. "I saw him do it."

"He died," said Father Brown, "for love of you?"

An extraordinary expression flashed across her face, very different from pity, modesty, remorse, or anything her companion had expected; her voice became suddenly strong and full.

"I don't believe," she said, "he ever cared about me a rap. He hated my husband."

"Why?" asked the other, and turned his round face from the sky to the lady.

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The New Food-Drink

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Requires No Boiling.

Those who have tried this new table beverage are enthusiastic about it.

There are many reasons that pleased people give us, and here are some:

"It has a rich flavour that we have been unable to get out of coffee altho we have tried several brands."

"Instant Postum has broken us of the coffee habit. Eight days after leaving off coffee I feel infinitely better—but what an appetite!"

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You can please yourself with this wholesome, healthful, hot drink, by ordering a tin from your grocer.

100-cup tin, 50c; 50-cup tin, 30c.

Or, if you desire to try before buying, send us a 2c stamp (for postage) and let us send you a 5-cup sample tin free.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

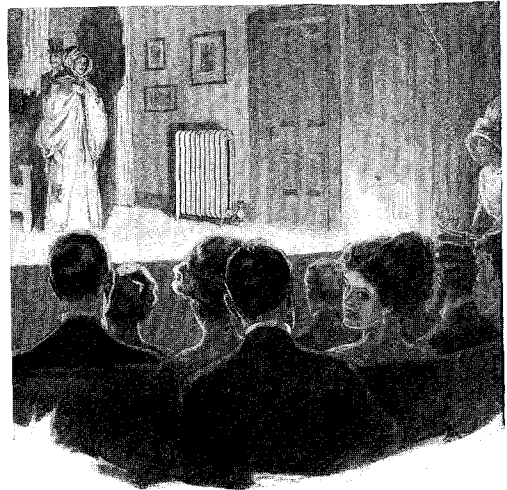
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Heating lightens life's drama

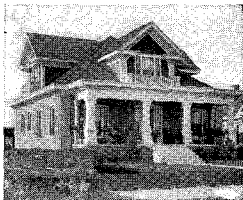
Years ago when theatrical folks desired to bring out a play with stage settings natural and home-like, they put a stove or fireplace in the scene. Nowadays the stage scenes of modern domestic and business life include a real or papier-mâché radiator. This recognition of up-to-dateness is due to the immense use of



AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

results produced by IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators — both in uniform room-comfort and lowering of the living expenses — account for this democracy of the modern radiator to which the theaters now testify by their use.

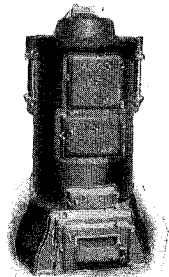
IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators produce cleanest heating known — no ash-dust, soot or coal-gases in living rooms to corrupt the breathing air, damage the furnishings, and make woman's every-day life a constant warfare of burdensome work, as results from old-time ways of heating.



A No. 1-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 422 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$210, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include costs of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

The lady in picture-foreground says to one of the party: "That's the heating we'll have when we build again." But, it is not necessary to wait—you can easily and quickly put an IDEAL Boiler and AMERICAN Radiators in your present home—without disturbing old heating equipment until ready to start fire in the new outfit. Thousands do it annually—enjoy real winter comfort—save fuel-money, and then get the original cost back should they later sell or rent.

Why not at once put ideal heating in the rooms of your every-day life drama? Write us (*to-day*, lest you forget). We will send (free): "Ideal Heating" book, which tells things on heat-making and heat-regulation which it will pay you big to know.



Write us also for catalogue of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner, that sets in cellar and is connected by iron suction pipes to rooms above. It is the first genuinely practical machine put on the market, and will last as long as the building.



Showrooms in all
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AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 21
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When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

"He hated my husband because . . . it is so strange, I hardly know how to say it . . . because . . ."

"Yes?" said Brown patiently.

"Because my husband wouldn't hate him."

Father Brown only nodded and seemed still to be listening. He differed from most detectives in fact and fiction in a small point: he never pretended not to understand when he understood perfectly well.

Mrs. Boulnois drew near once more, with the same contained glow of certainty.

"My husband," she said, "is a great man." She said it as if it were a secret, and she somehow made the hearer feel it was a fact. It was as if she had said he was a negro or an albino: it was not a matter of opinion.

"Sir Claude Champion," she went on, "was not a great man: he was a celebrated and successful man. My husband has never been celebrated or successful; and it is the solemn truth that he has never dreamed of being so. He no more expects to be famous for thinking than for smoking cigars. On all that side he has a sort of splendid stupidity. He has never grown up. He still liked Champion exactly as he liked him at school; he admired him as he would admire a conjuring trick done at the dinner-table. But he couldn't be got to conceive the notion of envying Champion. *And Champion wanted to be envied.* He went mad, and killed himself for that."

"Yes," said Father Brown; "I think I begin to understand."

"Oh, don't you see?" she cried. "The whole picture is made for that — the place is planned for it. Champion put John in a little house at his very door, like a dependent — to make him feel a failure. He never felt it. He thinks no more about such things than — than an absent-minded lion. Champion would burst in on John's shabbiest hours or homeliest meals with some dazzling present or announcement or expedition that made it like the visit of Haroun-al-Rashid, and John would accept or refuse amiably, with one eye off, so to speak, like one lazy schoolboy agreeing or disagreeing with another. After five years of it John had not turned a hair; and Sir Claude Champion was a monomaniac."

"And Haman began to tell them," said Father Brown, "of all the things wherein the King had honoured him; and he said, 'All these things profit me nothing while I see Mordecai the Jew sitting in the gate.'"

"The crisis came," Mrs. Boulnois continued, "when I persuaded John to let me take down some of his speculations and send them to a magazine. They began to attract attention,

Cut YOUR Heat Cost $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$

GET THE PECK WILLIAMSON

UNDERFEED FURNACE or BOILER

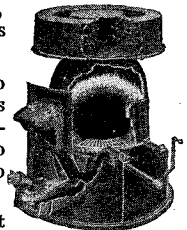
WHY pay two or three times the money *really* necessary for heat? The Underfeed cuts hard or soft coal bills $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$.

Last winter, with its long, zero blasts, the Underfeed made good everywhere with adequate, clean, even heat. The longer YOU put off Underfeed installation, the longer YOU burn up good money

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Smoke and gases (25 to 40% heat value in coal) pass up through the fire, are consumed and converted into useful heat instead of going to waste—up the chimney.



Live coals are on top—nearest the heating surfaces, instead of being "sandwiched" between fresh coal and grate as in other heaters. No clinkers form and but very few ashes.

Cut-Out View of Underfeed Furnace

Self-Cleaning Feature

Since the Underfeed consumes smoke, there is no soot. The fire-glow is upon clean metal, responsive to heat; whereas in topfeeds the "fire-shine" is upon heating surfaces deadened with a coat of soot-insulation. Topfeeds require frequent, troublesome cleaning; Underfeeds are self-cleaning.

From every angle—feeding, regulating and cleaning—the Underfeed requires least attention.

"Until I installed the Underfeed," writes Wm. H. Guild, 323 Washington Ave., Wheaton, Ill., "I burned best grades of hard coal costing me \$8 to \$8.25 per ton. I now burn the same number of tons of No. 4 washed pea coal, costing only \$3.25 to \$4.25 per ton, which supplies intense, even heat and burns with no smoke, gas or soot. The saving is evident."

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"‘COULD YOU DO ME THE FAVOR,’ ASKED KIDD, ‘OF DIRECTING ME TO THE GREY COTTAGE, WHERE MR. BOULNOIS LIVES?’"

especially in America; and one paper wanted to interview him. When Champion (who was interviewed nearly every day) heard of this late little crumb of success falling to his unconscious rival, the last link snapped that held back his devilish hatred. Then he began to lay that insane siege to my own love and honour which has been the talk of the shire. You will ask me why I allowed such atrocious attentions. I answer that I could not have declined them except by explaining to my husband: and there are some things the soul can not do, as the body can not fly. Nobody could have explained to my husband. Nobody could do it now. If you said to him in so many words, ‘Champion is stealing your wife,’ he would think the joke a little vulgar: that it could be anything but a joke — that notion could find no crack in his great skull to get in by. Well, John was to come and see us act this evening, but, just as we were starting, he said he wouldn’t — he had got an interesting book and a cigar. I told this to Sir Claude, and it was his death-blow. Somehow there was

something so careless and crushing, so elephantine and innocent, about John’s leaving us together while he finished a page or two of print, that the monomaniac suddenly saw despair. He stabbed himself, crying out like a devil that Boulnois was slaying him. He lies there in the garden, dead of his own jealousy to produce jealousy: and John is sitting in the dining-room reading a book.”

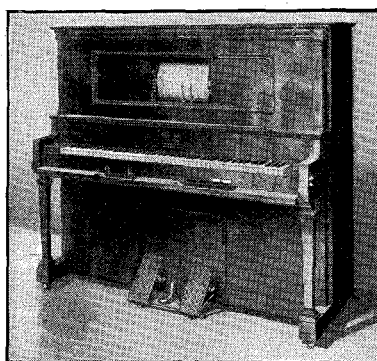
There was another silence, and then the little priest said:

“There is only one weak point, Mrs. Boulnois, in all your very vivid account. Your husband is not sitting in the dining-room reading a book. That American reporter told me he had been to your house: and your butler told him Mr. Boulnois had gone to Pendragon Park, after all.”

Her bright eyes widened to an almost electric glare; and yet it seemed rather bewilderment than confusion or fear.

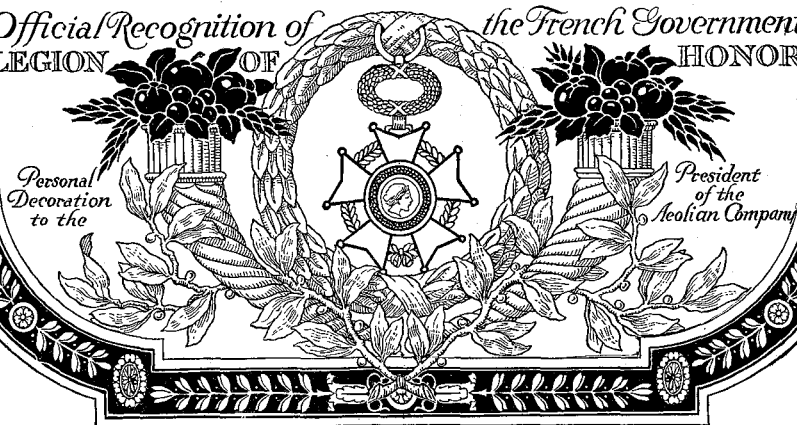
“Why, what *can* you mean?” she cried. “All the servants were out of the house, seeing the

The Weber PIANOLA Player Piano - \$1000



All that knowledge and art and craftsmanship could bring together to put music *into* an instrument is embodied in this perfect Weber Piano. All that genius, temperament, facility, art, heart and soul could combine to bring music *out of* an instrument is incorporated in the Pianola. Weber *and* Pianola! "*The Pianolist*," a book by Gustave Kobbé, is on sale at all book stores—or a copy will be sent with our compliments if you will write Dept Y, The Aeolian Company, Aeolian Hall, New York. Steinway, Steck, Stuyvesant, Stroud, Wheelock, and Weber Pianola Player Pianos.

Official Recognition of
LEGION OF HONOR the French Government



When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

**"BABY GRAND"**

Style A size 3x6.
Style B size 3½x7.
Style C size 4x8.

Real Billiards for the Home!

Play on a Genuine BRUNSWICK Home Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table

Not "make believe" billiards on a makeshift "toy" table. You can now play this finest of all indoor games *at home* on a magnificent "BABY GRAND," made by the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, whose tables are used exclusively by the world's billiard experts. Multiply home attractions, keep the young folks entertained, enjoy the mental stimulus of billiards by the purchase of

The Beautiful Brunswick "BABY GRAND"

A Masterpiece in Mahogany

The "Baby Grand" is an admirable example of the fine cabinet work for which "The House of Brunswick" is famous.

Genuine Mahogany, Inlaid Design, Richly Finished. Vermont, Slate Bed. Celebrated Baby Monarch Cushions. Concealed drawer holds Complete Playing Outfit. Scientifically constructed with perfect playing qualities. The "Baby Grand" is furnished either as a Carom or Pocket-Billiard Table or as a combination Carom and Pocket-Billiard Table, as desired.

Our Brunswick "Convertible" Billiard Tables can be instantly changed from billiard or pocket-billiard tables into handsome Davenport or Dining and Library Tables. Equal in playing qualities to our "Baby Grand" styles.

Over a Year to Pay

The purchaser has the option of paying all cash or small monthly payments spread over an entire year. Your investment in a "Brunswick" will pay dividends in health and happiness for the family circle.

Complete Playing Outfit Free

The price of each table includes complete Playing Equipment and all accessories—Cues, Balls, Bridge, Rack, Marks, Rules, also valuable book, "How to Play."

"Billiards—the Home Magnet," Free

Our beautiful book, "BILLIARDS, THE HOME MAGNET," accurately describes and illustrates in full colors the many styles of Billiard and Pocket-Billiard tables designed for the home. Gives special prices and full details of Easy Payment Proposition.



Billiard and Dining
or Library Table

SIGN AND MAIL!

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. CQ. 324-328 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, U. S. A.

Gentlemen: Please send to the address below your Easy Purchase Proposition and Book

"Billiards—the Home Magnet"

Name

Address

Town.....State.....

theatricals. And we don't keep a butler, thank goodness!"

Father Brown started and spun half round like an absurd teetotum.

"What — what?" he cried, seeming galvanized into sudden life. "Look here — I say — can I make your husband hear if I go to the house?"

"Oh, the servants will be back by now," she said, wondering.

"Right, right," rejoined the cleric energetically, and set off scuttling up the path toward the Park gates. He turned once to say:

"Better get hold of that Yankee, or 'Crime of John Boulnois' will be all over the Republic in large letters."

"You don't understand," said Mrs. Boulnois. "He wouldn't mind. I don't think he imagines that America really is a place."

When Father Brown reached the house with the beehive and the drowsy dog, a small and neat maid-servant showed him into the dining-room, where Boulnois sat reading by a shaded lamp, exactly as his wife described him. A decanter of port and a wine-glass were at his elbow; and, the instant the priest entered, he noted the long ash stand out unbroken on his cigar.

"He has been here for half an hour at least," thought Father Brown. In fact, he had the air of sitting where he had sat when his dinner was cleared away.

"Don't get up, Mr. Boulnois," said the priest, in his pleasant, prosaic way; "I sha'n't interrupt you a moment. I fear I break in on some of your scientific studies."

"No," said Boulnois; "I was reading 'The Bloody Thumb.'" He said it with neither frown nor smile, and his visitor was conscious of a certain deep and virile indifference in the man which his wife had called greatness. He laid down a gory yellow "shocker" without even feeling its incongruity enough to comment on it humorously.

John Boulnois was a big, slow-moving man with a massive head partly grey and partly bald, and blunt, burly features. He was in shabby and very old-fashioned evening dress, with a narrow triangular opening of shirt-front. He never put the suit on but once in a decade, and it was many decades old: he had assumed it that evening in his original purpose of going to see his wife act Juliet. He had long since forgotten what clothes he was wearing.

"I won't keep you long from the 'Bloody Thumb' or any other catastrophic affairs," said Father Brown, smiling; "I only came to ask you about the crime you committed this evening."

Boulnois looked at him steadily; but a red bar

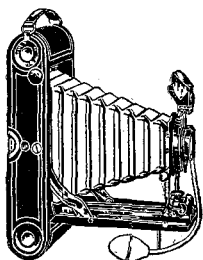
Anyone
can
make
Home
Portraits



From a Kodak negative (reduced).

The Kodak Way

The deep satisfaction and pleasure of intimate home portraits of family and friends—taken in the every-day home surroundings and atmosphere, are possible to every Kodak owner.



Ordinary window lighting—no dark room required for any of the work—not even for developing and printing.

*"At Home with the Kodak," charmingly illustrated, tells you how.
Free for the asking. At your dealers or write us.*

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y., *The Kodak City.*

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

Fairy Soap

**Pure-White
The oval Cake**

¶ You cannot judge the quality of Fairy Soap by its price—5c.

We put into it the best oils and fats obtainable, and the only thing we could add—if we were to sell it at 25 cents—would be high-priced perfumes, which would lend nothing to the quality or efficiency.

¶ Fairy is the only white, floating soap that is made in the oval shape, and this alone makes it far more desirable than the old-fashioned oblong bars.

¶ For the toilet and bath, there's no soap so good as Fairy.

THE
N. K. FAIRBANK
COMPANY
CHICAGO

PRICE

5c

"Have You a
Little 'Fairy'
in Your Home?"



When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

began to show across his broad brow, and he seemed like one discovering embarrassment for the first time.

"I know it was a strange crime," assented Brown in a low voice. "Stranger than murder, perhaps — to you. The little sins are sometimes harder to confess than the big ones — but that's why it's so important to confess them. Your crime is committed by every fashionable hostess six times a week; and yet you find it stick to your tongue like a nameless atrocity."

"It makes one feel," said the philosopher slowly, "such a fool."

"I know," assented the other; "but one often has to choose between feeling a fool and being one."

"I can't analyze myself well," went on Boulnois; "but, sitting in that chair with that story, I was as happy as a schoolboy on a half holiday. It was security, eternity — I can't convey it. . . . The cigars were within reach . . . the matches were within reach . . . the Thumb had four more appearances to . . . it was not only a peace but a plenitude. Then that bell rang, and I thought for one long mortal minute

that I couldn't get out of that chair — literally, physically, muscularly couldn't. Then I did it, like a man lifting the world, because I knew all the servants were out. I opened the front door, and there was a little man with his mouth open to speak and his note-book open to write in. I remembered the Yankee interviewer I had forgotten. His hair was parted in the middle, and I tell you that murder —"

"I understand," said Father Brown; "I've seen him."

"I didn't commit murder," continued the Catastrophist mildly, "but only perjury. I said I had gone across to Pendragon Park, and shut the door in his face. That is my crime, Father Brown, and I don't know what penance you would inflict for it."

"I sha'n't inflict any penance," said the clerical gentleman, collecting his heavy hat and umbrella with an air of some amusement: "quite the contrary. I came here specially to let you off the little penance that would otherwise have followed your little offense."

"And what," asked Boulnois, smiling, "is the little penance I have so luckily been let off?"

"Being hanged," said Father Brown.

*Another Father Brown story will be published in March. This is one of the additional
McCLURE features that will appear every month*

BY THE FIRE

BY

ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE gray wind calls in the dark to-night —
At my window, it beats and peers;
It cries as if this year to-night
Were the last of all the years.

The leaves are driven in packs to-night;
They rustle and huddle and go
Down the dim streets about the town,
While the pipes of the gray wind blow.

And the gray wind's spirit is mine, I know;
Together we roam to-night —
The gray wind abroad in the leaves and trees,
And I in the red firelight.



SENATOR F. M. SIMMONS
INTO WHOSE HANDS ALL THE GREAT POWER OF
THE SENATE FINANCE COMMITTEE PASSES
FROM PENROSE AND ALDRICH

"THE most isolated man in this country," said a New Jersey politician, "is Woodrow Wilson. He is courteous, affable, socially most agreeable. But his real interest in life is thoroughly impersonal and intellectual. He has not one intimate or confidant in the world."

It is for this reason, no doubt, that the quadrennial mystery concerning the personality of the incoming President of the United States, and the forces that will work for and against him to create the next four years of political history in this country, is greater than it has been for years and even decades. It has been nearly thirty years since there has been such absence of information concerning the incoming national administration as exists today in the wisest centers of political news in Washington.

It is now something more than two years since New Jersey politicians, believers in and long-time practitioners of the old working philosophy of personal non-theoretical politics, nominated for Governor the leading theoretical political economist in America. He accepted,

WHAT WILSON IS UP AGAINST

BY

GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

AUTHOR OF "THE FORCES BEHIND
TAFT," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS
BY E. V. NADHERNY



SENATOR THOMAS P. GORE
ONE OF THE FEW MEN WHO HAVE THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

"The Standard Paper for Business Stationery"



Old Hampshire Bond

Examine Your Average Morning's Mail

WE concede your right to debate with yourself whether or not you want your letter paper to be as good as the best you see.

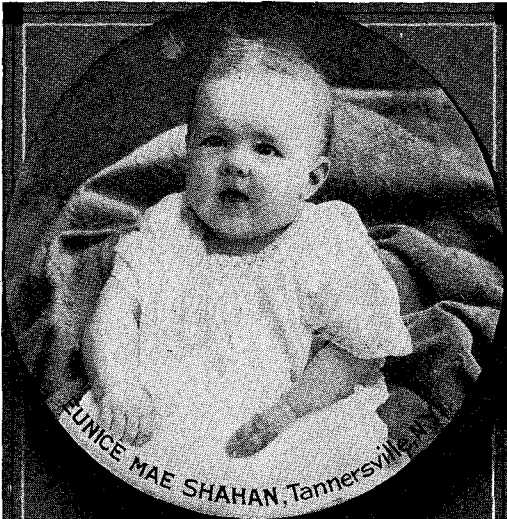
You may not *want* superior stationery—in spite of all the reasons why you *should* want it.

But if you do appreciate the impressive and inspirational value of fine letterheads, we must ask you to concede the superiority of Old Hampshire Bond. An inspection of the best looking letters that reach your desk should prove this. The Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens will certainly prove it.

Ask for this book. You will enjoy looking through it—it gives good ideas. It shows a wide selection of letterheads and other business forms. You are sure to find one style of printing, lithographing or engraving on white or one of the fourteen colors of Old Hampshire Bond that will express exactly the feeling-tone you desire for your stationery. Write for it on your present letterhead.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively



"She's the happiest baby ever," gratefully writes Mrs. Shahan, wife of Rev. Geo. H. Shahan, Tannersville, N. Y. Little Eunice has been raised on

ESKAY'S FOOD

since she was six weeks old, and "has never seen a sick day."

Mothers—your baby will be well and happy if his food thoroughly nourishes.

FOR INVALIDS

Eskay's Food makes an agreeable change in the diet and provides a highly-nourishing and easily-digested food. Literature and sample free.

Eskay's Food added to pure, fresh cow's milk provides *everything* necessary to nourish and develop, and is so near mother's milk that baby doesn't notice the change. Eskay's is used by the medical profession generally.

"Ask your Doctor"

TEN FEEDINGS FREE

Smith, Kline & French Co., 443 Arch St., Philadelphia
Gentlemen: Please send me free 10 feedings of Eskay's Food and your helpful book for mothers, "How to Care for the Baby."

Name.....
Street and Number.....
City and State.....

made—as might have been expected—a most scholarly and intellectual campaign, and poured out to interested audiences crystal essays on general political principles with the freedom and clarity of a mountain spring. He had successfully transferred his extraordinary gifts as a speaker from the class-room to the wider spaces of the public platform.

Suddenly, toward the end of the campaign, he was attacked by the enemy. A letter from the Republican radical and reformer, George L. Record, was thrown at him, asking what he proposed to do about a long list of definite reforms, if elected; how he would act toward the personal machine that had nominated him. His answer was clear and sharp, and right on the reforms; on the matter of organization, he replied that he did not believe in a personal god in the machine, and would murder him politically at his earliest convenience. So Woodrow Wilson was chosen Governor of New Jersey.

Once elected, he carried out his contract, and smashed Smith, the State boss who had nominated him, with engaging frankness and directness. Then began at once—propagated by exponents of the personal theory of government—the first Wilson tradition: that Wilson was a cold, far-sighted, and ambitious man, who, having mounted, kicked down the persons on whose backs he had climbed. As a matter of fact, a high-minded and courageous man had been taken directly from a university chair into the world of practical politics and given at once a concrete choice between government by a personal boss and government by principles. There was only one answer.

So, having disposed of his personal conductors, Mr. Wilson passed on to put through the reforms promised in his letter to Record, and attacked the legislature with the calmness of an impersonal mental force meeting and demolishing a problem in algebra in space. His theory had always been that a Governor or President should be the actual head and director of an administration—legislative as well as executive. He went straight at the legislature, entered the Democratic legislative caucus, and insisted upon the passing of reform measures, which finally went through.

At this time began the tradition that Woodrow Wilson was the one great American miracle of a political theorist transformed in the twinkling of an eye to a practical politician. His reforms, in fact, went through, and the frankness, directness, and unworldliness of his attack did much to drive them. But, to get finally the last few votes of the majority to push them over,



Cold Weather and Bad Roads

A combination you will meet often during the next two months. It will test your motor to the limit. Is your motor ready for the test?

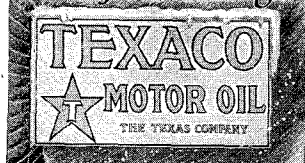
During cold weather the question of lubrication is vital. Many oils congeal, become "lumpy." You start your motor. For half an hour or so, until the oil becomes thoroughly heated, the motor gets practically no lubrication. That plays havoc with the cylinder walls.

Texaco Motor Oil shows a zero cold test. It will not congeal at that temperature. During the coldest weather it will *lubricate perfectly*.

When you use Texaco Motor Oil your motor delivers *maximum power* with *minimum consumption*. Tests of Texaco Motor Oil conducted during runs of 20,000 miles and more have shown an *entire absence of carbon* accumulation.

Texaco Motor Oil should be *your* oil this winter. It is for sale in 1 and 5 gallon cans at most good garages and supply shops.

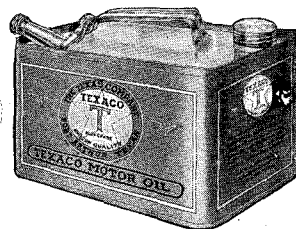
When Touring,
Look for This Sign



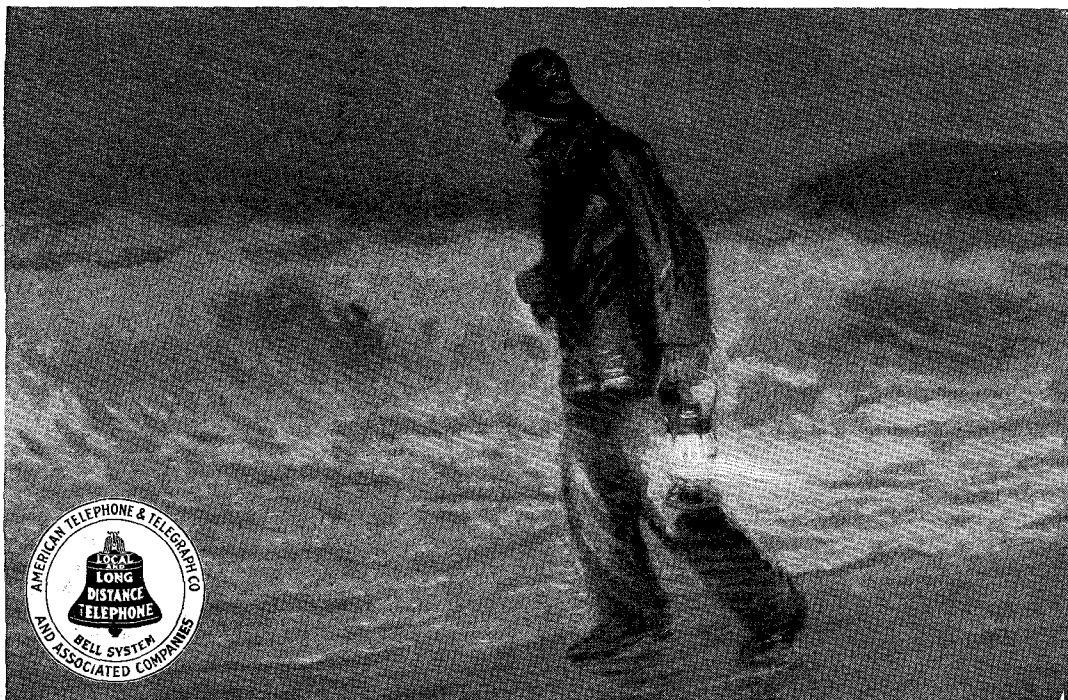
For instructive and interesting booklet, "Maintaining a Motor Car," address Dept. A., 15 Battery Place, N. Y. City.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
HOUSTON Branch Offices: NEW YORK

Boston	St. Louis	New Orleans	Pueblo
Philadelphia	Norfolk	Dallas	Tulsa
Chicago	Atlanta	El Paso	



When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.



Always on Guard

No matter where a ship may be along the American coast; no matter how dark, or cold, or stormy the night, the coast guard is on watch, patrolling the nearest beach or rocky cliffs.

This man, always on guard, could, by his own unsupported efforts, do little to save life, or to guide ships away from perilous points.

As a unit in an efficient system and able, at a moment's notice, to command the service of his nearby station, he becomes a power to whom all ship owners and passengers are indebted.

In the same way, the Bell Telephone in your home and office is always on guard.

By itself, it is only an ingenious instrument; but as a vital unit in the Bell System, which links together seven million other telephones in all parts of this country, that single telephone instrument becomes a power to help you at any moment of any hour, day or night.

It costs unwearied effort and millions of dollars to keep the Bell System always on guard, but this is the only kind of service that can adequately take care of the social and commercial needs of all the people of a Nation.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

there was crying need of reformers trained in the ordinary wiles of working politics.

Every week the reform measures would start in the legislature; every week the machine politicians there would snarl and twist and be-devil them; and every week's end they would be taken to outside reformers, to have the tricks and "jokers" picked out of them. Then, every Monday morning, they would start upon their way again, until finally they became the law. It was during this time—quite fortunately—that Mr. Wilson fell in with the "Fenians."

The new Governor was not a practising politician—he had, in fact, no illusions on this point; and he came to take counsel more and



SENATOR BENJAMIN TILLMAN

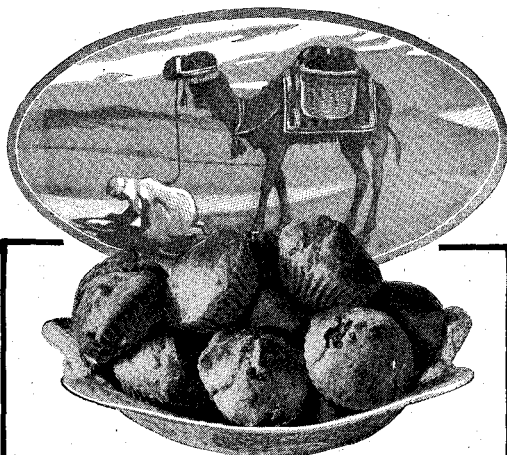
THE "PITCHFORK HERO OF THE WOOL HAT MOVEMENT"—ONE OF THE STRONG CONSERVATIVE FORCES OF THE SENATE

more frequently with a group of politicians in northeastern New Jersey who had a warm sympathy for reform plus a training in the hard and guileful school of the local politics in Jersey cities.

From these men, jocularly known as the "Fenians," Mr. Wilson learned some elements of local politics—the necessity of tactics, the use of patronage for righteousness' sake, and something of the psychology of the average voter.

The new Governor was a candid and a willing learner.

"On just what grounds do you arrive at that conclusion?" he would ask conscientiously.



On Baking Day

it's so hard to think of something *new*. You'll have a food that is both unusual and healthful if you make

Dromedary Date Muffins

Cream two tablespoonfuls butter with quarter cupful sugar; add two well-beaten eggs, then one cupful milk, and two cupfuls flour and two teaspoonfuls baking powder; beat thoroughly and add pinch of salt and one cupful of Dromedary Dates cut fine. Bake in a quick oven.

This is only one of the almost endless variety of fine dishes and desserts to be made with

Dromedary Dates

From the Garden of Eden

They are soft and luscious—the pick of the crop in Arabia's finest date gardens. They come to you fresh, moist and clean in our special dustproof package. An ideal confection and an easily digested food. If not at your dealer's,

Send 10c for Special Sample-Size Package

Book of 100 Prize Recipes

sent on receipt of dealer's name. Ask dealer also for

DROMEDARY Fresh-Keeping COCOANUT

In new package that keeps it continuously fresh. Sample FREE.

THE HILLS BROS. CO.

Dept. 16, Beach and
Washington Streets,
New York City



**For Hurried
Note-taking**
or leisureed writing the
pencil which gives com-
pletest satisfaction is
L. & C. Hardtmuth's
Koh-i-noor
PROPELLING
Pencil.

The lead remains perfectly
rigid when writing. No sharp-
ening required. Made in great
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Supplied by high-class
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list on application to
L. & C. HARDTMUTH,
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Koh-i-noor House, London, Eng.



Macey
Book Cabinets
Do Not Look Sectional-
But They Are

MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS

KEITH'S Big \$2.00 Offer



Our 80-page monthly magazine, KEITH'S "On Home Building," for a year and your choice of any of KEITH'S famous \$1 Plan Books, giving views, sizes, costs, etc. All for subscription price \$2. *Select Your Plan Book.*

215 Bungalows and Cottages . . . \$1	1191 Attract. Homes \$2500-\$3000 \$1
138 Attract. Homes \$1200-\$1600 \$1	207 " " \$2000-\$4000 \$1
136 " " \$1600-\$2000 \$1	172 " " \$4000 and up \$1
226 " " \$2000-\$2500 \$1	1250 Beautiful Interiors \$1

M. L. KEITH, 419 McKnight Bldg., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

And, when he had weighed the matter thoroughly, he acted. He went in a straight line, when he decided, and he went to the limit, without fear. A new type had come into high American politics — one of the intellectual heroes of modern science, more or less oblivious to personal relations and claims, but ready always to shed their last drop of blood for the binomial theorem. The best political economist in America and the hard-headed reform politicians made a splendid working team.

After that first year there were fewer measures of reform in New Jersey, either projected or accomplished. There was comment on the fact, some of it very critical. The exponents of the old school of Jersey politics held loudly that Wilson was neglecting his State and hunting for the Presidency. The historic fact was that about that time the Fenians, absorbed more and more by their personal affairs, contributed less time to the counsels of the administration, and the "Katydids" rushed in to take their place.



CONGRESSMAN CLAYTON
A REACTIONARY WITH POWER TO BLOCK ANTI-CORPORATION LEGISLATION

The Katydids were the dapper ones, in white tennis flannels and tan shoes, who later, when Wilson's candidacy for the Presidential nomination grew, flitted through the grass and shrub-



GOOD FURNITURE should not only be an indication of good taste but of careful choice.

Your home is an expression of your self; your furniture, wisely selected, makes your home harmonious. You no longer buy furniture for today, you buy it for the future. Berkey & Gay furniture expresses the thoughts and principles which are known to be lasting, for the simple reason that they represent those which have endured through centuries. Our master workers think and feel and work as did the great furniture designers and makers of the historical periods. With them, the wood is a medium for the expression of truth in design and in construction. Quality with them is above price—they make a piece so because it cannot be right unless it is so. For this reason, when you buy Berkey & Gay furniture you are buying

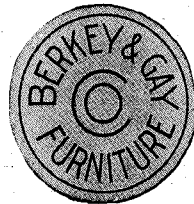
For Your Children's Heirlooms

EACH piece we make bears our shop-mark. It is not a mere label; it is *inlaid*—made a lasting part of the piece. Ask the salesman to show it to you. It is an enduring guaranty of material, design, workmanship and value, and symbolizes the principles which have formed our policy for over half a century.

Our dealer, with the displays on his floors and our portfolio of direct photographs, will enable you to select from our entire line.

The choosing of one or two pieces, or furniture for the entire home, is made simple and pleasant.

ONE splendid way to know and understand our furniture is to read our de luxe book, "Character in Furniture." We cannot issue a catalog, because we do not make catalog furniture. "Character in Furniture" informs you of the reasons for period pieces, gives you the history of their development. We will send you a copy for fifteen two-cent stamps. Also, if you wish, we will send you, free, "The Story of Berkey & Gay," which tells how the ambition of two young men established America's furniture center in Grand Rapids.



This inlaid mark of honor identifies to you each Berkey & Gay piece

Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.

172 Monroe Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

bery at Sea Girt. Their leader was the active young New York lawyer, William F. McCombs, and their motto was, "Hush, hush!" "You have satisfied the radicals' thirst for action," they reasoned; "keep still and don't scare off the conservatives."

Then began the talk, all over the United States, of Wilson's "hedging." Under the soothing influence of the Katydids, as a matter of fact, Mr. Wilson simply turned again, with

Woodrow Wilson, the leading candidates for the presidential nomination, to state their position on the proposed reactionary organization of the Democratic convention. Clark — circus-riding both radicalism and conservatism for the nomination — responded with a Delphic utterance signifying nothing.

The Katydids, hating Bryan with all the cold hatred of the effete East, called on Wilson to do the same as Clark,— to "hedge" with all his



SENATOR HOKE SMITH
WHO MAY WIN A NATIONAL REPUTATION AS
WILSON'S SPOKESMAN AND AS A LEADER
OF THE PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRATS



SENATOR THOMAS S. MARTIN
THOMAS F. RYAN'S POLITICAL FRIEND IN VIRGINIA,
WHO WILL PROBABLY BE DEMOCRATIC
LEADER OF THE SENATE

relief, to his natural theoretic interest in politics, and threw out that stream of political generalities which glittered so brilliantly through the campaign.

Woodrow Wilson — the Man Without Confidants

The day came again — as it had with Record's letter in the Jersey campaign — when generalities ceased to satisfy. In an open letter, William Jennings Bryan asked Champ Clark and

natural powers,— and even offered him a form of the telegram that he should use. He deposited it in his waste-basket, and wrote a sharp, clean-cut statement of his position. For this Bryan and the progressive Democrats nominated him; and by that one act he became the President of the United States. When he had answered Bryan's letter, he returned again at once to his favorite discussions of political economy.

The Katydids danced in and out of Sea Girt. Ostensibly they were at the head of the cam-



"The Sunshine Soda"
Breaks evenly in the center

THE only crisp, flaky soda biscuit that can be eaten with pleasure any time, anywhere, without the usual mussiness of crumbs. It tastes as good as it looks, baked to a golden richness amid the sunshine of the "Bakery with a Thousand Windows."

5
Cents

Sunshine

Biscuits

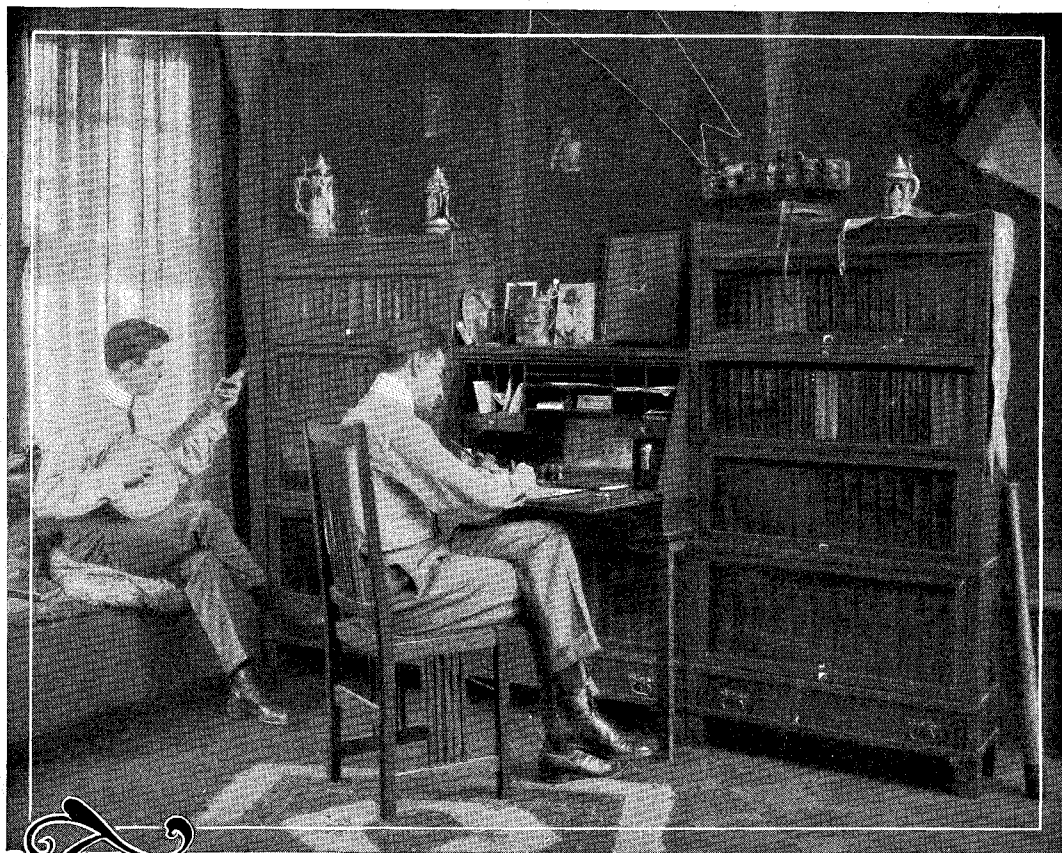
are made in variety to suit every taste and every occasion. That you may know how different and how delicious they are

Send for Our Sunshine "Surprise Box" Your name and address and the name of your grocer on a post card brings it FREE. Don't delay Write at once.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

575 Causeway St., Boston, Mass.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.



HIS is the Globe-Wernicke period in bookcases. The unit construction of the Globe-Wernicke bookcase promotes an added interest in the collection of such books as are worth reading and worth keeping. When it is so easy and economical to store books in such attractive quarters, it is but natural that even the younger generation should take considerable pride in starting individual libraries devoted to specialized branches of study. Whether in the home or school, the Globe-Wernicke bookcase contributes much to the pleasure of all who find satisfaction in a growing library where provision has been made for all possible future additions. The Globe-Wernicke bookcase can be had in all styles and finishes, to harmonize with any interior trim.

"Booklovers' Shopping List"—This little book lists the works of great authors and gives the prices of the same in sets. The list includes the low-priced, popular sets as well as the de luxe editions. Every book buyer should have a copy. Sent free with the Globe-Wernicke catalog. Address Department M

The Globe-Wernicke Co.,

Cincinnati, Ohio

Branch Stores:

New York . . . 380-382 Broadway
Philadelphia, 1012-1014 Chestnut St.

Chicago, 231-235 So. Wabash Ave.
Boston, . . . 91-93 Federal St.

Washington, 1218-1220 F St., N. W.
Cincinnati, 128-134 Fourth Ave., E.

Globe-Wernicke

Sectional Bookcases

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

paign. The advanced progressive Democrats of national influence came into Wilson's counsels. All were consulted, but none penetrated very deeply into the stronghold of the candidate's personality. By nature he is a solitary, self-contained man, witty, courteous, personally most attractive, but essentially interested in intellectual principles, not in personal relations. Even during the campaign, he went to the theater alone; wandered about Sea Girt, lonely as a cloud; read, walked alone.

The election came; and the successful candidate, waiting for its returns, sat reading a work on American government. The election past, he sailed across the sea to Bermuda, retired deeper and deeper into the walled garden of his personality, and rested, read, and studied out alone the duties and program of his four years. And, back on the mainland over which he was to be ruler, the forces were developing that were to act and react on his coming administration.

Never before has a new President been in an exactly similar position. He is free to an unprecedented extent from political creditors and alliances. A campaign waged along the broadest of general lines offered no promises exact enough to constitute a specific program. And yet, no one doubts that he stands at a definite and tremendously significant parting of the ways. The active forces of progress and change urge in one direction; in the other, the great passive forces of conservatism.

After all, conservatism, that immortal monster of politics, is really a sluggish beast, with no more spectacular appetite than the strong purpose to be left alone. And, naturally, the powers that work for this are the quietest and most soothing influences in politics. Every President of the United States is met and greeted by their subtle influences at the outset of his service. And all recent American administrations have been damned, not by what they do, but by what they do not do.

Of the influences that surrounded Mr. Wilson the beginning, the Katyids remain, preserving his oldest associations in Princeton and New Jersey. They will be against action, so far as their powers extend. That their counsels will have no determining force in definite crises has already been shown. Their greatest influence, as has been demonstrated in New Jersey, will be to furnish an atmosphere conducive to caution and tending to suffocate impulses for active, definite reform. No one can charge that Mr. Wilson has been dominated in any way by them; yet, nevertheless, since their appearance in his counsels there has been a great falling off in the definiteness of his utterances on gov-

The Light of Home

is seldom strong enough to allow of the best indoor photography with an ordinary lens.



But you can overcome all difficulties with a

Bausch and Lomb Zeiss TESSAR LENS

Its remarkable power of gathering and transmitting light and its precise optical corrections enable you to make indoor portraits in comparatively weak light as well as action pictures under the most difficult conditions. No lens equals it in all-round efficiency.

Booklet 211 giving prices and information as to the best lens for your purpose, will be sent free on request. And why not call on your dealer?

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
NEW YORK WASHINGTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON ROCHESTER, N.Y. FRANKFORT

VOSE

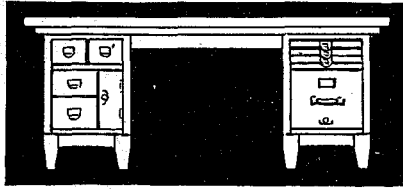
PIANOS

The tone, touch and magnificent wearing qualities of the VOSE Piano are explained by the exclusive patented features, the high-grade material and superb workmanship that enter into their construction. The VOSE is an ideal Piano for the home. Over 70,000 sold. Delivered in the United States free of charge. Satisfaction guaranteed. Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.

FREE—if you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautifully illustrated catalog that gives full information.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO., 160 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

A Work-Bench



for Busy Men

Here is a genuine efficiency desk—an economizer of time, space and labor. It's for the busy man (perhaps yourself) whose energy is most valuable of all to your concern.

This B-M "Desk With Brains" keeps all your regular business tools—lists, reports, information, data—in easy reach. You can easily change the B-M "Desk With Brains" as needs change because it is built from fractional sections you can get at any time from dealers in B-M Quality Office Furniture.

Over 8000 Combinations Are Possible

Write us for chart showing parts or—ask any B-M Dealer. The chart enables you to study—and select—parts for a B-M "Desk With Brains" fitted to your own special needs.

Write for the chart at once. Don't be content with a clumsy, old-fashioned desk. Find out about this new efficiency work-bench—thoroughly up-to-date. Write before you forget.

Browne-Morse Company

502 McKinney Ave. Muskegon, Michigan
Dealers—The B-M Quality Line is extensively advertised and ours is an "Exclusive Agency Proposition."

ernmental reforms, and of the accomplishments of his administration in New Jersey.

But this force is of minor consequence when compared to the forces of reaction that are shaping now to meet the new President in the national Congress at Washington.

The Old Congressional Machine

Now, in Congress, even more than through the presidency, initiative and action must come from progressive sentiment. The burden of proof is always strongly on those desiring change. Conservatism merely sits and solidifies the interests against it; but a great and urgent impulse is needed to effect advance.

Such an impulse came half a dozen years ago from the Republican insurgents of the North and West. It was not extensive, but it was very impetuous and virile; and its representatives threw themselves at once against the traditions of Congress. For there was an inevitable conflict between them.

Radicalism represents youth and changing conditions. The American Congress—beyond nearly all bodies of its kind in the world—is organized and controlled by age and precedent. Every piece of business introduced goes at once, not to the body itself, but to a committee. It dies or comes out from the committee, exactly as that committee chooses. And all committees have been made up by slow promotion of their numbers according to age of service. Age sits in control, in the person of the powerful chairman and the older and more influential members of the committee.

The Republican insurgents could introduce what measures they chose; they died, generally suffocated in committees. In desperation, the insurgents began their attack upon the general Republican machine, which governed the operation of the House. The Democrats were their allies, greater in number, but impelled by a less vigorous desire for change. In 1910 the Democrats obtained control of the Lower House.

The practical test of the forces behind the Democratic victory of 1910, as everybody recognized, was the organization of their House. The radical Democrats and the Progressives protested actively against the following of the old precedent in making up committees. In vain. The impulse behind the Democrats was not radical enough to make a change. Inertia ruled. The old conservatives appeared at the head of the committees; the Republican insurgents were automatically cut out, with the lessening of the total number of Republicans in committees; and the active committee management and control fell to the old-time professional Congressmen from the South, and the great, permanently Democratic cities of the North.

FACTORY GUTTED

Lighted Pipe in Workman's Pocket
Starts \$5,000 Blaze

BELMONT, June 11—Fire this afternoon destroyed the factory and office building of the Dillon Manufacturing Company, entailing a loss of close to \$5,000. A lighted pipe left in a workman's pocket is given as the cause of the fire, which smoldered in a closet and gained disastrous headway before being discovered. Local firemen succeeded in saving the company's warehouse.

READ THIS, THEN WRITE

for your copy of the illustrated catalogue giving information that will positively prevent this danger and loss.

PEN-DAR

PLANISHED
STEEL
LOCKERS

are fire-proof, vermin proof, thief proof. They are sold singly, or in units.

They are cheap insurance in Factory or Home. Write for "Locker Information."

EDW. DARBY & SONS CO., Inc.

240 Arch Street, :: :: Philadelphia, Pa.

Designers and Makers of Steel Cabinets, Bins and Shelves

The POSTAL exemplifies interstate life - insurance

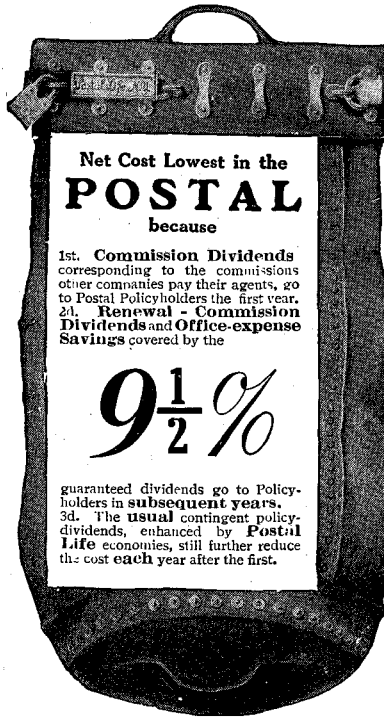
Receives business from every State—direct

THERE are 252 legal reserve life-insurance companies in the country, all operating through agents, yet only 33 of these companies do business in the State of New York: several withdrew after the reform measures went into effect, and only one has entered the State since.

Similarly, of the largest four New York companies—"the giants," so-called—not one does business in Texas; two of them do not "enter" Wisconsin, and the fourth does no business in ten States.

All of these companies have their troubles just because they operate through agents: the States will not let agents solicit business unless their companies take out licenses, pay so-called "occupation" taxes, and submit to other State exactions, which some companies cannot, or will not, do.

The Postal Life, a New York company, complying with all the strict requirements of that State, is the only insurance institution that receives business from *every State in the Union*, thus enabling everyone to arrange insurance *direct*.



The POSTAL is, in quite a true sense, an interstate institution and it can transact an interstate business, because it is a non-agency company: it dispenses with agents; it does not send them into the various States, and is therefore exempt from the various expensive requirements applicable to companies employing agents and agencies. *Postal policyholders get the benefit.*

Pays claims in every State—promptly

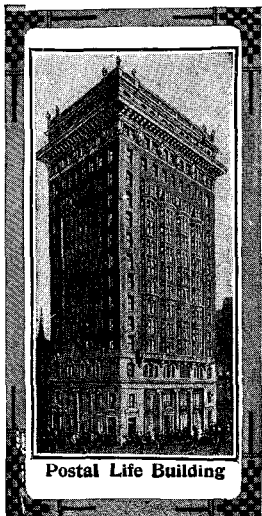
THE one who wants insurance in the Postal Life *writes*, not as a citizen of Texas, Wisconsin, or any other State, but as a citizen of the United States, *direct* to the Company's New York headquarters—in its Home-Office Building—its *only place of business*. The POSTAL answers by mail, employing the usual Government facilities, and it is thus subject to the United States Postal Authorities—also to the Federal Courts.

Uncle Sam brings letters from applicants, wherever they live, and takes the Company's answers wherever they are directed.

Insurance is thus arranged and policy-claims are paid by check mailed *direct* to the beneficiary—and *promptly*.

Those who thus wisely write the POSTAL save for *themselves* not only the cost of field supervision, State license fees, "occupation" taxes, and other State charges, but also *save* and *receive* the commissions that other companies pay their agents: these *non-agency savings* are *guaranteed* in all the POSTAL'S policy-contracts, as specified herein.

Read the message the mail-bag brings



Postal Life Building

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻
'Twill pay you to find out the exact sum the Company will save you at your age on any standard form of contract—Whole-Life, Limited Payment Life, Endowment—for adults—or on the Company's Child Welfare Policy.

No agent will be sent to visit you: the POSTAL LIFE dispenses with agents. Call at the office or write for full *official* information. Simply say:

Mail me insurance-particulars as per advertisement in the McClure's for February

In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your full name.
2. Your occupation.
3. The exact date of your birth.

Address:

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The Only Non-Agency Company in America

WM. R. MALONE, President

35 Nassau Street, New York

STRONG POSTAL POINTS

First: *Old-line legal-reserve insurance—not fraternal or assessment.*

Second: *Standard policy reserves, now more than \$10,000,000. Insurance in force more than \$50,000,000.*

Third: *Standard policy provisions, approved by the State Insurance Department.*

Fourth: *Operates under strict State requirements and subject to the United States postal authorities.*

Fifth: *High medical standards in the selection of risks.*

Sixth: *Policyholders' Health Bureau arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.*

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

The Power of the Old Congressman

A great deal has been said about a limitation of term for the presidency; it is advocated, as a matter of fact, in the Democratic platform. Much could be said, also — especially from the standpoint of the radically inclined — favoring a limitation of the terms of Congressmen. Distance and lapse of time make the radical voices of the curbstone and the soil fainter and more faint; and the voice of Washington grows stronger as the years go on. And nowhere has the drift been more noticeable than in the professional congressmen returned, term after term, by the undisturbed Democracy of the South.

fused dinner invitations because he would not submit to that effete and undemocratic institution, evening clothes. Ben Tillman, the pitchfork hero of the Wool Hat movement, melted gradually into the conservative purposes of the most conservative Republican management in the Senate. And the Champ Clark of the early '90's, whose wrathful explosions of the radicalism that was in him strained the proprieties of the *Congressional Record*, in 1912 composed with perfect ease alliances with the most reactionary interests in the country.

The progressives and radicals, both Republican and Democratic, were disappointed in the make-up of committees. They were equally disappointed in their other hope — their plan



REPRESENTATIVE A. MITCHELL PALMER
OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHO WAS ONE OF THE SILENT
FORCES BEHIND WILSON'S NOMINATION
AND ELECTION



REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM C. ADAMSON
OF GEORGIA, ONE OF THE DEMOCRATIC LEADERS
IN THE HOUSE, WHO WAS AN OPPONENT
OF PURE FOOD LEGISLATION

It was not so very long ago, as many men in Washington recall, that Bailey, that true friend of Standard Oil and Wall Street, came flaming out of Texas, a young prophet of reform, who re-

to obtain for the House the right, which the Senate has always had, to take any measure from a committee and act upon it, when a majority voted to do so. Without this power the

AT YOUR COMMAND

NARCISSUS

ROBIN HOOD

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS

DOLLAR PRINCESS

PINK LADY

DIXIE

CARMEN

FAUST

THE ROSARY

HOLY CITY

PARSIFAL

EL CAPITAN

GYPSY LOVE

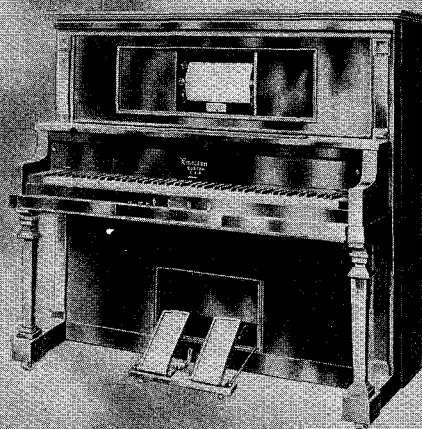
OLD BLACK JOE

AMERICA

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND

LOHENGRIN

MADAME BUTTERFLY



The Emerson PLAYER-PIANO

Enables every one to interpret, *correctly* and *musically*, any musical selection.
Only an artistic piano, combined with a versatile player action insures this result.

Dealers in principal towns and cities. Write for catalogue.

EMERSON PIANO CO., Boston, Mass.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

A surprising amount of care is used in making Esterbrook Pens, but the superiority of the finished product more than warrants it.

The standard of the world.

Fine, medium and broad points. At all stationers.

Write for illustrated booklet.



The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John Street, New York
Works, Camden, N. J.

PEOPLE of discrimination and taste exhibit these qualities in the care with which they select a writing paper. The refined qualities of

WARDWAVE WRITING PAPER

meet the requirements of the most fastidious. At the same time this paper is reasonable in price.

It is carried by many of the leading dealers. If your stationer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample portfolio.

Address for Portfolio No. 7

SAMUEL WARD COMPANY, 57-63 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

AN HOUR



For a few hour's pleasant work—that's what you gain when your furniture is shipped knock-down. And it's handsomely designed—beautifully finished—made to last—furniture. Biggest values you ever saw for your money. No un-

sightly buttons—every vital joint mortised, tenoned and pinned. You can save half of what you expected to spend.

Send a postal card for our big new catalogue. It's well worth having and you'll find many pleasant surprises. Drop that Post Card today—now.

THE KUNKLE FURNITURE MFG. CO.

30 MADISON ST.

MACKINAW, ILLINOIS



House is left in the preposterous position of not having the right to decide itself what it wants to vote on.

In the Republican Congressional machine, one man, Speaker Cannon, decided practically just what Congress should act on, and who should act upon it. He appointed the committees, and directed, as commanding member of the Committee on Rules and by his power as Speaker, exactly what program of legislation should come before the House. Members might call aloud until the ceilings cracked; they had no parliamentary existence until he called them to life.

Underwood Welds the New Machine

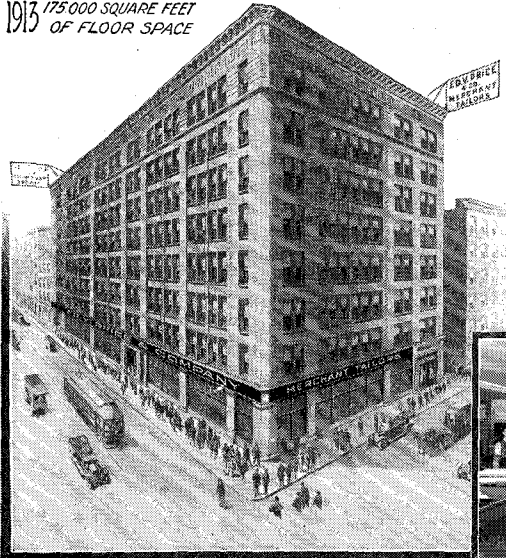
The insurgent Republicans and Democrats put through, in the sessions before 1910, the institution of a calendar to discharge committees by majority vote, which would allow a majority of the members of the House to take bills from committees and act on them in the general body itself. Calendar Wednesday was also instituted—one day in every week on which no individual or machine should dictate a program, but every matter of business should be taken up in its successive order.

The Democratic House began. And very soon it became clear that these new institutions were in vain. The calendar to discharge committees was immediately blocked by minor measures in such a way that important matters could practically never be reached. Calendar Wednesday was manipulated in much the same way; and Congress found itself just where it had been before. Its committees were reactionary, and it had failed to establish its method of taking bills from committees and considering them itself. Its business was still in the hands of a conservative machine.

At the foundation of it—as was the case, theoretically, with the Republicans also—lay the secret party caucus. At the head, under the Republican control, had been the Speaker; at the head now appeared another official—for, after the Democrats' attack upon the Speaker's powers, these could not be returned to him. The floor leader—and his allies—took his place.

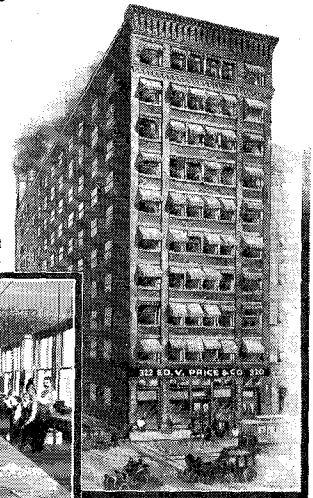
The Democratic leader was the heir to the chairman of the chief committee of the House—the Ways and Means—Oscar W. Underwood, a man surpassed in length of service by only one Democrat in the House. Not only was he recognized by common consent in Washington as one of the most conservative of the Democrats; but he also received the more practical

1913 175,000 SQUARE FEET
OF FLOOR SPACE



*Whose
Tailor?*

1909 110,000 SQUARE FEET
OF FLOOR SPACE



1895-216 SQ. FT. OF FLOOR
SPACE—EIGHT EMPLOYEES



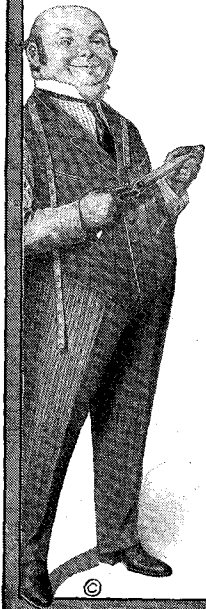
During the thirty-four seasons we have been in business, there has never been a moment when a man could not buy clothes somewhere else for less money, yet

We keep on growing
bigger every year

because the clothes we make to individual order embody more style, character and shapeliness than it is possible to obtain elsewhere for

\$25 to \$50

Our dealer in your city will show you our woolens and take your measure. If you do not know him, write us for his name and address.



Price Co

Largest tailors in the world of
GOOD made-to-order clothes
Price Building Chicago, U. S. A.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

RETAIN your good looks. Keep your skin clear, scalp clean and free from dandruff, hair live and glossy, hands soft and white, nails sound and shapely.



Cuticura Soap

with an occasional use of Cuticura Ointment will promote and maintain these coveted conditions in most cases to your complete satisfaction when all else fails.

Besides, in purity, delicate medication, refreshing fragrance, convenience and economy they meet with the approval of the most discriminating. Although sold everywhere, you need not buy them until you try them. Liberal sample each with 32-p. Skin Book free. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 14, Boston.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

demonstration of being backed by the most reactionary Democats of the country for the Presidential nomination.

The Democrats of the Ways and Means Committee were given the naming of committees by the Democratic caucus. As chairman of the Ways and Means, Underwood had a chief determining voice in their selection. And the older men chosen to the committee places naturally fell in line behind him and his program. He had welded together under him the conservative elements of his party into a solid instrument of control.

His control was not so completely personal as Cannon's. Finesse was more necessary. But the conservatives of the Democratic body lay solidly behind Underwood in appeals to the party caucus. It took a powerful force to budge them, and the only impulse strong enough to do so was not for any radical movement, but for "playing politics" in such matters as the pensions, the distribution of a new form of "pork" to the rural districts through national aid to local highways. The impulse of the election of 1910 had not been strong enough to change the underlying power of conservatism in the one place where it was hoped that it would do so — the Lower House of Congress.

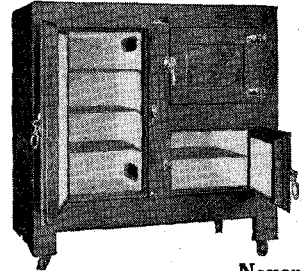
The Voters Bring in a Disagreement

The election of 1912 came on, and a new verdict was expected. But the American people, after being out four months on the case, reported a disagreement. The voters, with a strong conservative interest, pronounced for the Republican party. The Progressive party, with its program of radical industrial reforms, appealed vividly to cities with an industrial population and to manufacturing towns. The Democrats, pushing out their old issue, tariff reform, gained just about the same proportion of the total vote as in previous elections; and their presidential candidate had the smallest popular vote — with one exception, in 1904 — of any Democratic candidate for twenty years. So far as the Democratic Congress was concerned, it received no sharp specific mandate of reform in the election of 1912 — not even on the tariff.

That the Democratic ticket had the confidence of many progressive voters can not be doubted; but that it lost many radical votes to Roosevelt and the Socialists is just as sure. And it is also pretty certain that, in doubtful districts especially, a great many conservative Republicans voted for Wilson with the purpose of defeating Roosevelt. The Democratic vote was puzzling; but probably its chief constituent was a three quarters part of it contributed by

Is Your Refrigerator Poisoning Your Family?

YOUR doctor will tell you that a refrigerator which cannot be kept clean and wholesome as you can easily keep the Monroe, is always dangerous to your family. The Monroe is the only refrigerator with



**Solid Porcelain
Compartments**

The "Monroe"

Never
Sold
In
Stores

which can be kept free of breeding places for disease germs that poison food which in turn poisons people. *Not* cheap porcelain-enamel, but one piece of white unbreakable porcelain ware over an inch thick—nothing to crack, chip, or absorb moisture—as easily cleaned as a china bowl—every corner rounded—not a single crack, joint or any other lodging place for dirt and the germs of disease and decay. Send at once for

Free Book About Refrigerators

which explains all this and tells you how to materially reduce the high cost of living—how to have better, more nourishing food—how to keep food longer without spoiling—how to cut down ice bills—how to guard against sickness—doctor's bills.

Monroe Refrigerator Co., Sta. 10-B, Lockland, Ohio

**30 Days Trial
Factory Price
Cash or Credit**

Direct from factory to you—saving you store profits. We pay freight and guarantee you a money back and removal of refrigerator at no expense to you if you are not absolutely satisfied. Easy terms if more convenient for you. Send for book NOW —Letter or postal.

Blooker's cocoa

It's Food—and Drink

This delightful beverage—so satisfying, fragrant and "tasty"—is a real food, brimful of nourishment, invigorating, healthful. So easy to prepare, too.

You will like this cocoa. Try it.

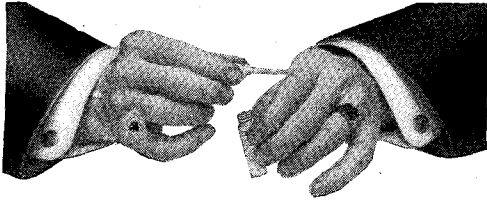
Free Sample Prepaid. Address Dept. J.
Sold by Good Grocers

46 HUDSON STREET NEW YORK

THE HOUSEHOLD APERIENT.



BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.



New-Skin, For Cuts

New-Skin is an antiseptic liquid for use on cuts, scrapes, etc. It forms a waterproof film, flexible and transparent. This protects the hurt and allows it to heal. Carry New-Skin with you for emergencies. Always have a bottle in the house.

Pocket size 10c, Home size 25c. At druggists.
See directions and circular.

NEWSKIN COMPANY

98-100 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York



That "Awful Smart" Your Shaving Soap Did It

The free caustic found its way into the pores of your skin and that terrible smarting and drawing sensation resulted.

Use

MENNEN'S SHAVING CREAM

which contains no free caustic, and enjoy a cool, comfortable shave.

Mennen's Shaving Cream makes a lather which requires no "rubbing in" with the fingers to soften the beard. You lather and then you shave. Saves time, and does away with tender faces.

For sale everywhere 25c

Sample Tube Free

GERHARD MENNEN CO.
Newark, N. J.



Makers of the celebrated MENNEN'S TOILET POWDER



the hardy old perennial Democracy — while in the remaining quarter, furnished by outside voting, the conservatives certainly equaled the progressives. So the election of 1912 really gave no new sharp, definite impulse of reform to Congress.

As far as the House is concerned, there is small reason to expect the overthrow of the conservatism that has come more and more to rule it during the past two years. There is a tremendous influx of new Democratic members; but these are mostly not from the radical West, but from the States east of the Mississippi. As individual members, most of them are under no obligations to support definite reforms. As new members they will naturally accept the existing organization of the House — as new members, in the absence of some radical issue, always do. And, coming quite largely from those States where party discipline is strong and thorough, they will naturally fall into the Democratic House machine of the past two years.

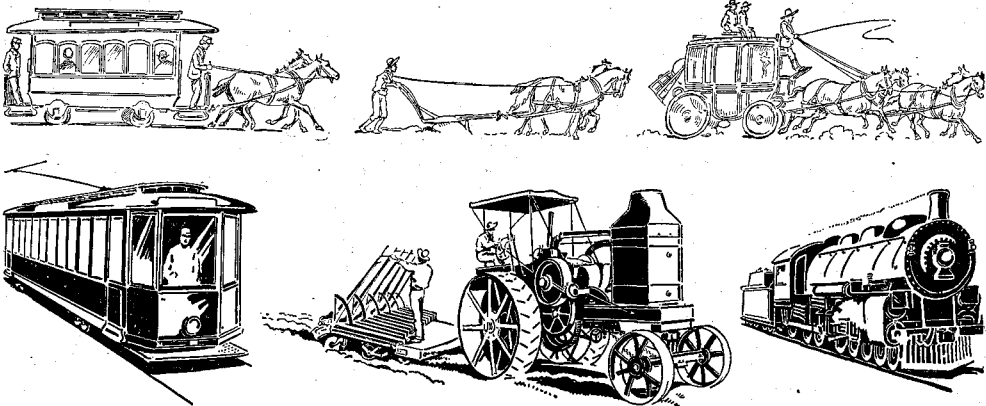
The House Reactionaries and the Cabinet

Underwood, with Speaker Clark as his ally, as is generally known in Washington, is busily at work perfecting this machine. He purposes to control as before. Both men are defeated candidates for the presidential nomination; and one of them, Speaker Clark, is very bitter over his defeat. He is a thorough and whole-hearted enemy; he carries his feelings to their logical extreme; and it was a common joke, during his campaign for the presidency, that he would not appoint a Congressman who opposed his nomination, even to a place on a committee to attend a funeral.

The associations of both men during their campaign have brought them closer than ever to the reactionary elements in their party. Underwood was backed financially chiefly by Thomas F. Ryan — that stock Mephistopheles of the Democratic party; and his presence as Ryan's guest at a dinner of magnates early in December showed the continuance of friendly relations. And always the conservative tendencies of both Underwood and Clark are likely to be stimulated by any marked preference that Wilson may develop for their radical opponents. The choice of William Jennings Bryan — the arch-enemy of both Underwood and Clark — to a Cabinet position would tend to throw both men into sharp opposition to the administration — though Underwood's temperament is against any open controversy.

The Senate Still Conservative

The probability of an overthrow of the conservative control of the next House as a result



THE BIG WAY IS THE CHEAPEST

THE STREET-CAR AND THE CAB

In a cab,
which cost only
\$1000, the average
fare is \$1.50;

YET

In a street-car,
which cost \$10,000,
the average fare
is only 5c.

Cab Service is 30 times dearer
than Street-Car Service, because a cab is so small—
because it is made for one person only.

THE TRACTOR AND THE HORSE

With a team
of horses, costing
\$500, one man can plow
100 acres at a
cost of \$250;

YET

With a Rumely
Oil-Pull Tractor, cost-
ing \$3000, one man can
plow 100 acres at a
cost of \$150.

One dollar an acre saved means
\$300,000,000 in the United States alone. A Tractor
cuts down the Horse-Cost of living.

Write today for Tractor Catalog and Full Details



RUMELY PRODUCTS CO.

(Incorporated)

Power-Farming Machinery

LA PORTE, IND.

401



In planning for your new home, consider carefully the question of its *fire-safe* construction with

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

Fireproof, damp-proof, vermin-proof, age-proof; warmer in Winter, cooler in Summer

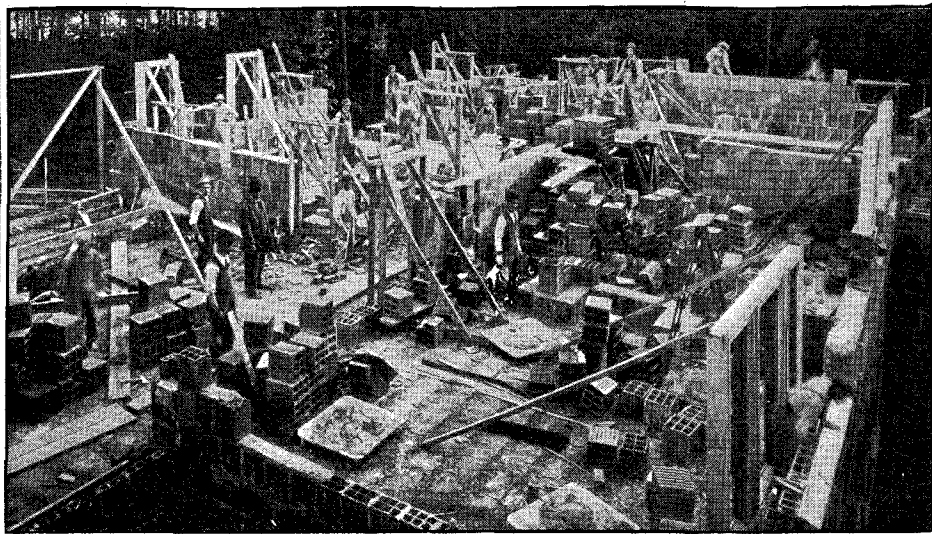
Natco Hollow Tile construction represents a sum of dvantages which no one who plans to build can afford to overlook. Speed in construction, enhanced investment value and low maintenance. An important advantage of **Natco** walls is the fact that the interior is insulated against sudden or extreme atmospheric changes by the blanket of dead air which completely surrounds it. A **Natco** house requires materially less heating equipment.

"**Natco Throughout**" is a term of fire-safe construction which is sinking deep into the convictions of architects, builders and building investors. It means fireproof construction for walls, partitions, floors and roof, and complete security against the destruction of your home by fire. The increased cost over partial **Natco** forms is not of sufficient importance to weigh against the many advantages gained.

Read up this form of construction before you go ahead with your building specifications. Drop a line for our 64-page handbook "**Fireproof Houses.**" Contains 80 photographs of residences and other moderate sized buildings where **NATCO** has been used for exterior wall construction at costs between \$4,000 and \$100,000, also a few complete drawings and floor plans. An invaluable guide to the prospective builder. Mailed anywhere for 20c in postage. Write for it today.

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING·COMPANY

Organized 1889 Dept. C PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA Offices in All Principal Cities



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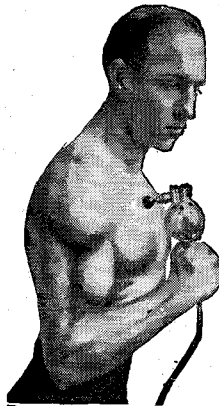
of the outcome of the last election is small — unless some force outside of Congress achieves it. The situation is the same in the Senate — except that conservatism is really stronger there. The House has lacked, and apparently will lack, the positive force to free itself from its traditional organization. But in the Senate a majority — counting all votes — is still positively conservative. With the Democrats, their majority will be so slight that a spirit of compromise between the two elements will be essential for party control. And control of the Senate is essential to complete the Democratic administration. This fact is openly recognized in Washington in the discussion of its organization. And both radicals and reactionaries are busy talking moderation and harmony in the Senate.

In this Congress the Democratic leader of the Senate has been Senator Martin of Virginia — one of the solid old reactionaries of the Senate. A year ago the progressive Democrats, under William Jennings Bryan's leadership, sought to defeat him for the position. They failed, it is true; but they made a fight. Some extremists may make a contest this year, but more probably it will be hushed up.

The position of floor leader in the Senate will carry no such power as it will in the House; but the compromise over the office is at least an excellent indication of the Democratic sentiment in the Senate. Precedent and length of service will continue to organize it, as it has before. The leading members of most of the committees will be from the more Democratic reactionary members; the Republican membership will be almost solidly reactionary. At the head of the Finance Committee — the most powerful in the Senate — will be one of the chief reactionaries of the party.

So the whole attitude of Congress — working without influence from outside — will be against radical change. It represents no general impulse strong enough to accomplish it. The one chief issue where some change is certain to take place — the tariff — gives no promise of marked alterations. No such promise was made in the campaign, or exists in the character of the House.

So far as this one issue was concerned, the sentiment for change was stronger in the new dominant South twenty years ago than it is today. Traditionally the South is non-industrial and committed to the doctrine of free trade. But more and more this thorough-going theory has been qualified by the invasion of the South by local protected interests. Lumber is one of these, sugar another, and tropical fruits a third. The solid South is well broken up on the tariff



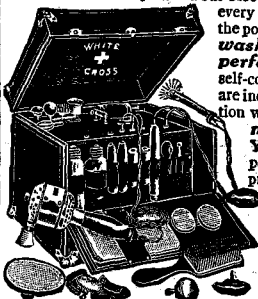
POWER for YOU!

Power from within!
Strength that is *more*
than mere muscular
strength—the strength of
perfect health, abundant
nerve force—now within
your own reach through

Vibration! Nine people out of every ten
are only *half alive!* Are you? Listen—

All the Exhilarating Joys of Life-Strength-Youth

may be returned to you through **Vibration**. For **Vibration is Life itself**. It will chase away the years like magic. Every nerve, every fibre in your whole body will fairly tingle with the force of your own *awakened power!* Stagnation simply cannot exist. You are made over new from head to foot. **All the keen relish, the pleasures of youth,** fairly throb within you. Your blood is sent humming along through every vein, artery and tiny capillary. All the poisonous matters in your system are **washed away**. Every organ is put in **perfect working order**. Your self-confidence—**your self-respect** are increased a hundred fold. Yes, **Vibration** will do all this, and more, **much more**. And it is within your reach. You can enjoy its wonder-working powers right at home, right in the privacy of your own room. You can give yourself the same identical treatments which you would receive in the offices of the world's most famous specialists—all without extra charge.



The White Cross Electric Vibrator

is the result of years of work and experiment. It is absolutely perfect. If you have your house wired for electricity, you can connect it up as easily as an electric lamp; if not, it will run perfectly on its own batteries.

Special Offer for a Limited Time

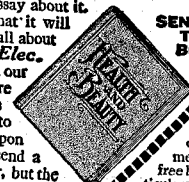
For a short time only we are making a remarkable Special Introductory Offer on the White Cross Electric Vibrator—amazing discounts—actual rock-bottom prices direct if **you act at once**.

FREE BOOK

Sign the coupon and mail it to us today. Get our splendid big FREE book telling you all about the marvels of **Vibration**. Read what scientists say about it. Post yourself on what it will do for you. Learn all about the **White Cross Electric Vibrator** and our limited offer. You are under no obligations at all—all you need to do is to send the coupon **today**—you can send a postal card or a letter, but the coupon will do just as well.

Sign the coupon and mail it to us today. Get our splendid big FREE book telling you all about the marvels of **Vibration**.

SEND FOR
THIS
BOOK



Lindstrom,
Smith Co.
218 S. Wabash Av.
Desk 1022
Chicago, Illinois

Without any obligations on my part, please send me, free and prepaid, your free book on **Vibration**, full particulars of the White Cross Vibrator and your Special 60-Day Offer.

Lindstrom-Smith Co.

218 S. Wabash Av.

Desk 1022

Chicago, Ill.

Name.....

Address.....

WRITE PLAINLY



Stop Cheating Yourself!

If you use cheap carbon paper you save a few—a very few—dollars, but you invite disaster by having unreadable records. An amazing number of good business houses are constantly committing this blunder.

The reason is, that many men have never had their attention called to the importance of carbon paper. So they leave it up to their employees, who naturally want to buy cheap.

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK Carbon Paper

is probably the highest-priced, and certainly the most truly economical. First, a single sheet is good for 100 letters. Next, it never becomes ineffective through drying out. Third, it is clean, non-smudging and not affected by weather. Last, and most important of all, it gives (in black and blue) copies that will be clear and legible after you are dead and gone.

Mr. Business Man, you mustn't ignore the carbon question any more. If you do, some day, somehow, those faded, blurred "records" will bring a loss ten times as great as your savings in buying poor carbon paper.

MultiKopy has won, by sheer merit, the biggest sales in the world. It is your best guarantee of permanently legible records, because it embodies twenty years of study and chemical and physical experimenting.

Send for FREE Sample Sheet

Put it to every test you can think of, or, better yet, tell your stenographer to get a box of MultiKopy today.



Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons

guaranteed to make 75,000 impressions of the letters "a" and "e" without clogging the type so as to show on the paper.

F. S. WEBSTER COMPANY, 342 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

Address letters to the Home Office.

SALES OFFICES: New York, 396-8 Broadway; Chicago, 222 W. Madison St.; Philadelphia, 908 Walnut St.; Pittsburgh, 432 Diamond St.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

question; and Democratic representatives from other sections ranging from New England to Colorado are sending notice that they will stand for the interests of their constituencies. Already compromise on the tariff is in the air in Washington discussions.

In the House, Underwood, the head of the great Committee on Ways and Means, will shape the tariff legislation, as he did last year. He is a born compromiser and manipulator of compromises. His unusual knowledge of the tariff gives him a marked position on the floor of Congress — more that of a school-teacher than a debater with other members. At the head of the Finance Committee, which will handle this matter in the Senate, will be Simmons, the reactionary Democrat from North Carolina, whose work for the lumber schedules in the Payne-Aldrich Bill is a matter of record, and whose friendly coöperation with Penrose, the Republican head of this committee, in the last tariff session, was a matter of common comment.

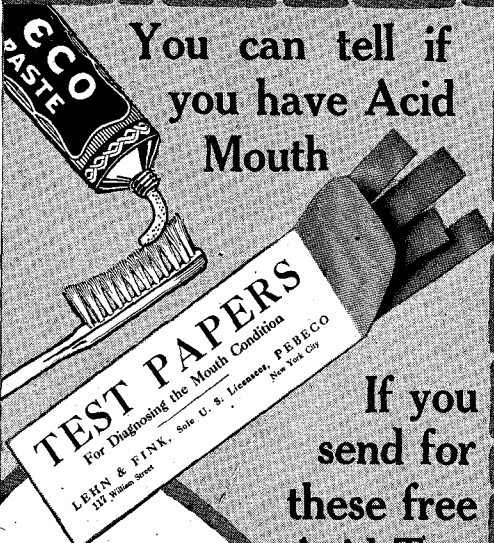
These two men will have, between them, great if not determining influence in framing the new tariff. And in the two bodies themselves there will be no force to overrule them. Compromise is now the general key-note of current tariff discussion in Washington. Free raw materials — free sugar, free wool, free lumber — are all much more than doubtful, and prominent Democratic Congressmen are stating that their vote for free sugar a year ago was merely a manoeuver to force a compromise from the Republicans. The fact is that the tariff which the incoming Congress is likely to bring out will be the kind of tariff shown in the bills that Congress passed a year ago — a tariff dictated by the insurgent Republicans of the Senate.

Beyond this most-talked-of issue of the Democratic campaign, the impetus for a change within the Democratic Congress is still more uncertain and unpronounced. The greatest of questions will undoubtedly be the treatment of the trusts and corporations generally; and here the chance of action is checked not only by the organization of Congress, but by the difficulties of a very ancient and powerful doctrine of the Democratic South — the old doctrine of States' rights.

The Great Barrier of States' Rights

The control of corporations must come through the extension of the powers of the Federal government over matters now controlled by the States themselves. The Democratic party has not only been always theoretically against such an extension; but the Democrats of the South have a most practical objection to this, in the fear that a drift toward Federal power may take from the Southern States their rights

**You can tell if
you have Acid
Mouth**



**If you
send for
these free
Acid Test
Papers**

**The Real Cause
of Tooth Decay is
Acid Mouth**

This acid, formed by the fermentation of food particles, disintegrates the tooth enamel, exposes the softer interior dentine to the attack of decay bacteria, and (unless professional aid is resorted to) subjects the whole tooth to inevitable destruction.

This condition is all the more serious, because it gives no warning until after the harm is done, unless you use these Acid Test Papers. But, as urged by leading dentists everywhere, it may be speedily overcome by the use of

**PEBECCO
TOOTH PASTE**

Pebecco is the result of professional research to produce a dentifrice that really does preserve teeth; and it does so by getting at and routing out the cause of tooth destruction — abnormal mouth acidity. Pebecco also whitens and polishes the teeth without injuring the natural surface of the enamel, and its use insures a germ-free mouth, a sweet, healthy breath, and a delightfully refreshing sensation that makes its use a pleasure.

**Send for 10-day Trial Tube and
Acid Test Papers**

Pebecco is the product of the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany, and is sold in large 50c tubes by all druggists.

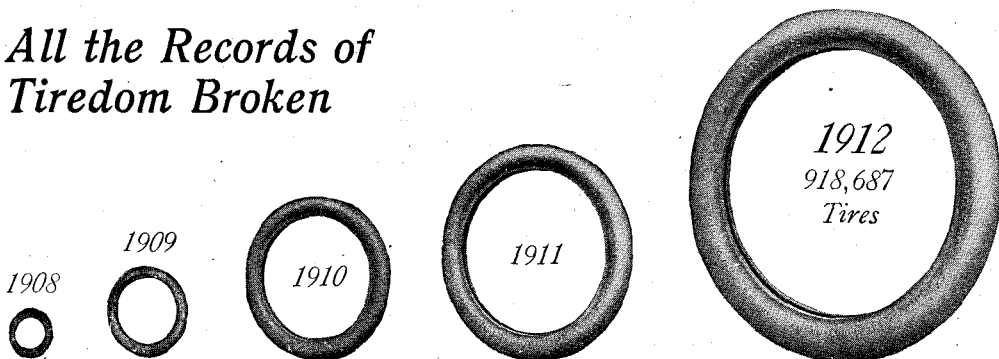
LEHN & FINK
Manufacturing Chemists
117 William St., New York

Producers of
Lehn & Fink's
Riviera's Talcum

LEHN & FINK, 117 William St., New York
 Gentlemen—Please send me Trial Tube of Pebecco Tooth Paste
 and Acid Test Papers.
 Name.....
 Street.....
 City.....

No-Rim-Cut Tires

*All the Records of
Tiredom Broken*



Last Year's Jump, 125%

You've seen the demand for Goodyear tires doubled year after year, until the tide became a flood.

Two years ago the sales of these tires broke all the records of Tiredom. In 1911 the sales doubled. In 1912 the increase was 125 per cent.

Last year's sales—918,687 tires—exceeded the previous 12 years put together. Enough sold in one year to completely equip 230,000 cars.

Think What's Coming

Another such increase will bring this year's sales to over two million tires. Enough for 500,000 cars.

Our contracts with car makers insure, at the minimum, that nearly half of this year's new cars will go out with Goodyear tires. Think of that—almost as many Goodyears this year as all other tires together.

And the demand from car users is gaining faster than the demand from makers.

Output Oversold

The demand, in fact, for three years past, has kept 'way ahead of our output. Yet factory after factory has been built.

Last year's demand exceeded our output by some 400,000 tires.

Now we are building to bring our capacity to 8,000 tires per day.

Find Out Why

It behooves you who pay tire bills to find out the reason for this avalanche of trade.

Men must be saving tire money—saving a large percentage—else hundreds of thousands of men are mistaken.

It is too late to say, "Let us wait and see." Men have tested and compared with others nearly two million Goodyear tires. Their final verdict, now voiced by some 250,000 users, is told by last year's figures.

That is too large a verdict to be set aside. One glance at these tires will bring you to agree with it, for the savings can be seen.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

10% Oversize

Done by Mileage Tests

Note that the Goodyear's amazing success began with the vogue of odometers.

In 1905—after five years of tire making—we made scarcely more than 1 per cent. of the tires.

Men used to buy tires by guess. They made no comparisons—kept no records of mileage.

Now most cars have odometers. It has come to a showdown now on tires, and in that showdown Goodyear tires have won.

The Big Savings

Our invention of No-Rim-Cut tires brought two enormous savings.

One made rim-cutting impossible. And that, as shown by careful statistics, saved 23 per cent.

Then we made these tires—our patent type—10 per cent. over the rated size. And that, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent. to the tire mileage.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—practically cut tire bills in two. And countless odometers proved it.

Factory Tests

Then, for years and years, we have used the odometer to make our factory tests.

We built a machine on which four tires at a time are worn out here under all sorts of road conditions.

Here we compared countless fabrics and formulas, methods, materials and ideas. Here we compared rival tires with our own.

We never let up until this odometer told that we had the best tires in existence. Then tens of thousands of other odometers told the same story to users.

That's how Goodyear tires have come to rulership of Tiredom.

Winter Treads

Our latest invention is this Non-Skid tread. Our experts spent three years on it.

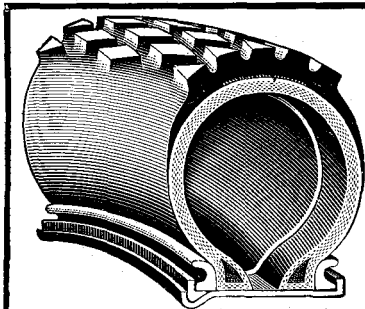
It's a double-thick tread, made of very tough rubber. So it has immense endurance.

The blocks are deep-cut so they don't wear off. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles. In every direction they grasp with a bulldog grip.

The blocks meet at the base, so the strain is distributed over the fabric the same as with smooth-tread tires. With separated projections this isn't so. That's why non-skids have been so short-lived.

One glance will show you that we have solved the non-skid question completely. One moment's comparison will prove to you that other non-skids are not half so efficient.

Write for the Goodyear Tire Book—14th-year edition. It tells every way to save on tires.



GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires

With or Without Non-Skid Treads

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire

We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(911)

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to control the negro, politically and socially. The men at the head of the important committees that would deal with this class of measures are nearly all old Southern States'-rights Democrats.

At the head of the House Committee on Interstate Commerce is Adamson of Georgia — an exponent of States'-rights doctrines so extreme that he was leader, to the last ditch, of the lost cause of the reactionaries on that now universally popular legislation, the pure food law — and his fight was on the ground that the Federal government had no right to make laws on such a subject.

Henry D. Clayton of Alabama, at the head of the House Committee on the Judiciary, to whom some of these corporation bills might also go, is another Southern States'-rights Democrat of the old school who could be counted on confidently to oppose any considerable extension of the Federal power.

In the Senate, Newlands, a progressive Democrat, is likely to be chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee, but its membership will probably be conservative. The chairmanship of the Committee on Commerce is due to fall to the reactionary Martin of Virginia.

Corporation legislation of real value is almost essential for the success of this administration. No subject holds a more important place in the public imagination. But no situation could be less promising for progress along this line than that afforded by a Congress with committees and general leadership dominated by the old Southern Democratic traditions on this subject.

The Coming Raid on Government Property

That States' rights will be the motto under which the corporation interests will fight the coming Congress is already clear. They can use it not only for defense, but for offense — as was shown most menacingly in the final days of last summer's session. The cry is that the water powers, public lands, and minerals now in control of the United States should be given over by the nation to the State, and that the States should then arrange with individuals and corporations for their development.

This fight to split up the public property in the United States will be as important to big private interests as any in the coming Congress. For, when this property is once taken by States that are crying for development, capital is practically sure to obtain it on its own terms. The attitude of the Democratic leaders in Congress on this matter was illustrated by their almost grotesque insistence on the passage of bills giving away water powers in the South and West during the closing hours of the last Congress. Underwood and Adamson championed

the bills in the House; Senators Martin and Bankhead in the Senate. The bills would have resulted in the appropriation of what will ultimately be millions of dollars' worth of water power by private concerns, without cost or regulations. This raid was beaten, finally, but only after a fierce struggle; and the danger of the distribution of natural resources, through the States, into private hands, by means of the promotion of the State's-rights sentiment in this next Congress, is very great.

The Hope of the Progressive Democrats

It would be impossible, as well as wearisome, to try to forecast the specific legislation that will probably be passed in the next Congress. The motives and purposes are too involved and obscure. There are many individual voices that will be raised for reform — some of them the voices of strong men. In the Senate, Hoke Smith, the leader of the liberal movement in Georgia, and Thomas P. Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma, — both of whom have been among the counselors of Wilson during his campaign, — will be strong advocates of progress, as will the brilliant and erratic John Sharp Williams of Mississippi. In the House, the strength of leadership is lessened by the lively possibility that such men as A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania, Burleson or Henry of Texas may be drafted to the President's Cabinet; yet there will be strong advocates of active measures left among the House Democrats.

But, taken as a body, it is more than doubtful if Congress itself contains the elements to break out and away from the conservative forces that have come, through tradition and inertia, to bind it. The impulse for change behind the members of the body is neither strong nor definite enough to move it, unless some other force comes to its aid.

What possible force of this kind is in sight? There is only one — Woodrow Wilson. The whole conversation of the Democrats, who are anxious for progress, shows that their hopes for success center in this place. Whatever may be the conservatism of Congress itself, the Democratic senators and representatives, they argue, can not afford to withstand a determined and aggressive reform administration, with its power of patronage and the appeals it can make to the general public sentiment favorable to reform. This is their great hope, which the country will share with them.

In the meanwhile, no such mystification concerning any administration ever pervaded Washington as that after Wilson's election. No one was in his confidence or empowered to speak for him. Grover Cleveland has been

Quality Is Economy

"American Enterprise finds Business Profit in Improving the Standards of Existence and Appealing to the Pride of Common Folk."

—Arnold Bennett.

Mr. Bennett thought it worth putting into a book that New York tenants of low-price apartments gladly pay an increased rental for *beautiful* fittings and trim and *finish*.

From lowest price to highest price, not only of apartments but of furniture and pianos and carriages and automobiles and all other products of manufacture, there is *Business Profit* in Appealing to Pride.

Something in the American atmosphere causes *dissatisfaction* with whatever *fails* to make the *artistic* appeal.

The money for a Splendid Varnish—a Murphy Varnish—gives *more Satisfaction* than *ten times* the money in any other part of the building or the product.

The Varnish
That Lasts
Longest

Murphy Varnish Company

FRANKLIN MURPHY, President

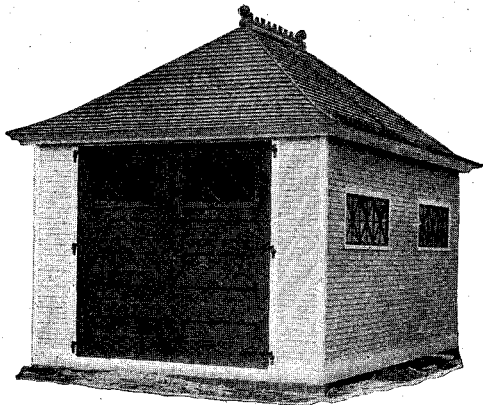
Associated with Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada

NEWARK,
N. J.

CHICAGO,
ILL.

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A PORTABLE GARAGE IS A PERMANENT ECONOMY



It is a money saver, a time saver, and a car saver. No nerve-trying waits to get your car from the garage; no excessive charges for storage and oil; no "unaccountable" breakages and attendant repair bills.

SPRINGFIELD PORTABLE GARAGES.

Combine architectural beauty and staunchness of construction, and are the first and last word in Portable Buildings. They are easily assembled; wind, water, and dust proof; they enhance the value of your property, and put luxury in your yard at little cost. Also Portable Houses of artistic design. We pay the Freight. Write for catalog.

SPRINGFIELD MFG. CO.

862 Allen Street
Springfield, Mass.

New York Office
39 Cortlandt Street

Jackson
No hill too steep
No sand too deep
**Comfort
a certainty**

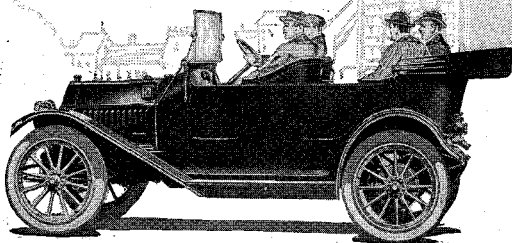
Jackson engineers design for comfort, considering it fully as important as safety, power and beauty of design.

"Olympic" — \$1500

"Majestic" — \$1975

"Sultanic", six — \$2500

Jackson Automobile Company
1310 E. Main St. Jackson, Mich.



compared to him, in his quality of reticence. But there was one man, at least, who knew the plans of Cleveland's coming administration: William C. Whitney of New York was always "on the inside"; and the older newspaper men of Washington remember well the forming of the procession of the news-gatherers to trail the exclusive tidings given out by a correspondent close to Whitney just previous to Cleveland's second inauguration. So far, no spokesman has appeared for the Wilson administration.

Taft Was Crushed; Can Wilson Succeed?

That Mr. Wilson is one of the most high-minded and acutely intelligent men ever elected to the Presidency is a matter of common acceptance. That, when brought face to face by circumstances with concrete decisions, he has decided for progressive and righteous measures, is a matter of record. His detached fearlessness and his directness in carrying out his purposes is equally well assured.

The question still remains, will he develop both the ability to present a concrete program of legislative reforms and the knowledge of practical political tactics to force them through the coming Congress, past the forces of conservatism that will face him — forces different in kind, and to some extent in degree, but in most ways quite similar to those forces that met his predecessor in the presidential office. The dead weight of the conservative machine was too much for Mr. Taft to lift. In the end it crushed him, and smashed the Republican party. It will take a strong and adroit hand to break down the old conservative machine in this Congress. And the responsibility on the one man capable of doing this is tremendous.

"The Wilson administration," says a prominent progressive Democratic senator, "will be either the beginning of an era, or the end of one. Either the Democratic party will become the progressive party of this country, or it will fall back and become a conservative organization — possibly amalgamating with the remaining fraction of the Republican party to form it. In that case, new organizations, formed of the progressive portions of both old bodies, would become the progressive party of the future. For this fact can not be blinked: the time of opposing party organizations representing the liberal and conservative forces in this country is at hand."

The decision as to whether the Democratic party will be smashed or regenerated rests — even more than the same question concerning the Republican organization rested four years ago — with one man.

The forces of conservation were too strong for Mr. Taft. Can Woodrow Wilson master them?



Kelly- Springfield Automobile Tires

The tire for you is the one that you can put on and forget. Kelly-Springfield Tires frequently run along on cars unnoticed for 8,000 miles or so.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY

20 Vesey Street, New York

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Baltimore, Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O., Buffalo.

The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, Ohio.
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colo.
Southern Hdwe. & Woodstock Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La.
Savell Davis Rubber Works, Augusta and Savannah, Ga.

Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.
Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

PERSONAL NOTE—It seems to me that this ad is peculiarly free from tire "bombast." It states plain facts in a way that cannot fail to appeal to the thousands of motorists who are desirous of getting the exceptional tire service which the United States Tire Company is so admirably fitted to give.—J. D. ANDERSON

There is a Representative House in every Business

In the tire field the place is admittedly held by the
United States Tire Company

IT is a great achievement in these days of big business to be the *representative* concern in any line.

Such a reputation is extremely difficult to acquire and equally difficult to maintain.

The United States Tire Company occupies this position in the realm of motor tires by virtue of a *deliberate* purpose to produce tires of such quality, and to conduct its business on such a plane and thru such representative dealers as would *naturally* give it first rank in its field.

Clearly no other tire company has been in a position to contribute so much to the actual improvement of tire quality as has this company. With the facilities and experiences of four immense tire organizations to draw upon, it has been possible to evolve a tire of such composite strength and such uniform goodness as to practically establish a new era in tire making.



Tire-by Satisfied.

Not content with its success in producing a superior grade of tires, this company has sought to have its product reach the motorist thru the most representative dealers it has been possible to secure in every community where United States Tires are sold.

The fact that today four-fifths of the best, most reliable dealers are handling these tires is sufficient proof that the tires have made a highly successful appeal to the calm judgment of the

trade in the face of the most vigorous competition.

Stated briefly, the United States Tire Company expects to maintain its dominant place in the tire field, first, by the manufacture of strictly high-grade tires; second, by offering its product thru dealers of the highest standing in every community; and third, by guaranteeing to every motorist the fairest, squarest treatment it is possible to accord him both when a tire is bought, and during its use.

United States Tires are good tires

Cost no more than you are asked to pay for other kinds

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY, NEW YORK

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

CONDUCTED BY INEZ MILHOLLAND

NO MOVEMENT OF THIS CENTURY IS MORE SIGNIFICANT OR MORE DEEP-ROOTED THAN THE MOVEMENT TO READJUST THE SOCIAL POSITION OF WOMEN. IN EVERY CIVILIZED COUNTRY, AMERICA PERHAPS MOST OF ALL, THERE IS GOING ON A VAST AMOUNT OF QUIET THINKING AND READING ON THESE NEW IDEAS.

THIS MOVEMENT IN ITS LARGEST GENERAL ASPECTS IS TERMED FEMINISM; IN ITS IMMEDIATE POLITICAL ASPECTS, SUFFRAGE.

McCLURE'S RECOGNIZES FULLY THE IMPRESSIVENESS AND VITALITY OF THIS DEVELOPMENT. IT PROPOSES TO TREAT OF IT IN A SENSIBLE, STRAIGHTFORWARD MANNER. TO DO SO, THIS DEPARTMENT IS ESTABLISHED.



INEZ MILHOLLAND

No woman in America is better qualified for the important task of conducting this department than Inez Milholland, an ardent worker for the cause of women and children; a clear, independent thinker, and widely read, she is young enough to grasp quickly and be in immediate sympathy with all the new thought of this great new movement.

THE LIBERATION OF A SEX

ROUGHLY, some three million women in California, Oregon, Kansas, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Washington now have the vote. From the rapidity with which the suffragist movement and its deeper parent, the feminist movement, are traveling, it seems reasonable to assume that within the next five or ten years there will be many more States and a good many million more voters added to the list. The women, then, for the first time in our history, are to

\$92⁵⁰—Our Price for Next 30 Days

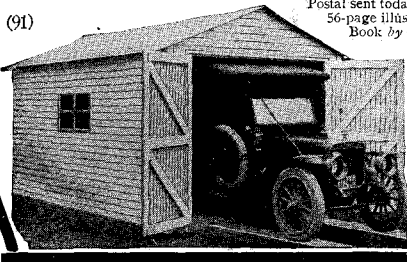
We now offer the Edwards "Steelcote" Garage (1913 Model), direct-from-factory, for \$92.50. But to protect ourselves from advancing prices of steel, we set a time limit upon the offer. We guarantee this record price for 30 days only. Just now we can save you \$35 or more.

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage Quickly Set Up Any Place

An artistic, fireproof steel structure for private use. Gives absolute protection from sneak thieves, joy riders, fire, lightning, accidents, carelessness, etc. Saves \$20 to \$30 monthly in garage rent. Saves *time, work, worry, and trouble*. Comes ready to set up. All parts cut and fitted. Simple, complete directions furnished. Absolutely rust-proof. Joints and seams permanently tight. Practically indestructible. Locks securely. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Made by one of the largest makers of portable fireproof buildings. Prompt, safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed.

Postal sent today brings new 56-page illustrated Garage Book by return mail.

(91)



The
Edwards
Mfg. Co.
613-663
Eggleston
Avenue,
Cincinnati,
Ohio

have something approaching an equal voice in the administration of human affairs. They are to sit on juries, to administer public offices, to confer in the high councils of the nation. They are to bring directly to the problems of government and of civilization those qualities, in certain respects different from man's, which they have hitherto been permitted to employ only indirectly, in the private influence of the individual woman on the man who has acted for himself and her in the world of government and affairs. In the course of this great advance they are to be educated in a manner and to a degree different from any experience in the history of the sex.

Is this new freedom of woman to mean merely a large numerical addition to the voting list, or something more? If more, what?

What are the conditions of bondage or restraint from which women are so determined to work free? Can they work free without, consciously or unconsciously, bringing about immense changes in certain of our existing human institutions?

Is this sudden liberation of an entire sex going to mean a revolution of a new and bewildering kind, touching and changing life at every point?

No thoughtful observer can look on at what is taking place before his eyes without coming face to face with some such questions as these. They are so important as to demand some attempt, however inadequate, at an answer.

At the moment, of course, the situation is confused by the fact that a large proportion of the new voters are women of the old types, bred to another standard, not equipped to comprehend the power that has been placed in their hands. Many are of the parasitic sort that Olive Schreiner has so clearly defined in "Woman and Labor." These are naturally conservative, clinging to the conditions that maintain them in idleness or in partial idleness. But it will certainly not be long before the steady influx to the voting ranks of those millions of younger women whose impressions are being formed in the more alert, stirring air of to-day, adding their clearer vision and greater independence of spirit to the hard-headedness of several million workingwomen, will bring the real issues more sharply before us.

We may assume that a sex, with certain bonds of common interest among its members, that are as distinct even to the casual observer as the common interest among a group of bankers or the members of a court or a profession or a political party, will inevitably, like these, struggle and press to extend ever more widely its freedom and power. This will follow as surely

THE WELL DRESSED MAN

Must have every smallest detail of his apparel perfect in taste and of the best quality. For evening dress wear, the

Krementz Bodkin-Clutch Studs and Vest Buttons

(with Cuff Links to match)

appeal to the most fastidious because of their perfect finish and simplicity of operation.

THEY GO IN LIKE A NEEDLE

without marring the stiffest shirt front, and

HOLD LIKE AN ANCHOR

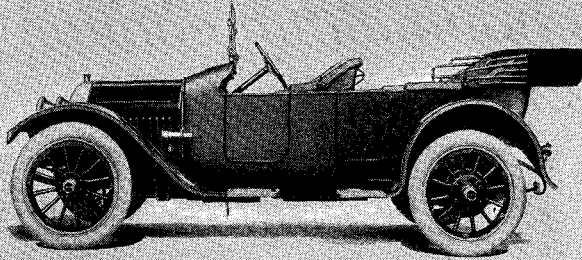
At the jeweler's you'll find many beautiful styles besides this one, that is made of the finest mother-of-pearl, mounted in platinum.

Booklet, showing many styles, on request

KREMENTZ & CO.

51 Chestnut St. - Newark, N. J.

Largest Manufacturers
of High Grade Jewelry in the World.



A Wonderful Picture!

THE OAKLAND reminds you of a wonderful picture—the work of a great artist. Beautiful to the eye, complete in every detail, the car appeals to you at once as the creation of a master.

There are hundreds of five-passenger, four-cylinder cars—all similar in appearance—and there is the Oakland model of the same description, but a car so different, so beautiful, so individual, that if you saw every five-passenger, four-cylinder car made, you would pick the Oakland as *the car* of the group.

There are a score or more of six-cylinder models but none of them have the fine characteristics of the Oakland Greyhound—6-60—a car of such striking lines that you gaze at it in sheer admiration and marvel at its wonderful symmetry and graceful appearance.

But we do not stop there. We are not satisfied in producing the most beautiful car in the world.

We give you beauty you cannot see—beauty you cannot feel—we give you beauty of construction, for the Oakland is as true inside mechanically as it is true outside artistically.

We give you a car that is mechanically right, for Oakland construction stands for maximum mechanical efficiency.

We give you unit power construction—the motor, clutch, and transmission on one line, because this method gives you increased power, the minimum of friction and straight line drive.

We give you maximum accessibility which you must have in order to give the car proper attention after you own it and drive it.

In the matter of detail, comfort and convenience, the Oakland is modern, for there is incorporated the best of scientific progress made to date in automobile construction.

Models 42 and 6-60 are equipped with the Delco improved electric lighting, ignition and starting system. Gasoline tank is carried at the rear, making it very convenient for filling. There is a gasoline gauge on the tank.

There is an oil sight on the dash. The starter is on the dash. Everything is in a convenient position for use.

THE OAKLAND LINE FOR 1913

The Greyhound 6-60, four, five and seven passenger touring cars and a runabout for two. Price for all models, \$2550.

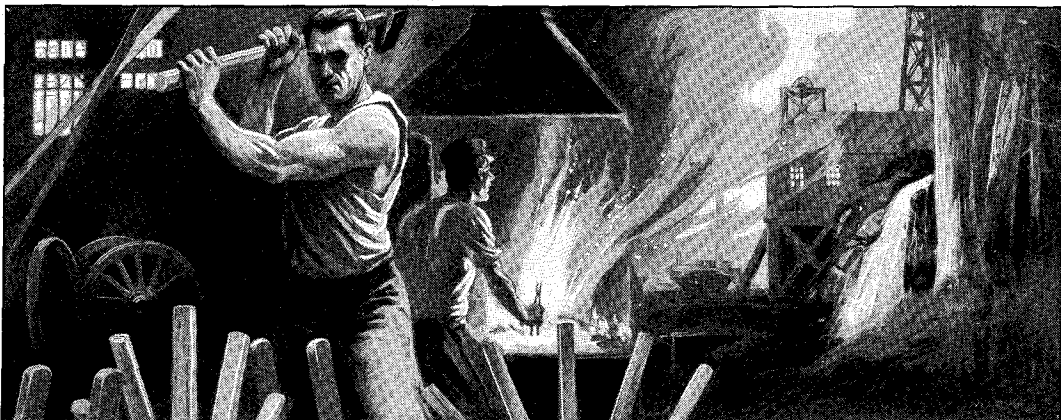
Model 42, four and five passenger touring cars (five passenger touring car illustrated). Three passenger roadster. Price of all models, \$1750.

Four passenger coupe, \$2500.

Model 35. Five passenger touring car, \$1075. Three passenger roadster, \$1000.

Send for the Oakland books: "What the Car with a Conscience Stands For," and "The Oakland—Your Car for 1913."

Oakland Motor Car Company, 124 Oakland Boulevard, Pontiac, Michigan



NATURE FURNISHES THE ELEMENTS FOR ALL OF MAN'S MATERIAL NEEDS—BUT SKILL, PATIENCE, EXPERIENCE ARE REQUIRED TO PRODUCE THE COMPLETED SUCCESS.

Studebaker

The Studebaker Corporation has for sixty years tested and examined nature's raw material to find the best for the enormous vehicle industry it has built up. And with the same sense of responsibility to the public, it has sought out the most skillful and efficient men for carrying on its great business. The incomparable result appears in the harness, carriage, wagons and the automobiles that bear the enduring guarantee of its name.

THE
STUDEBAKER CORPORATION
SOUTH BEND, IND. :: :: DETROIT, MICH.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as a court always tends to increase its jurisdiction. It may be further assumed that this pressure toward a constantly growing freedom and power on the part of the sex means that, in the long run, the institutions most certain to be touched and changed are the institutions in which the sex, as a sex, is most peculiarly and vitally interested. And these institutions, it is hardly necessary to point out, are the home, and marriage itself.

In later issues of the magazine an attempt will be made, in the light of the new attitude toward hitherto forbidden topics, to discuss the coming problems of the home and marriage, leading up to the last and greatest mystery to be illuminated by the modern spirit of inquiry, the baffling riddle of the ages — sex itself as a basis of human relations.

Needless to say, no attempt will be made to offer solutions to these puzzles. The time is not here for conclusions. The time is distinctly here, however, for discussion to begin. So long as what John Stuart Mill termed "The Subjection of Women," continued, certain ugly facts of life in man's world could be kept from her.

Those unthinking ones who expect the old submission and silence from the free woman of to-day and to-morrow are certainly in for some exceedingly rude shocks. They may lament as they will the passing of what they consider beautiful, innocent womanhood; they are certain to be confronted with a new, alert woman who has discovered that her "home" has, in the complex social life of our time, become entangled in a thousand ways with the outside life of the community and the nation, and who insists, therefore, on her right to inquire into every phase of life, and to act with some authority regarding it.

In the present article it is enough to point out the magnitude of the change that is to-day actually taking place in the mind of woman. This change is, of course, a part and a result of the widespread social stir that is beginning to remake civilization on a new basis of thought.

Study what the women are printing and saying, in the light of the underlying body of modern thought from which they are clearly drawing their ideas and their inspiration, and you will arrive at certain rather obvious conclusions. The most inescapable of these conclusions will be that the new spirit of inquiry is penetrating into the remotest, obscurest corners of life, searching boldly under the premises of everything profane and sacred, and publishing its discoveries broadcast. The most serious mistake we can make is to underrate the pervasive strength of this new leaven in human life. The old reticences are destroyed forever. The myriad army of new thoughts is sapping and

mining its way into human minds everywhere in the world. And, as the minds change and grow, civilization and all its institutions will change and grow.

This change and growth is already taking certain observable directions, all apparently converging into a new morality.

The first step was, learning to be frank. Only a few years ago, when certain publications began a discussion of the need of telling children the secrets of sex and life, "good" people everywhere were outraged. The great majority, ignorant and apathetic, clearly preferred that their children should gather this information furtively and perversely from the street. But the discussion grew and gathered force until now we talk the problems of prostitution, and its terribly complex and devastating consequences, in public forums, in suffrage conventions, in our general magazines, even in our pulpits.

We have about dropped the leering furtiveness that formerly characterized all talk about sex. We are openly reading Bernard Shaw's keen and witty but powerful utterances on the forbidden topic. Havelock Ellis on sex psychology and social hygiene, Reginald Wright Kaufman on the terribly tragic life of the prostitute, the plays of Brieux dealing bluntly with topics that have hitherto lain far beneath the plane of public discussion, are lying on center tables in thousands of homes. We read in Ellen Key's "Love and Marriage" that the monogamy to which we attribute so much of our virtue does not exist and never has existed, and there are those who accept it as a fact. A stupid and backward post-office department closes the mails to the exceedingly plain-spoken report of the Chicago Vice Committee, and is promptly put to shame (and to a reversal of its ruling) by the indignant voices of thoughtful, respectable women demanding that the book be circulated as widely as possible.

And through all this frankness runs a definite tendency toward an assault on the dual standard of morality and an assertion of sex rights on the part of woman.

There is a play, "Hindle Wakes," which is arousing interest in London, New York, and Chicago. A girl has slipped away for a weekend with the son of her father's employer. The fact is discovered. The boy is persuaded to marry her, "to save her honor." The girl flatly refuses; she can not see how it will save her honor to spend her life in a degrading alliance with a man she does not love.

"But you *did* love me," he insists. "You must have loved me!"

She turns on him and asks: "Did you love me?"

"No," he replies, falling back on the old dual

Each a Lucky Car

By R. E. Olds, Designer

In every make an occasional buyer gets a lucky car. No repairs, no breaks, no troubles. Every part stands every strain.

In Reo the Fifth such things are not luck. I spend \$200 per car to insure them. And this is how I do it:

Making Sure

I know, in the first place, after 26 years spent in building cars, how much strength is needed.

To that needed strength I add 50 per cent. Each driving part, by actual test, is made ample for 45-horsepower. That leaves a big margin of safety.

To make sure of this strength I twice analyze every lot of steel.

I test my gears in a crushing machine of 50 tons' capacity.

I test my springs in another machine, for 100,000 vibrations.

Costly Extremes

In Reo the Fifth I use 190 drop forgings. Steel castings cost but half as much, but a casting often has a hidden flaw.

I use 15 roller bearings, Timken and Hyatt. The usual ball bearings cost one-fifth as much, but they often break.

I use a \$75 magneto to save ignition troubles.

I doubly heat my carburetor, to deal with low-grade gasoline.

A centrifugal pump is employed in this car to insure perfect circulation.

I use big tires to cut your tire expense. I have lately added 30 per cent. to my tire cost to add 65 per cent. to your tire mileage.

Endless Caution

Our factory process insures to each car almost a thousand inspections.

Every part is tested. Parts are ground again and

again, until we get utter exactness.

Each engine is tested 20 hours on blocks and 28 hours in the chassis. There are five long-continued tests.

And nothing is ever hurried. Our output is limited to 50 cars daily, so no man is ever rushed.

These things are expensive. They add to the necessary cost of this car about \$200, I figure.

But they save the user immensely more in repairs and upkeep.

So we save by factory efficiency, by building only one model, by making all our own parts. And we put that saving, for your sake, into these hidden parts.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

Ideal Center Control

Reo the Fifth has a center control which you won't go without when you see it.

All the gear shifting is done by moving a handle only three inches in each of four directions. It is done with the right hand—not the left hand. And the handle is out of the way.

There are no levers, side or center—nothing in the way. The front is as clear as the tonneau. Both brakes are operated by foot pedals.

This arrangement permits of the left-side drive, to which the best cars are coming. The driver sits close

to the cars he passes, as the law requires in Europe.

Luxurious

Each body is given 17 coats to insure enduring finish.

The best genuine leather is used in the upholstery. The best curled hair for filling.

The side lights are flush with the dashboard, and they are electric lights. The tail light is also electric.

The tonneau is roomy, the seats are wide. The car has ample wheel base. And every detail shows the final touch.

Like Costly Cars

There are high-priced cars built with equal care. That's why they cost so much.

But here is a car at an underprice, built with every precaution known.

It marks the limit of what I can do after 26 years spent in car building.

If you think that these things are worth the getting, I ask you to see this car.

Sold by a thousand dealers. Write for our catalog of the 1913 model and we'll direct you to the nearest one.

R. M. OWEN & CO., General Sales Agents for REO MOTOR CAR CO., Lansing, Mich.

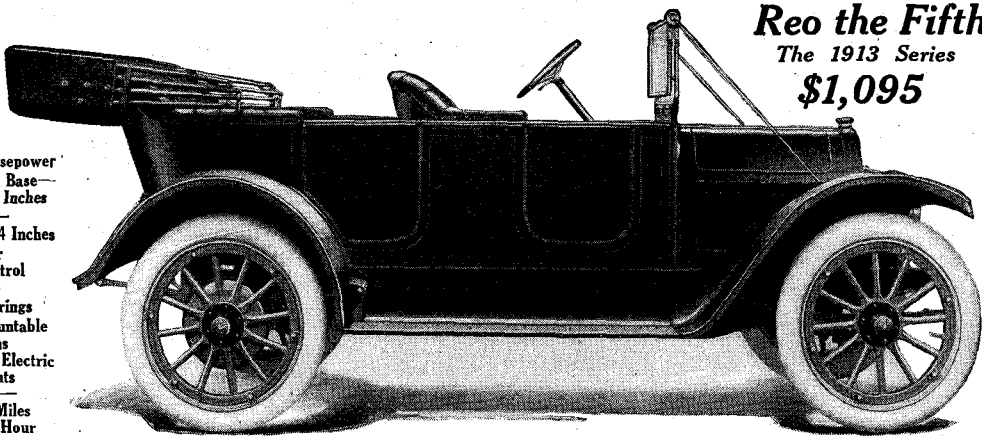
Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ont.

Reo the Fifth

The 1913 Series

\$1,095

30-35
Horsepower
Wheel Base—
112 Inches
Tires—
34x4 Inches
Center
Control
Roller
Bearings
Demountable
Rims
Three Electric
Lights
Speed—
45 Miles
per Hour
Made with
2 and 5
Passenger
Bodies



Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip cover, windshield, gas tank for headlights, speedometer, self-starter, extra rim and brackets—all for \$100 extra (list price \$170).

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.



MOTHERSILL'S, after thorough tests, is now officially adopted by practically all the Great Lakes and New York Steamship Companies running south and many Transatlantic lines.

Three years ago Mr. Mothersill gave a personal demonstration of his remedy on the English Channel, Irish Sea and the Baltic, and received unqualified endorsement from leading papers and such people as Bishop Taylor Smith, Lord Northcliff, and hosts of doctors, bankers and professional men. Letters from personages of international renown—people we all know—together with much valuable information are contained in an attractive booklet, which will be sent free upon receipt of your name and address.

Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or any coal-tar products. 50c box is sufficient for twenty-four hours, \$1.00 box for a Transatlantic voyage. Your druggist keeps Mothersill's or will obtain it for you from his wholesaler. If you have any trouble getting the genuine, send direct to the Mothersill Remedy Co., 416 Scherer Building, Detroit, Mich. Also at 19 St. Bride St., London, Montreal, New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg.



Deaf People Now
HEAR
Clearly!
Distinctly!
Perfectly!

NEW 4-TONE MEARS Ear Phone

Just out! The great newly perfected hearing instrument for the deaf and those hard of hearing. This improved model has **four** different sound strengths, instantly changed by a touch of the finger on a tiny switch. **Four** times as powerful, **four** times as efficient, **four** times as convenient, **four** times as helpful as any other instrument for the deaf.

Try FREE

Every Mears Ear Phone is sold **only on trial**. Test this wonderful aid to hearing on your own ears at our expense for ten days. Write and ask for a trial. It is free.

Special Introductory Offer

Get our great Introductory Offer on this new wonder of science. Only the first 5,000 to be sold *direct to users* at the jobber's lowest net price to advertise them. A few dollars, payable on easy terms, if desired, secures you complete relief from your affliction. This offer saves you more than one-half the retail price. Already 14,000 Single-Tone Mears Ear Phones have been sold.

Send FREE--The Great Mears Book The Mears Ear Phone Book explains all the causes of deafness—how to check its progress, how to treat it. Mailed Free on request. A postal brings it. Send for it at once.

MEARS EAR PHONE CO., Suite 838, 45 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y.

standard. "But I'm a man. It was just my fancy of the moment."

"Well," she replies uncompromisingly, "I'm a woman. It was just my fancy of the moment."

There you have the new issue stated flatly and boldly. It was a challenge, and it was applauded.

To deny that such thoughts are stirring in women's minds is to deny an overwhelmingly obvious fact. To keep quiet about it any longer is a useless deference to the reticence of yesterday—the reticence that is passing with the secluded, the parasitic woman. Nothing has been mentioned here that is not already actually a commonplace of open discussion. To be sure, there are many thoughtful and distinctly modern women who will disclaim some of the above statements. But, as was said near the beginning of this article, woman's new freedom and power will inevitably tend to increase. And it does seem reasonable, even necessary, to believe that they are bound to find themselves ultimately fighting for freedom from the domination of man and property in their lives. And it is further difficult to see how they can change that condition without changing, at the same time, the terms on which woman has until now bestowed her sex, without, indeed, changing the institutions that we have until now regarded as basic to civilization itself.

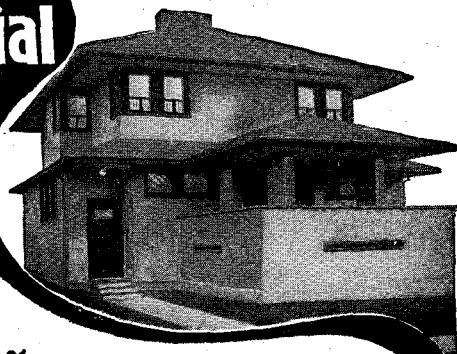
To those who find themselves unable to trust to the immensely complex adaptive ingenuity of the race in following out the processes of evolution and in creating new conditions of life to meet new needs, the prospect is bound to be deeply alarming. We are releasing a full half of our people from a sex-property enslavement that has endured, through various modifications, from the dim background of history until the present time. There is no use in blinking the fact that we can not liberate woman without ultimately finding ourselves facing radical changes in her relations with man as regards the two vital matters of property and sex. For, acting from a deep-lying sense of injustice, guided by minds that study deeper and see further, the mass of women are fighting to change these very things. Many of them, naturally, shrink from such radical thoughts. But to expect that they can change these vital relations, and still leave them as they were, is to expect too much.

The old social doctrines insisted on submission. In the new, submission is the last quality desired. The quality of the age is a flat refusal to submit to anything on faith, but to insist on testing and examining life at every point. And, as is well known, women, when they are thoroughly aroused, can ask a good many questions.

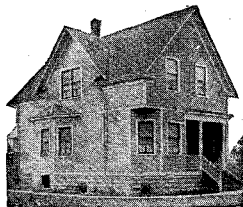
\$832 Buys the Material To Build This Home

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

We Save Home Builders 30% to 50%



Design No. 117
\$675 Six Rooms and Bath. A Modern Bungalow. Excellent Interior. Size, 39 feet, 6 inches by 27 feet.



Design No. 55
\$720 Six Rooms and bath, all rooms convenient and roomy. Size 22 ft. by 31 ft.



Design No. 50
\$925 Eight Rooms and Bath, very attractive Exterior; Five Closets, Airy Balcony. Size 28 ft. by 28 ft.



Design No. 53
\$998 Seven Rooms, Bath, Large Living and Main Bedroom, Modern in every respect. Size 27 x 36 ft.

The Chicago House Wrecking Co. would not dare ship you a carload of building material, valued anywhere from \$500 to \$1,000 without one cent down, if we misrepresented one single item. You are perfectly safe, we take all the risk.

No one else in all the world can make such low prices on new Building Material. Our reputation as cash buyers places at our command, first—every bargain worth having. We are satisfied with one small profit—let the in-between profits remain in your pocket—means an immense saving—that means all previous

New Building Material Prices S-M-A-S-H-E-D

Then, when our expert knowledge of what to buy and how to buy at the right prices is combined with the expert knowledge of our most complete Architectural Department, the result is practical, modern, beautiful buildings, constructed absolutely without waste—to satisfy all tastes and all pocketbooks.

We not only save you from 25% to 50% on your completed building, but we give you all the assistance you need for its proper and economical construction, free of charge—Blue Print Plans, prepared by expert architects, Specifications and Material Lists, together with *any other information* you may need.

Compare our offers and you will be satisfied that none can compete with our price—and none can equal our service.

\$10,000 BOOK OF PLANS FREE
Mail the Coupon Today

A truly wonderful book given away Free. One hundred pages of modern, up-to-date designs. Free to all parts of the United States. Other points upon receipt of 25c.

\$2 Brings Complete \$50 Set Blue Prints and Specifications for Any of These Beautiful Homes

The object of this advertisement is not to sell plans, but if you are interested in any of the designs shown on this page, we will, to save time, send a complete set of Plans. Specifications and full descriptive Material List, showing sizes, style, quality and catalog number of the material that we furnish. The best part of it is, that the entire \$2 will be credited on your order, or if plans do not suit, you may return them and all but 50c will be refunded. In addition, we will also name, upon request, delivered prices for complete Plumbing Outfit and Heating Plant of any kind and furnish complete specifications free of charge.

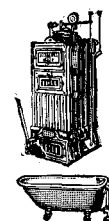
FREE Price Wrecking Catalogs

Send for our Special Building Material Catalog No. 101, Plumbing Catalog No. 138 and Heating Catalog No. 120 showing a complete line of construction of house, barn, or any other building. The newest and latest features in each line at low prices.

Read Our Guarantee—It Is Your Protection

Our guaranteed proposition to you is to furnish the material as specified in the Material List in *all brand new stock*, of the grade, sizes, style, quality and catalog number mentioned, and in quantities sufficient to complete the design strictly according to the plans. We also guarantee prompt shipment of order. All material loaded in one car from our plant here.

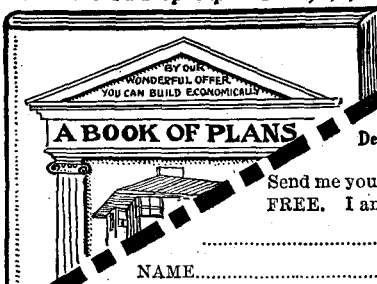
Our Paid-Up Capital Stock, \$2,000,000



Heating Plants
Write for our prices on our complete bathroom outfit. We guarantee a saving of 30% to 50%.

Plumbing Material
Steam, Hot Water and Warm Air. Let us estimate on our requirements. Big saving.

Chicago House Wrecking Company, Dept. F-116 CHICAGO



Chicago House Wrecking
Dept. F-116, Company, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your \$10,000 Plan Book FREE. I am also interested in

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Town.....

County.....

State.....

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.



DETECTIVE BURNS' GREAT CASES

The Mysterious Counterfeiter

AS TOLD TO

ARTHUR B. REEVE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

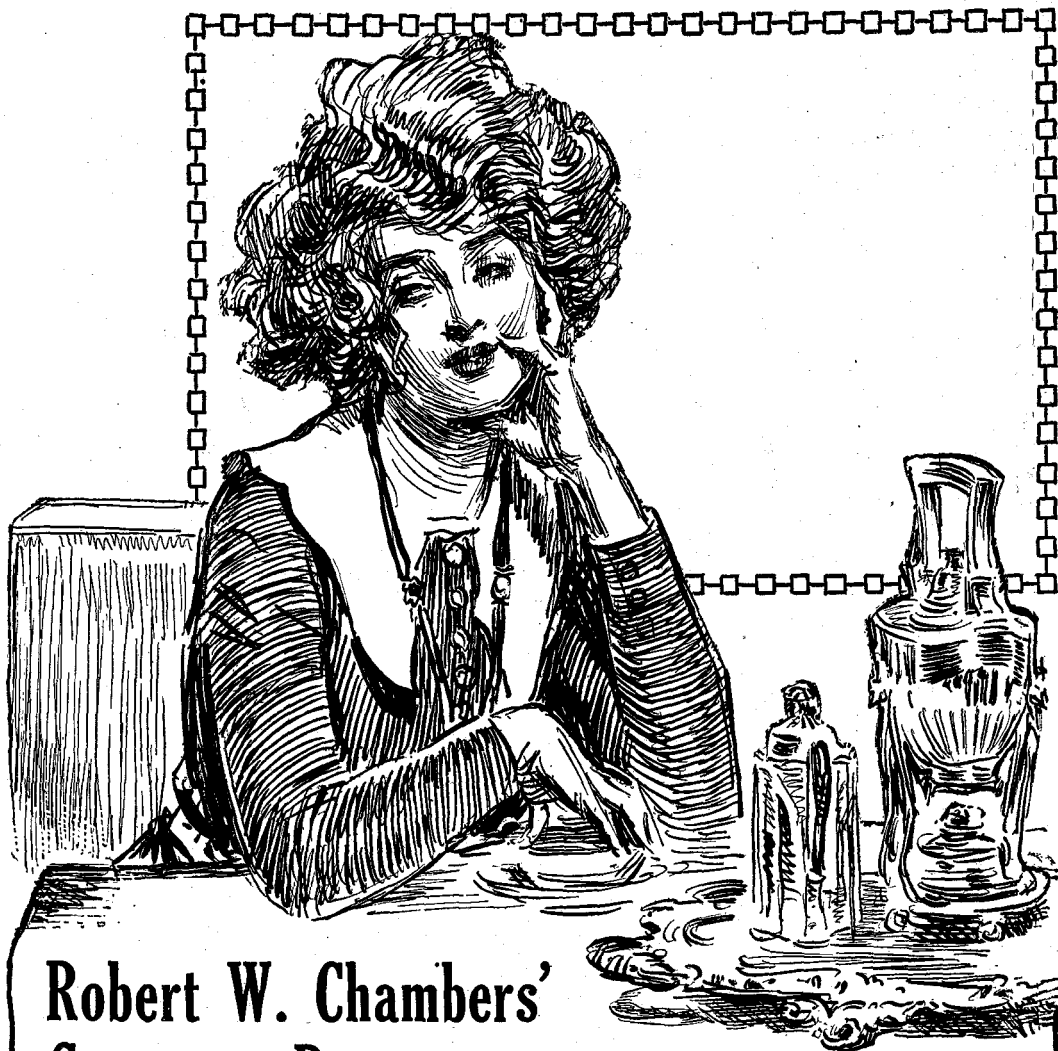
IF John Peters, professional "shover" of counterfeits, had walked into the little shop of a notion-store keeper in a small Connecticut town two days earlier than he did some fifteen years ago, the Secret Service might still be looking for one of the cleverest and most mysterious craftsmen who ever engraved bad money.

It happened that the notion-store was kept by a poor little pathetic figure of an old lady who was struggling against a merciless fate to keep the breath of life in a broken and overworked body by means of the scant profits of the store. All that the little old lady took in, in the course of a day, was perhaps not over

seventy or eighty cents. The profits were not such as to excite the cupidity of even the "New York Bargain Store," her only serious rival on Main Street.

Now, it must be confessed that pretty nearly everybody, whether he is an ordinary citizen or a professional "shover," has very little compunction in getting rid of anything in the money line that looks queer, and letting the other fellow do the worrying.

Dismissing as no part of this story the human-interest heart-throb of the thing, when some one, in making a small purchase, gave the little shopkeeper a counterfeit silver dollar, and got good, right-ringing United States coin in change,



Robert W. Chambers' Greatest Romance—Illustrated By CHARLES DANA GIBSON

The characters—the scenes—and the fascinating climaxes in Chambers' thrilling new novel "The Business of Life" rival those in this author's greatest success "The Common Law." In "The Business of Life," he handles the problems that involve our "best society" in a fearless, masterly way, and mingles the classes of Fifth Avenue and the shop with marvelous daring and skill.

You will be startled at the affair at the club, and will follow with feverish haste the attempts of Desboro to gain the affections of the daughter of the old curio dealer. The story fascinates—the coming chapters will grip and hold you in deepest interest. Don't miss a single chapter—get Cosmopolitan now at this reduced trial price.

Use the Coupon

COSMOPOLITAN

381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Cosmo-
politan
Magazine,
381 Fourth Av.,
New York City

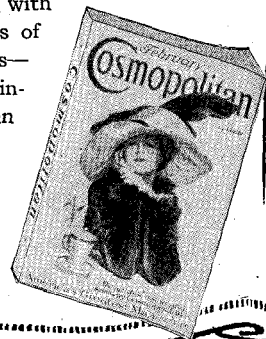
McCl.-2

Gentlemen:
Enter my name for the
next 3 numbers of Cosmo-
politan, for the enclosed
25 cents.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

DOESN'T THIS LOOK MORE LIKE LIVING?



Come to Florida and Live Like a Prince

among the grapefruit and orange groves and the perpetual sunshine of beautiful Hillsboro County.

Three years ago we began telling hard-working Northerners how, by planting 3 1-3 cents per acre per day in one of these 10-acre fruit or truck farms, they could reap a much larger crop of dollars with many times the comfort and enjoyment of life.

Today, after having sold over 30,000 acres of beautiful Hillsboro County land to over 2,500 satisfied families — after ourselves having had the satisfaction of seeing a good portion of this acreage colonized and under highly profitable cultivation — we tell you again — “Come now to Hillsboro County, Florida, and prosper — right here within easy reach of Tampa, the greatest, most rapidly growing metropolis of the South.”

We are no longer telling you what *can* be done on our Hillsboro County land — we’re telling you what *has* been done on it, what is being done on it today, by our own thrifty settlers. Why don’t you just write us for certified copies of what these settlers themselves have to say? You’ll find them simply irresistible.

Two Big Tracts to Choose From

The rich fruit and truck farm land we now offer you consists of two tracts, both located in Hillsboro County, which produces over one-tenth of the citrus fruit crop of the entire state. One of these tracts, centering about North Tampa, lies intermingled among the thousands of farms we have already sold. The other, known as the Lithia tract, lies just southeast of the thriving city of Tampa, and contains about 7,500 acres of the finest orange and grapefruit land in the state.

Both the North Tampa and Lithia tracts get the full advantage of two top-priced, insatiable markets: Tampa, with its great tourist hotels and winter resorts, within easy reach of every Hillsboro County settler; and the ever hungry New York market — a surprisingly short haul by boat or rail.

Both tracts are crossed by several big railroads, much of it has free mail delivery and other suburban advantages — making this practically a suburban proposition at acreage prices.

When You Buy a Farm Be Sure —

— Be sure that the land company makes the sale subject to examination within 60 days, by yourself or your representative. *You have a right to demand this*, and any land company which does not extend you this protection is not worthy of your business. Our three years’ history of success has been built up on just this principle of fair dealing. *Every purchaser of our farms is extended this privilege. Moreover, any time within a year from date of your purchase, you may exchange your farm for any other unsold tract of the same size.*

Your money back if you want it. Additional time for investigation if required, but *make your reservation now.* We will have our local representative pick out a farm for you if it’s handier than making the trip yourself just now.

You Have a Right to Comfort and Prosperity —

— There’s no earthly reason why *your* family shouldn’t enjoy *now* the comfort and health and prosperity you have always dreamed of for them. There’s *every* reason why you should look into this remarkable opportunity *now* — while the chance is yours.

Don’t let your chance slip past you this time! Hillsboro County is rapidly filling with ambitious settlers — *home-owners* — and you must choose *now* if you would have the best. Send us **TODAY** (protected by our broad, straightforward money-back guarantee) your remittance for \$1 per acre on as many acres as you think you need. Later payments \$1 per acre per month. And be sure to fill out and mail at once the attached coupon. It entitles you to one of the most accurate, most interesting and valuable books on Florida ever published.

NORTH TAMPA LAND CO.

1128 Commercial National Bank Building, CHICAGO

THIS COUPON MEANS
\$ FOR YOU — CLIP IT

NORTH TAMPA LAND CO. Mc.2-13

1128 Commercial Nat’l Bank Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me, FREE, your latest and most valuable Book about Florida Land.

NAME _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____

STREET NO. _____

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure’s.

it was calculated, to say the least, to cause the poor little old lady to do some hard thinking over that bad dollar and over bad money in general.

It was just because the little old shopkeeper was thinking that way that she was the means of starting the Secret Service, and therefore William J. Burns, on the trail of what proved to be "the case of the mysterious counterfeiter."

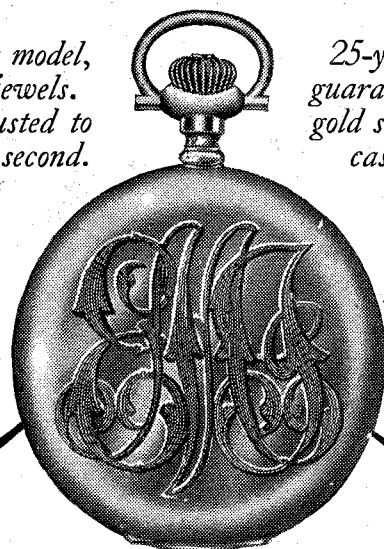
It was not the silver dollar that was mysterious in this case, although it was the dollar that really started it. The dollar was, as a matter of fact, only a very poor imitation of the genuine, in which there was something wrong from the reeded edge to the "In God We Trust." The little old shopkeeper spent many hours thinking of that dollar. She talked in her cracked, high-keyed voice to every one who knew anything about counterfeits. And she grew wary as she realized, with a sigh of relief, that if it had been a ten-dollar bill she would have lost ten times as much just as easily. She made up her mind that, while she would keep her trust in the Deity, she would no longer trust either man or coin.

It merely happened that that was the preparation for the reception of the real mysterious counterfeit—worse luck for the real mysterious counterfeiter. The product of his superior genius did not fall upon stony ground when, exactly two days later, a dapper young man stepped into this same little notion-store, made a purchase that represented nearly an average day's business, and jauntily tossed down a pretty yellow twenty-dollar bill, as beautifully executed a work of art as ever came from a versatile engraver not in the Government employ. It was the very first one of these counterfeits that had ever been offered to the general public: a very fortunate coincidence for the general public.

The notion-store keeper had not seen a twenty-dollar bill often enough to have become a serious rival of the bank tellers who, almost blindfolded, can pick a bad one out of a pile as they count them, and lay it aside for future consideration.

As she fumbled in her reticule for the change, her fingers passed, with a tremor, over the counterfeit dollar. Some worldly-wise people would have jumped at the chance to get rid of the "phoney" dollar—and would have been done out of twenty times as much for their worldly wisdom. The old lady passed over the bad dollar, but not over the thought in her mind, "Is this bill good? I must find out first." Of course she could not make the change—would not have made it if she had had a barrel of change in her one room back of the store.

*Thin model,
19 jewels.
Adjusted to
the second.*



*25-year
guaranteed
gold strata
case.*

Here Is the Exquisite Ribbon Monogram Design—You may have your own initial handsomely engraved by hand on the superb gold strata case—guaranteed for 25 years. Your choice of scores of other handsome designs.

Startling Watch Offer

The Great Burlington Special at the Rock-Bottom Price

The world's masterpiece of watch manufacture **now sold direct** to the consumer at the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay. The superb Burlington Special—adjusted to temperature, isochronism and all positions—19 jewels, fitted at the factory into the superb gold strata case—now sold **direct to you** at the rock-bottom anti-trust price.

The Fight Is On!

We will not be bound by any system of price-boosting contracts with dealers. We will not submit to any "high profit" selling scheme. We will not be dictated to by ANY "system". **No matter what it costs**, we are determined to push our independent line even if we should have to fight a combination of all the watch manufacturers of the country.

And so we are making this offer—the most sweeping, astounding offer ever made on a high-grade watch. The famous Burlington direct and at the same price **wholesale jewelers must pay**. And in order to make the proposition doubly easy for the public we will allow this rock-bottom price, if desired, on terms of **\$2.50 a month**.

Get the Burlington Watch Co.'s Free Watch Book

Read our startling exposure of the amazing conditions which exist in the watch trade today. Read about the anti-trust fight. Read about our great \$1,000 Challenge. Learn how you can judge watch values. Send your name and address for this valuable **FREE BOOK** now—TODAY. Sign and mail coupon.

BURLINGTON WATCH CO.

Dept. 1022
19th Street
and
Marshall
Blvd.
Chicago
Ill.

Please send me, without obligation and prepaid, your free book on watches and a copy of your \$1,000 challenge with full explanations of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the superb Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....

No letter necessary; coupon will do.

For Winter Chapping

of FACE and HANDS



**Hinds
Liquid
Cream**
in bottles
50c

HINDS Honey and Almond CREAM

Relieves at once, quickly heals, makes clear, velvety skin. Complexions are greatly improved by its use. Endorsed by refined women. Soothes infants' skin troubles. Men who shave prefer it. —Is not greasy; cannot grow hair; is absolutely harmless. At all dealers. Write for Free Sample Bottle and Tube.

A. S. HINDS, 38 West St., Portland, Maine

**Hinds
Cold
Cream**
in tubes
25c



HYOMEI For Catarrhs

SPEEDY RELIEF COMES FROM BREATHING ANTISEPTIC AIR

Stubborn Cases of Catarrh Yield to the Hyomei Breathing Treatment

HYOMEI (pronounced High-o-me) is made of Australian Eucalyptus, Thymol, Guaiacol and other Antiseptics. It does not contain any harmful drug. Pour a few drops into the little hard rubber pocket inhaler that comes with each outfit and breathe deep into the lungs the germ destroying balsamic air.

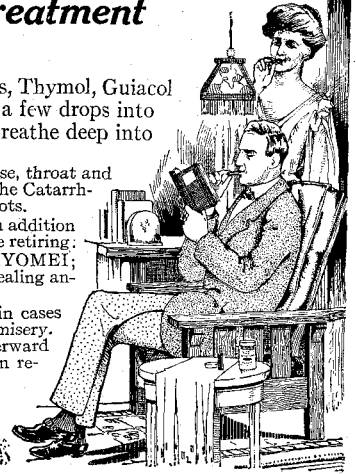
As this pleasant air passes over the membrane of the nose, throat and lungs, it penetrates into the folds and crevices; destroys the Catarrhal microbes, and soothes and heals the sore, Catarrhal spots.

To get quick relief and best results from HYOMEI treatment in addition to using the inhaler as directed, try this vapor treatment just before retiring:

Into a teacup half full of boiling water pour a half teaspoonful of HYOMEI; hold cup close to face and breathe for five minutes the soothing, healing antiseptic vapor that arises.

Money will be refunded if HYOMEI doesn't give satisfaction in cases of catarrh, coughs, colds and croup and all nose and throat misery. Complete outfit, which includes inhaler, \$1.00; extra bottle, if afterward needed, 50 cents, at pharmacists' everywhere. Free trial bottles on request from

BOOTH'S HYOMEI COMPANY, Box 980, Buffalo, N. Y.



THE Keeley Cure

For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific treatment which has cured half a million in the past thirty-three years, and the one treatment which has stood the severe test of time. Administered by medical experts, at the Keeley Institutes only. For full particulars write

To the Following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.
Atlanta, Ga.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Des Moines, Ia.
Orab Orchard, Ky.

Portland, Me.
Omaha, Neb.
Manchester, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Greensboro, N. C.
Columbus, Ohio.

Oklahoma City, Okla., 918 N. Stiles St.
Philadelphia, Pa., 512 N. Broad St.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Dallas, Tex.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Seattle, Wash.

Waukesha, Wis.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Guatemala City, Guatemala.
Puebla, Mexico.
London, England.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

She made her excuses, slipped into the back room, then breathlessly across the street to the grocer's.

"Is it good?" she trebled in her cracked voice.

The grocer was a man of big business in that town; but he was not a money expert. He pulled out several twenties from the back of his cash-register and laid them down on the counter.

Whatever it was in this imitation, he sensed the truth. "I think," he drawled at last, "that you ought to call a policeman. It looks mighty queer to me. Wait; I'll call one myself."

"Where did you get this?" inquired the officer suspiciously, entering the notion-store, with the little storekeeper and the grocer well in the background.

The dapper young man threw out his chest. "None of your business," he replied boldly.

"This is a counterfeit," hazarded the policeman — who was a better judge of human nature than of "phoney" money.

"So are you," snorted the dapper fellow in contempt, making a lunge to grab the bill.

"I am, am I?" reiterated the policeman. "Well, just for that I'll take you up to headquarters, where you can prove it — see?"

The bluff of the dapper one had overreached, with the result that he was quietly but effectively escorted from the little notion-store.

They had not gone ten steps up the street before there was the sudden glint of something shiny in the sunlight, a spit of fire, and the hollow bark of a revolver. He overshot, just as he had overreached. The bullet tore out a piece of the officer's collar. Like a flash, the officer seized the neck of the young man with one hand and his billy with the other, and an instant later the pistol clattered on the sidewalk.

When the youth got out of the hospital, there was lodged in the local jail a young person whom no one knew, who had come from nowhere, was connected with nobody, and had no visible means of support except that he had been engaged in passing a brand-new twenty-dollar counterfeit, the first of the unofficial issue ever passed, and so good that the Government accorded it its highest praise, which consists in the word "deceptive."

The whole of this little episode, of course, proved extremely interesting, not to say important, to the Government. In fact, every effort was made by the Secret Service and the local police to find out who the young man was and where he got the counterfeit. Several months of effort were devoted to it, with no reward.

One day came a lull in the Washington office of the Secret Service. The Chief had been thinking off and on for six months of that mysterious, dapper young man up in the Connecticut jail.

You Can Weigh Exactly What You Should Weigh



You can hold the admiration of Husband, Brother, Friend, Sweet-heart. Be sound in body and mind; efficient; well poised. Make the most of yourself.

I have helped 60,000 of the most refined, intellectual women of America to regain health and good figures and have taught them how to **keep** well. Why not you? You are busy, but you can devote a few minutes a day, in the privacy of your room, to following scientific, hygienic principles of health, prescribed to suit your particular needs. I have

Reduced the Weight
of 30,000 women and have
Increased the Weight
of as many more.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because they are scientific and appeal to common sense.

No Drugs — No Medicines

You can—

Be Well so that everyone with whom you come in contact is permeated with your strong spirit, your wholesome personality—feels better in body and mind for your very presence.

Be Attractive—well groomed. You can—

Improve Your Figure—in other words be at your best.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands, and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what **I can do** for you by what **I have done** for others. I have relieved such Chronic Ailments as

Indigestion
Constipation
Anaemia
Sleeplessness
Nervousness

Torpid Liver
Catarrh
Headache
Weaknesses
Rheumatism

The best physicians are my friends—their wives and daughters are **my pupils**—the medical magazines advertise my work.

I have published a **free** booklet showing how to stand and walk correctly and giving other information of vital interest to women. Write for it and I will also tell you about my work. If you are perfectly well and your figure is just what you wish, you may be able to help a dear friend—at least you will help me by your interest in this great movement for greater culture, refinement and beauty in woman.

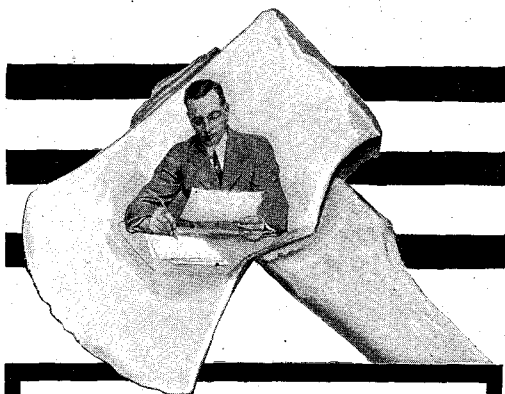
Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait—you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

Susanna Cocroft

Dept. 95

624 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Miss Cocroft is a college bred woman. She is the recognized authority upon the scientific care of the health and figure of woman.



The Trained Man Dodges the Axe

This old axe has lopped off heads since the year one. The *inefficient* man always gets it. The *efficient* man dodges it.

Efficiency means being a "Cracker Jack" at some particular thing. It means being able to *more* than hold your own in filling a good job that pays a *growing* salary.

If you can only read and write, and are ambitious, the International Correspondence Schools will impart Efficiency to you in your spare time—whatever you are—wherever you live—whatever you do—whatever you earn—or how little spare time you have at your disposal.

It costs you nothing to get the facts telling how the I. C. S. can help you. Simply mark the attached coupon opposite the occupation that particularly appeals to you. Mail the coupon today. Doing so places you under no obligation.

You've got to get *Efficiency* or "get the axe." Choose! Mark the coupon NOW.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 814, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Salesmanship
Electrical Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Telephone Expert
Architect
Building Contractor
Architectural Draftsman
Structural Engineer
Concrete Construction
Mechan. Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Civil Engineer
Mine Superintendent
Stationary Engineer
Plumbing & Steam Fitting
Gas Engines

Civil Service
Bookkeeping
Stenography & Typewriting
Window Trimming
Show Card Writing
Lettering and Sign Painting
Advertising
Commercial Illustrating
Industrial Designing
Commercial Law
Automobile Training
English Branches
Poultry Farming
Teacher
Agriculture
Chemist

Spanish
French
German

Name _____

Present Occupation _____

Street and No. _____

City _____

State _____

Often, in such a case, the search is from effect to cause. For instance, it may be that the sale of colored ink can be traced. The supply men know their regular customers, and are suspicious of strangers who buy antimony or paper, ink or zinc, out of the ordinary. So with other materials used in counterfeiting—the lenses, the photographic supplies, and the presses. But in this case all the usual methods had been exhausted. The thing could be got at neither backward nor forward. It was like one of those spherical safes: there was no place to catch hold.

Therefore, when a lull came in the busy work of the Service, the mind of Chief Wilkie automatically reverted to the unsolved case.

"Burns," said the Chief, reflectively fixing his eye on the detective, "I think this is a good time to find out who that young fellow up in Connecticut is. Suppose you try it."

A few days later a prosperous, kindly-looking gentleman wandered into the Connecticut jail and asked for the warden. He was interested in an organization that had for its object the welfare of children. This was before juvenile courts were ever heard of outside of Denver.



"THERE WAS LODGED IN THE LOCAL JAIL A YOUNG PERSON WHOM NO ONE KNEW, WHO HAD COME FROM NOWHERE"

Florida Land For You—Among Orange and Grape Fruit Groves Now Earning \$5,000 to \$7,000 a Year



See the Big Crop of String Beans Among Young Grape Fruit Trees

The above picture of Mr. A. A. Price's land shows the real, *proved combination soil* at Wauchula where growers are getting huge yields of vegetables, between the rows of young orange and grape fruit trees. Beans, peas, cucumbers, watermelons, onions and other vegetables will keep you in comfort and pay for the land. Then when your orange and grape fruit trees begin to bear you are on the high road to actual luxury. Come down and see how grove owners are buying motor cars and sending their children to college.

Most Interesting Florida Facts

Write for *actual facts* of present earnings on these lands. **FREE** Learn about this home company of bankers. Our Treasurer is President of the Florida Citrus Exchange. Learn why we *guarantee* every acre we sell. No other Florida offer like this. You are so safeguarded that you *can't* lose. Nearly \$500,000 bank deposits in Wauchula, Zolfo and Bowling Green all within a radius of 5 miles shows how the grove owners are making money—and the country is only beginning to be settled. Mail the coupon. It puts you under no obligations—it merely puts you in possession of the facts. Write! Address

Wauchula Development Co.,
Box 3701 Wauchula, Florida

Guaranteed By Bankers

A FLORIDA offer of the *present*. We have the *facts* existent *today*. Here are scores of groves scattered about the country around Wauchula, Florida, three hours' ride from Tampa, right in the heart of the Peace River Valley, a swift flowing stream. High ground, good water—good drainage. Rainfall well distributed throughout the year. A healthful location. Grove owners are laying away \$3,000, \$5,000 \$7,000, \$10,000 a year,

We have to offer 10-acre plots, ready to market now that the timber is cut off within sight of flourishing groves. *Our farm expert shows you the short cuts to prosperity.*

The very best transportation—a quick cash market—good prices—for everything you grow, in Wauchula, a live flourishing town of 1500 with two banks, up-to-date stores, fine schools, churches, lodges. Fishing and hunting near at hand. This is a good country to *live* in, for you and your family. *No negroes in Wauchula.* You'll be surprised to find that this land is

So Easy To Buy

You can secure your ten acres at a small amount down and only a dollar a month per acre. This is the famous Wauchula Combination Soil—fine both for vegetables and grape fruit. Your profits in vegetables at the start will make you a good living and pay for the land. Then grape fruit and orange trees come into bearing and you reap the big profits. Come down here and talk to the grove owners, or read their letters in our convincing literature. *You can't fail* if you have a little money and are willing to work.

A Year to Decide

You can come down here to Wauchula any time within a year after starting payments, and if you *aren't satisfied*, you get back every cent you've paid in *with 6% interest*. Make a little winter vacation of this trip—or come any time. Look at sturdy groves that passed through the great freeze of '95 unharmed. Talk to the owners. Get the *facts on the ground*—then make your decision.

Mail This
Coupon
Today

**Wauchula
Development
Co., Box 3701
Wauchula, Florida**

Please send me actual facts regarding your combination vegetable and citrus fruit lands. Also prices, letters from settlers, etc., etc.

Name.....

St. No. or Rural Route.....

Town.....

State.....

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

After a talk with the warden, he asked to be shown through the jail.

"Have you any boys here?" he asked, as he took pains to impress his sentiments on the warden again, for the benefit of the prisoners.

"Yes, one," was the reply.

"H-m," mused the kindly man, as if this was news to him, and bad news. "Does he associate much with the other prisoners — the more hardened ones?"

"Well — er — there is one," evaded the warden skilfully, "who seems to have taken a fancy to him."

"So. What is this one in for, may I ask? What is his name?"

"It's a long story," replied the warden, as he sketched over the experience of the little notion-store keeper. "Says his name is Peters, John Peters. But we call him 'the mysterious counterfeiter.' All the Secret Service men can't seem to get out of him where the counterfeit was made or —"

"Oh, I don't care about *his* story," remarked the philan-

thropist, "but I do care about boys; and if he talks to that boy, I'd like to talk to him. Where is this man?"

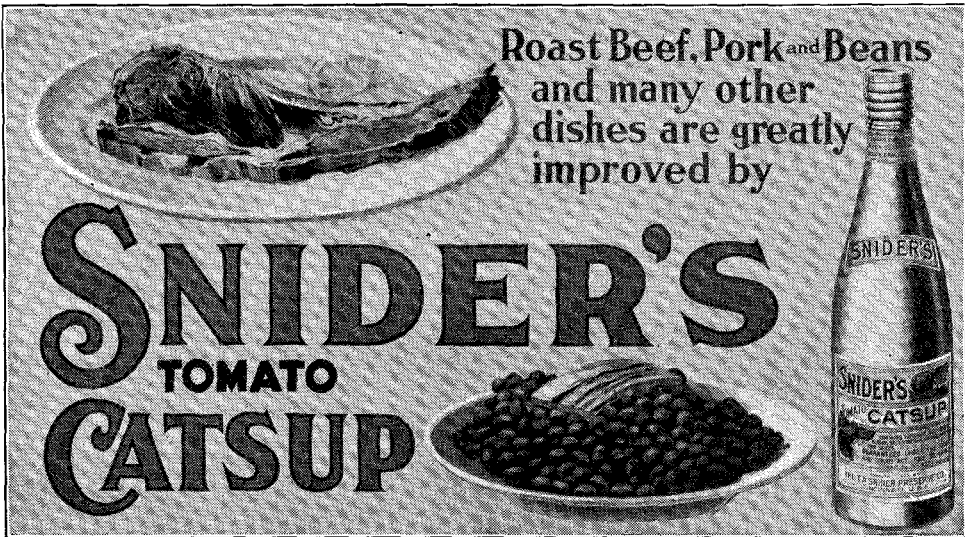
"Over there across the corridor, in the first tier."

The kindly gentleman continued to look at the various prisoners, with a word of encouragement now and then. But he talked mostly of the boy, until they came around to Peters.

"So this is the man who is interested in the boy," beamed the philanthropic gentleman. "I wish you would introduce me. I'm glad to



"BURNS QUIETLY GATHERED, FROM THE GAR-
RULOUSNESS OF INQUISITIVE NEIGHBORS,
DESCRIPTIONS OF MEN WHO HAD BEEN
SEEN VISITING THE OLD HOUSE"



Roast Beef, Pork and Beans
and many other
dishes are greatly
improved by

SNIDER'S

TOMATO
CATSUP

ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT

Is Quality Grape Fruit

With the first suggestion of the use of this grape fruit in rheumatic and fever conditions came a quick endorsement from physicians and the public. We say "as found in the Atwood Grape Fruit," for Atwood Grape Fruit is so far superior to the ordinary kind that it is admittedly in a class by itself when used either as a luxury or medicinally.

Its superiority is not an accident. From the beginning the Atwood Grape Fruit Company (the largest producer of grape fruit in the world) has sacrificed everything for **QUALITY**. An initial expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars was incurred; everything that science or experience could suggest was done to produce **QUALITY**; even then, many trees, as they came to maturity, bore just good, ordinary grape fruit, but not good enough for the Atwood Brand. Therefore thousands of big, bearing trees were either cut back to the trunk and rebudded to **Superior Varieties** or dug out entirely.

So through the various processes of selection, cultivation and elimination has evolved the **ATWOOD FLAVOR**, as hard to describe as it is difficult to produce.

If you desire, your grocer or fruit dealer will furnish the ATWOOD Brand in either bright or bronze. It may be procured at first-class hotels, restaurants and clubs. Ask for ATWOOD Brand. For home use buy it by the box; it will keep for weeks and improve. The standard box contains 36, 46, 54, 64 or 80 grape fruit, according to the size.

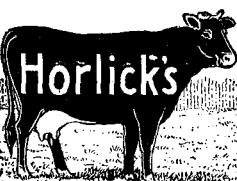
ATWOOD Grape Fruit is always sold in the trade-mark wrapper of the Atwood Grape Fruit Company.

ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT CO.,

80 Maiden Lane, New York City



Protect
Yourself
Ask for
**ORIGINAL-
GENUINE**



The
**Food-Drink
for All Ages**
**Others are
imitations**
All Druggists

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

KING OF HOUSEHOLD FINISHES

JAP-A-LAC

Renews

EVERYTHING FROM CELLAR TO GARRET
SOLD AT PAINT, DRUG, HARDWARE AND DEPT. STORES

The GLIDDEN VARNISH CO. *Glidden* CLEVELAND — TORONTO

LOOK FOR QUALITY GREEN LABEL

HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA

for Service

For *real household service*, for *real satisfaction*, you cannot buy better, more attractive or more serviceable dinner ware than Homer Laughlin China; but you *can pay much higher prices* than are asked for it.

Sold almost everywhere. The trade-mark name, "HOMER LAUGHLIN," stamped on the under side of each dish is our guarantee to you.

NOTE: People tell us that "THE CHINA BOOK" is one of the most beautiful and interesting brochures recently produced. Send for your copy. It is FREE.

THE HOMER LAUGHLIN CHINA COMPANY,
NEWELL, W. VIRGINIA.



HOMER LAUGHLIN

"Mission" or "Colonial" Guaranteed Furniture

Direct from Factory at 50% Saving

We have supplied more than 30,000 of America's best homes with handsome Come-Pack Furniture. The public has been won by its beauty of design, solidity, fine finish and sterling worth.

Shipped in finished sections, easily assembled. Sold under Money-Back Guarantee on



\$7.50

Dealer's Price \$15



Price
\$11.75

Dealer's Price \$25

a full year's trial. Factory-to-home plan and saving in packing and freight explain the astoundingly low prices. Note the splendid bargains shown here.

Made of quarter-sawn White Oak, handsomely finished. Immense variety of exclusive designs from which to make your selection.



\$10.25

Dealer's Price \$28

Our Big Art Catalog Mailed FREE

Over 500 pieces of Come-Pack Furniture accurately illustrated and described. Send today. Buy furniture the "Come-Pack" way—save jobber's and dealer's profits.

COME-PACK FURNITURE COMPANY, 205 Fernwood Avenue, TOLEDO, OHIO

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

know you — er — Peters. What did you say, warden? Counterfeiting? The warden tells me you talk with our young friend a good deal. I'd like to talk to you about him. He's a fine boy, and I hope he comes out of this without any worse ideas than when he came in."

The mysterious Peters brightened up a bit at the mention of the boy. "Yes," he agreed thoughtfully, "he is a fine young fellow — too fine to be here."

"Indeed he is. If we only had a better law in this State regarding minors, he wouldn't be here. Now, over in New York, he'd be in a place where he would come out with a trade and an education."

"Yes," assented the mysterious one doubtfully. It was evident that he didn't know much about it.

"And in Massachusetts, too, they'd take better care of him."

"I hope so," sighed the prisoner.

"Some of the States, though, have the most barbarous way of putting boys in jail with older men," pursued the philanthropist; "particularly in the West."

"Yes," agreed the mysterious counterfeiter; "in Michigan they don't have anything like they have in New York and Massachusetts."

"No; it's terrible out there, I have heard," added the kindly man, betraying not a sign of gratification. Then he passed on, for there was something that told him that it was useless to linger. The mysterious Peters had suddenly lost all interest in the boy and was looking furtively at the kindly gentleman.

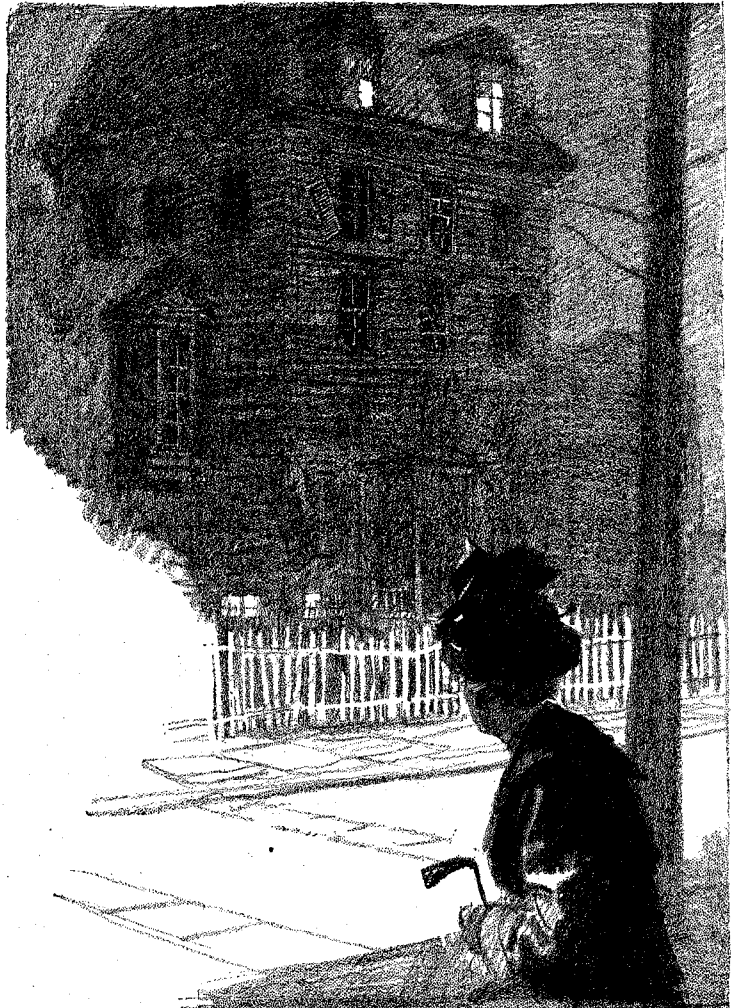
Burns had not found out what town the counterfeits were made in, but he had narrowed the search down at least to the State. Until then they might have been anywhere between Bermuda and Hawaii.

"In Michigan!"

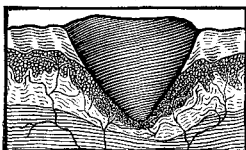
Suddenly the mysterious counterfeit notes showed up again, this time in a little town in Missouri. Surely "Peters," or whatever his name was, could have had nothing to do with that. It showed one thing, at least: Peters was not the mysterious counterfeiter himself, although the trail possibly might lead through him.

The news sent Burns off on a new clue. A storekeeper out there had been arrested for passing the notes, and he, at least, proved to be no very secretive fellow when cornered. He told a remarkable tale, as far as it went.

Some time before, a man had come into his store, a very bald man, stout, with a florid face and small eyes. For several days he had loafed around, and his chief characteristic seemed to be that he talked both very fast and very much without betraying himself. At last, however, he had led up to the point — the way to make money fast and in large quantities. Only, his



"THEY WONDERED WHAT MYSTERIOUS ACTIVITIES WERE GOING ON IN ITS CRAZY ATTIC AND DAMP CELLAR"



A Knife Never Ends a Corn

Paring a corn takes off just the top layer. Then it grows, and you pare again.

Month after month one goes on putting with the same old corn. And there is always the risk of infection.

The right way—the scientific way—is to stick on a Blue-jay plaster. From that instant all pain is stopped.

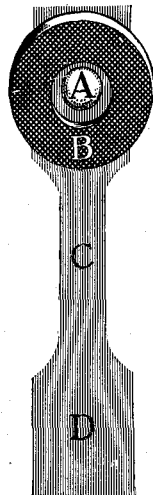
Then the B & B wax in the heart of this

plaster gently undermines the corn. In two days the corn comes out.

That finishes that corn. A new corn may come if you pinch the toe, but the old one is ended forever.

Sixty million corns have been ended in that way since Blue-jay was invented.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.



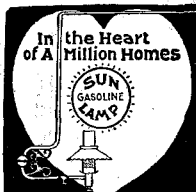
Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free, Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

(252)



"Sun" Hollow Wire System

Most effective lighting system in existence. Easy to instal—we send instructions. Beautiful fixtures. Tank and pump outside or in cellar.

Liberal terms.

At \$3.00

FREE

to agents selling 6 Lamps.

Gravity Lamps

also.

Sun Light Co.

1333 Market Street, Canton, O.



Sani-Tissue

"Soft and Clothlike"

It is the only paper impregnated with Canada balsam, making it softer than others.

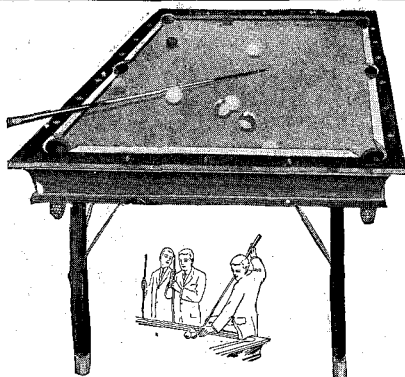
It reaches the home free from gritty irritating dust, because of its parchment wrapping; three rolls in a carton.

3 rolls for 25 cents

(Except in Rocky Mt. zone and Canada)

Send for FREE sample pocket packet.

SCOTT PAPER COMPANY 624 Glenwood Ave., PHILADELPHIA



Play Billiards at Home

Do you know how very little it would cost, under our easy payment plan, to have your own

BURROWES Billiard and Pool Table

This is your opportunity to play these fascinating, exciting, wholesome games under ideal conditions. Billiards and Pool are the most popular games in the world.

Burrowes Tables are correct in every detail. They are used by experts for home practice. The most delicate shots can be executed with the utmost accuracy. No special room is needed. Table can be mounted on dining-room or library table or on its own legs or stand. Balls, cues, etc., free.

\$1.00 DOWN

The prices are from \$15 up, on terms of \$1 or more down (depending on size and style) and a small amount each month. You play on the Table while paying for it.

Free Trial, No Red Tape—On receipt of first installment we ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 85 Spring Street, PORTLAND, MAINE



When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

scheme was one that, fortunately, is not generally followed.

"Now," he said, thoughtfully chewing a coffee-bean and spitting it out a piece at a time, to punctuate his rapid phrases, "I know a man in the East who has as safe and easy a scheme as any I ever heard of." He leaned his elbow on the counter and whispered: "He has some



"SHE HAD NOT SEEN A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL OFTEN ENOUGH TO HAVE BECOME A SERIOUS RIVAL OF THE BANK TELLERS"

'phoney' bills — you know, counterfeits — as good as the real thing. All you have to do is to buy some, and right here in your store you can get rid of them as easy as — as passing them over the counter. Shall I — shall I write for some of them?"

He tilted his chair back, and cocked his head on one side with the air of a man of the world who deals with one not born yesterday. The man from Missouri did not even wait to be

**\$8,000 to \$10,000
YEARLY**



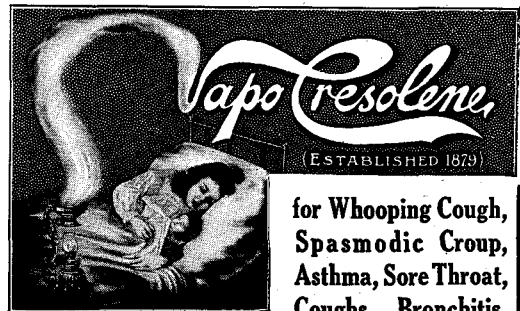
Make Money Out of Others' Fun

Pleasing the Public Pays Big Profits and owners of our famous attractions frequently make from \$8,000 to \$10,000 every year. We make everything in the Riding Gallery line, from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carrouseles. Bring in hundreds of dollars daily. It is a delightful, attractive, big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work. Just the business for the man who has some money and wants to invest it to the best advantage. Our goods are the finest appearing, easiest running and most attractive line manufactured. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. If you want to get into a money-making business, write to-day for catalogue and particulars.

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.

Park Amusement Outfitters

220 Sweeney Street, N. Tonawanda, N. Y., U. S. A.



**for Whooping Cough,
Spasmodic Croup,
Asthma, Sore Throat,
Coughs, Bronchitis,
Colds, Catarrh.**

"Used while you sleep."

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar, and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Crooked Spines Made Straight



Use the Sheldon Method 30 Days at Our Risk.

YOU need not venture the loss of a penny. No matter how serious your case, no matter what else you have tried, the Sheldon Method will help you and probably wholly overcome your affliction. We are so sure of this that we will make a Sheldon Appliance to suit your special condition and let you decide, after 30 days, whether you are satisfied. We make this unusual offer simply because the 16,000 cases we have treated absolutely prove the wonderful benefit the Sheldon Method brings to spinal sufferers, young and old.

There is no need to suffer longer or to bear the torture of old-fashioned plaster, leather or steel jackets. The Sheldon Appliance gives an even, perfect and adjustable support to the weakened or deformed spine and brings almost immediate relief even in the most serious cases. It is as easy to put on or take off as a coat, does not chafe or irritate, is light and cool. The price is within reach of all who suffer. You owe it to yourself, or the afflicted one in your family, to find out more about it. Send for our book free at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO., 212 2d Street, Jamestown, N.Y.

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

For the Scientific Treatment of

CANCER

Without the Use of the Knife

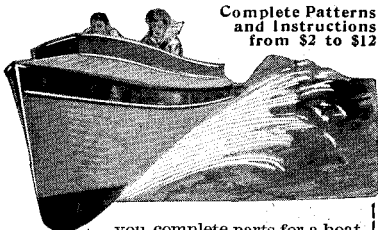
With an early diagnosis and prompt treatment practically all accessible cancerous growths are curable. When writing for information describe case in which you are interested.

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.

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North Adams, Mass.
Established thirty-five years.

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Complete Patterns
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from \$2 to \$12

LET us send you complete parts for a boat, shaped and fitted. Easy to assemble. Save two-thirds boat builder's price. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Only \$25 for 23-foot power boat—12 passengers—speed 9½ to 14 miles an hour. Knock-down frame with full-sized patterns to finish by. The boat season comes soon, so

Write For Brooks Boat Book

with 72 pages of illustrations and descriptions of row boats, canoes, sail and motor boats that you can build. Address

BROOKS MFG. CO., 6102 Sidney Street, Saginaw, Michigan

shown. He had been worked up to the point gradually by a personal green-goods canvass such as has seldom been attempted by the boldest operator.

Apparently there was nothing in this case except the description of the man who had worked off the green goods by going to the come-on himself. There was not even a prisoner, in this instance. The man had given the name of Isaac Havens; but then, that meant, if anything, even less than the name John Peters in the first case. Peters was at least still languishing in the New England jail.

Again Burns put himself in the place of the green-goods artist, and began to reason out just what he would do, how he would act, what his fears would be, and how he would guard against every possible danger. One thing was certain. Havens must have got mail, and he must have been very careful about getting it. Having reasoned it out that way, the reasoning took Burns immediately to the post-office, where he introduced himself to the young lady at the general delivery window.

"I'm a Government officer," he said, with a quick glance to either side to make sure that no one else was listening. "Do you recall within a few weeks any mail to a man named Isaac Havens?"

Without waiting a moment, the young lady slid off her stool and opened the door. "I've been expecting you," she remarked. "Yes, I do recall it."

Burns did not take time to enlighten her that he was not a post-office inspector but a Secret Service man. Here was the track.

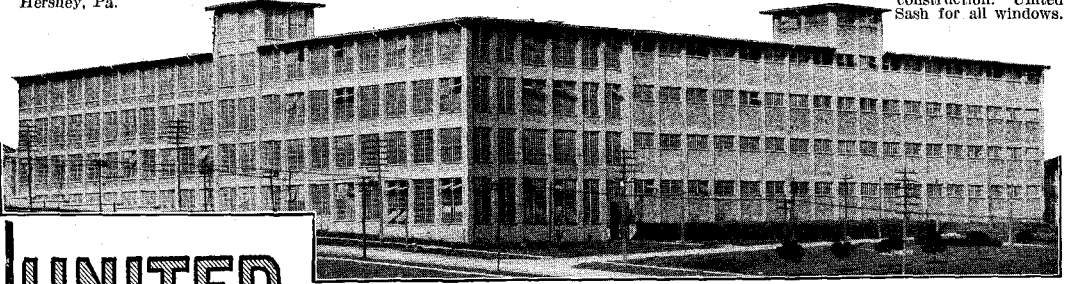
The man with the florid face had figured out the exact time when the reply, containing the green goods of the mysterious counterfeiter, would arrive. At the precise mail, as he thought, he had presented himself promptly at the general delivery window.

The letter had not come, but so anxious was Mr. Havens about it that he had disputed the young lady's word when she said that there was nothing for him. That was where he fell down. For, when the letter really arrived at last, she remembered all about the dispute. She had noted the cancellation time and place on the envelop, had taken the trouble to show him that he was mistaken, and, in fact, had watched all his mail. It all came from two places, both of which she remembered. One was a little town in Ohio, Milton Center. The other was Bay City, Michigan.

The track now led along a blazed trail, apparently — indeed, along two of them. But just at present Burns was more interested in catching Havens than in finding the counterfeiting plant.

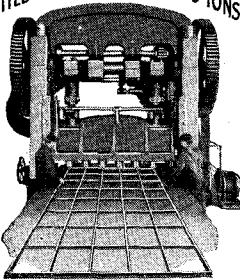
A building of the Kahn System Plant of the Hershey Chocolate Company, Hershey, Pa.

Kahn System Reinforced Concrete for all construction. United Sash for all windows.



UNITED

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SASH

Daylight All Day Long!

The cheapest and best light is daylight. No other enables workmen to do work so accurately, so rapidly, so economically. No sash affords more daylight than United Sash.

Ventilation to any desired extent is supplied by United Sash. Their large ventilators have double contact surfaces, shutting out the weather and saving fuel. Glazing is simplified by special spring clips.

The strength and rigidity of United Sash is exceptional. No metal is cut away at the joints. Gigantic presses unite the solid steel sections under tremendous pressure into complete perfect units,—accurate, uniform and attractive in appearance.

Write for United Sash Handbook, with tables, illustrations, and complete details. Valuable to all interested in building. Sent free, postpaid.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO.

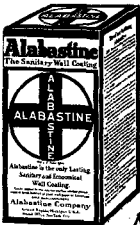
704 Trussed Concrete Building Detroit, Mich.

Reinforcing—Hyrib and Lath—Sash, Etc., Etc.



Get This New 1913 Book of 40 Color Views

of beautiful rooms showing how to decorate your home. Tells about the valuable color sketches our designers furnish free; also free stencil offer.

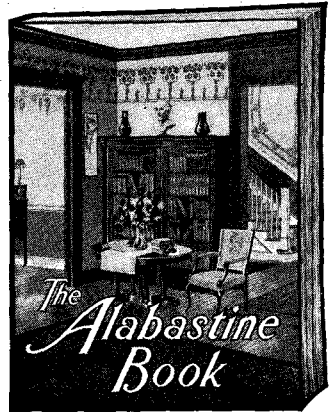


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PATTERN

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Guaranteed by the largest makers of silverware.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.

NEW YORK

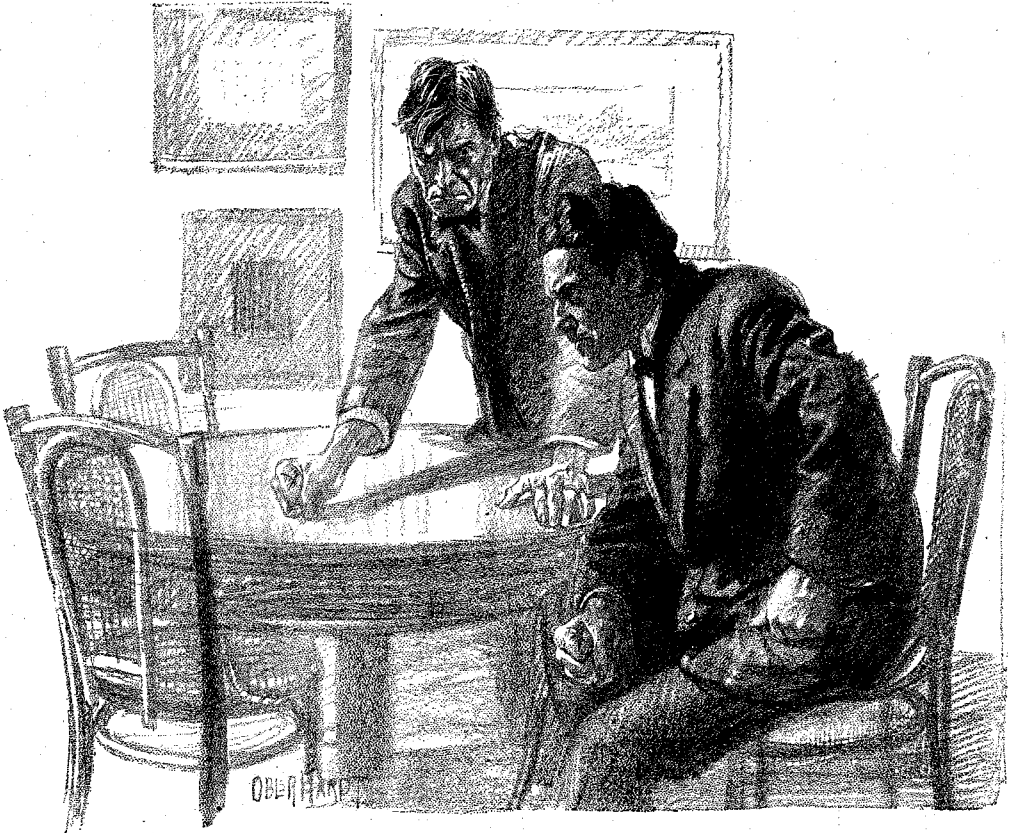
CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO



Send for
catalogue "B-33"

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.



"NOW, ED, WE'VE BEEN STUNG. WE KNOW THE GAME. LET'S GO TO IT; LET US STING SOME ONE ELSE."

He went to Milton Center. The trail through the post-office had proved so clear in the little Missouri town that again he decided to try it out in Ohio. But when Burns asked the postmaster at Milton Center whether there was any one in town who answered the description of the stout man with the florid face, the postmaster thought over every one of his acquaintance, but could recall no one who fitted the description.

Burns tried a new line. He asked if there had been any mail going out or coming in recently from the little Missouri town.

"Yes," replied the postmaster, who evidently kept a keen watch on the letters that passed under his eye. "Yes; Mrs. Mary Dow has a brother from whom she gets letters and to whom she writes there. By George, that's the brother you described, right enough — red face, fat, talks fast. That's the brother, all right."

"Where did his last letter come from?" ventured Burns.

"Don't seem to remember. Don't think there've been any lately."

"Well, when the next one comes, wire me." Burns had scarcely reached Cincinnati when

a two-word telegram from the postmaster overtook him. It read simply: "From St. Louis."

It required no great profundity of reasoning to arrive at the conclusion that it would be again through the general delivery that Havens would receive mail. Inquiry showed a letter already waiting for him.

A day or two later Havens puffed up to the general delivery window and asked for the letter.

"I want you, Havens," remarked Burns at his elbow.

Havens' face turned from red to purple, then almost white, before he caught himself.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed, looking at Burns as if the detective had flung down a royal straight flush on the table. "And just to think — I was on my way to trim a lot of suckers in the Southern Hotel!"

Havens was a short-card man as well as a passer of the mysterious counterfeit money.

So he of the florid face joined him of the dapper manner in jail. From him Burns managed at least to extract a little information, but it was not about the counterfeiter.

He had found another letter from Havens,



OSTERMOOR \$15.

"Built—not Stuffed"

Sent You on 30-Night Free Trial—yes—a handsome, full-size mattress, 4 feet 6 inches wide and 6 feet 4 inches long, full weight of 45 pounds, best blue and white ticking, will be sent to you by express, prepaid, same day we receive your check or money-order for \$15. This amount will be placed to your credit for 30 days until you have ample opportunity to prove the Ostermoor, and will be returned to you without question if you are dissatisfied. Mattresses shipped in leatherette paper and burlap, and reach you in perfect condition. You take no risk.

Write for Free Trial today or send for Free Book and samples of ticking.

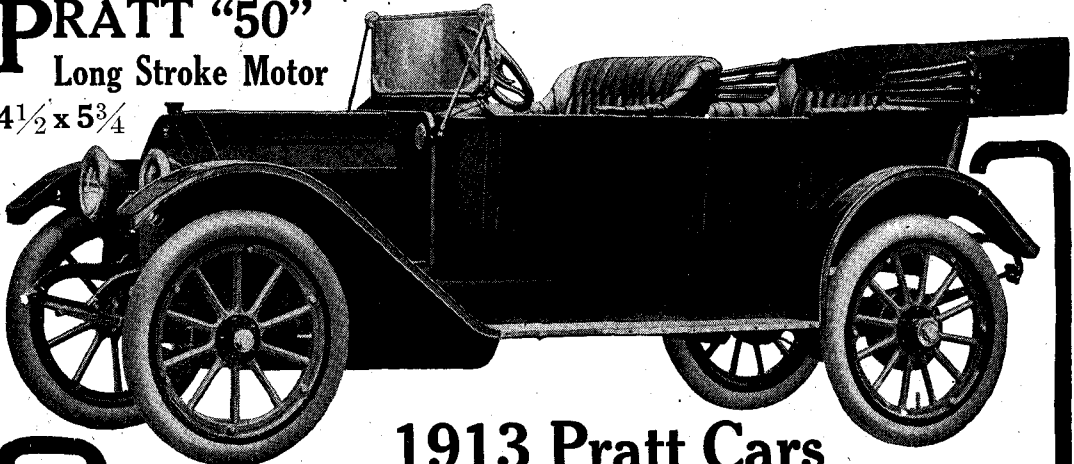
Ostermoor & Co., 112 Elizabeth Street, New York
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Mattresses Full Double Bed Size

A. C. A. Ticking, 45 lbs.	\$15.00
Satin Finish Ticking, 45 lbs.	16.50
Mercerized Art Twills, 45 lbs.	18.00
Special Hotel Style, 50 lbs.	22.00
Extra Thick French Edge, 60 lbs.	30.00
Express prepaid. Mattresses in two parts, 50c extra. Smaller sizes cost \$1 less each size.	

PRATT "50" Long Stroke Motor

4 1/2 x 5 3/4



1913 Pratt Cars

Five Years—Every one successful as manufacturers of automobiles
Forty Years—Every one successful as manufacturers of standard vehicles
Get Catalogue showing photographic views of all models, and giving you the standards by which to value any car. We have a business proposition for you. Our goal for 1913 is a "Pratt Car" in every locality. If there isn't one in your neighborhood—if there isn't a Pratt dealer near you it will be to your material advantage to write or wire and let us know.

Three Distinct Models

Pratt 50, 122-inch wheel base, electric starter and electric lighting system. Price \$2,150.00.
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Pratt 30, 114-in. wheel base, Prest-O-Starter and electric lighting system. Price \$1,400.00.
Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires and Demountable Rims on all. Pratt Cars are celebrated for their beauty, comfort, noiselessness and economy of upkeep.

ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MANUFACTURING CO., Elkhart, Indiana
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Full Equipment

Gray & Davis
Electric Starting
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Running Water In Your Home—2c. a Day

To keep fresh, sparkling water always on tap—in kitchen, laundry, bath-room—costs less than one-tenth what you pay for heating. And the "Reeco" Water Supply Systems require but one-tenth the care that you give your furnace or stoves.

Mr. Albert Roessing, Butler, Pa., writes that \$6.00 a year pays for the operation of his "Reeco" System supplying a 10-room house.

"REECO" Water Systems

ECONOMICAL—NOISELESS—TROUBLE-PROOF—Backed by 70 years' experience

Fifty thousand satisfied owners of "Reeco" Systems—there's one near you. We will send you his name. Ask him—get first-hand information about the simplest, safest, most dependable and most economical system of water supply in the world. We install complete equipments for residences, factories, hotels, farms.

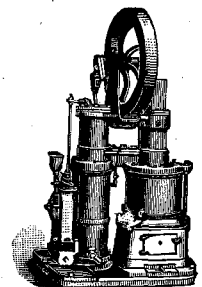
Write for Catalogue "G" to nearest office.

RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.

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Philadelphia



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Handsomeskates for
handsome feet, and as strong and sharp as handsome.

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES

Write for new catalogue No. 8, containing rules of leading Hockey Associations.

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Stocks to be found at LONDON, 8 Long Lane, E. C.; PARIS, 64 Avenue de la Grande Armee; BERLIN; SYDNEY and BRISBANE, Australia; DUNEDIN, AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON, New Zealand.

What of Your Future?

ARE you doing work which is laying the foundation of a successful, happy life? Or are you just drifting along, doing any work you can get, whether you like it or not?

You can't afford to disregard the future. If you are between 17 and 25—the age when you lay the foundation of your life's success or failure—you should be at work where everything you do counts.

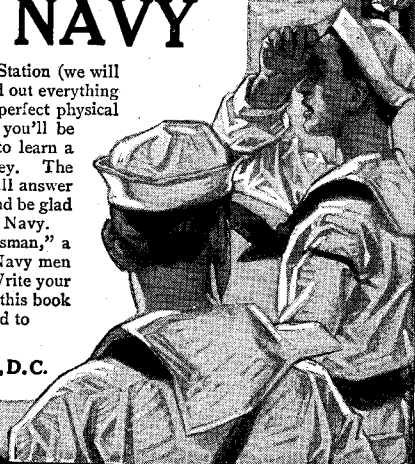
If you feel that your present job will not lead you well on to the road to success, find out what the

UNITED STATES NAVY

will do for you. Call at the nearest Navy Recruiting Station (we will send you the address) and get the complete story. Find out everything about Navy pay, hours, promotion, the healthy life, perfect physical training, and fine class of men with whom you'll be associated. Get full details about chances to learn a trade, to see the world and to save up money. The officers and men at the Recruiting Station will answer every question. You'll enjoy meeting them and be glad you called, even if you decide not to enter the Navy.

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For Social Play
Artistic Designs
Rich Colors
New Each Year
Club Indexes
AIR-CUSHION FINISH

50¢ PER PACK

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OFFICIAL RULES
OF
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Hoyle up-to-date
SENT FOR 15¢ IN STAMPS

ISSUED
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BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

CLUB INDEXES
In use in all
The Civilized
Countries of
The World
For General Play
IVORY OR AIR-CUSHION FINISH



25¢ PER PACK

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

written to another prospective come-on, offering to sell him the means to a fortune in green goods. Havens had not the remotest idea that Burns had the other letter, though he admitted the Missouri episode, as he would have admitted a bluff on the show-down.

"Didn't you try to sell some counterfeits once in Illinois?" insinuated Burns, mentioning a little town in the central part of that State.

Havens denied it absolutely.

"But you have been there," persisted Burns.

"Oh, yes, a long time ago. I used to know a girl there; but she's married now and moved away." He said it with the same sangfroid with which he would have held out an ace on a "sucker." Only, in this instance, Burns held the ace in his own hand.

Not long afterward he went to the town, and casually sauntered up to the desk at the Commercial House in one of his favorite rôles as traveling salesman.

"The last time I was here," he remarked reminiscently to the genial proprietor, "I met a short-card man."

"Ever play with him?" laughed the host. "Say, he skinned 'em all, he did. He used to get

quity of the postmistress, an angle-faced lady of many winters, was sufficient.

"Yes," she snapped; "she used to get letters from the biggest scamp alive."

As usual, what was each one's business proved to be the postmistress' very life. Even she knew that the rapid-speaking Mr. Havens had been soft spoken also, and that he had become engaged to the girl.

"Miss Clayton," said Burns, a few minutes later, to the girl in the bakery, "did you really think that Mr. Havens was single?"

The startled look on her face told the truth better than words.

"Of course," she replied simply.

"Well," pursued Burns, slowly breaking the truth as gently as possible, for he had spent some time in looking up Havens, "as a matter of fact, he has a wife, and a son twelve years old."

When the bakery closed that night, Burns had possession of half a trunk-tray of letters. Among them was one written at the same place and at the same time, with identically the same postmark, as that on the letter to the come-on which Havens had repudiated. It was a matter



"PEOPLE WITH SHADY DESIGNS ON THE CURRENCY HAD OFTEN GONE TO HER FOR ADVICE AND AID"

all the traveling men on Saturday night, and oh my, didn't he trim 'em good and proper!"

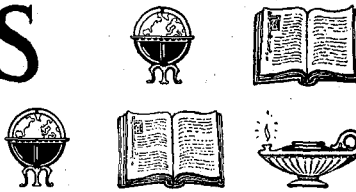
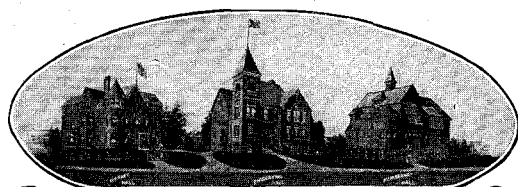
"Does he come around now?"

"No; I haven't seen him for a long time. He used to see a girl here — Bessie Clayton, down in Brown's Bakery."

Burns walked past the bakery, but again decided on going to the post-office first. One in-

stead of merely a moment for her to identify the handwriting of both the love-letter and the letter to the come-on. That settled the case of Havens — settled it so well that, even though later he repudiated his original partial confession, and asserted that at the time of writing the second letter he was two hundred miles away from the town where it was said he had mailed the

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letter, attending a prize fight, still he was easily convicted.

It is not the "utterer" or passer of a counterfeit, but the maker himself, that the Government is after in all such cases. Although as yet the maker was anonymous, there was one thing certain: he must be an expert photo-engraver.

The difficulty in catching such a crook nowadays is greater than ever before, chiefly on account of the perfection of the photo-mechanical process of reproduction. In the old days of engraving by hand, a plate required a skilled workman, and the maker wrote his name all over it in little tricks of the tool. But the camera and acids lack individuality. There are thousands of photo-engraving establishments scattered all over the country, every one of them equipped completely for the making of counterfeit money up to the point of buying the paper and the ink. It is a fine tribute to the craft that so few men in it go astray. But it is imperative to catch those few.

There was nothing to do, then, but to take a trip up into Michigan to look over the plant at Bay City. Of course, the engraver would not be there. His plate was there, undoubtedly, but he himself might have been quietly working in any one of a thousand places. That was why Burns had not hurried to Michigan in the first place; it was enough to know where the plant was.

The house was on one of the older streets of Bay City, a large frame house, set up on a terrace above the level of the street. It was an old house, once the property of a wealthy family. Gradually it had sunk in the social scale to the level of the boarding-house. It had even gone lower, and for a time had descended nearly to the status of an abandoned building — ramshackle, unpainted, loose-boarded, unkempt, a very derelict of a house thrust down from genteel poverty to the under-world of real estate.

At last it had been rented by a man named Logan. No one bothered much with it, but the few who did wondered what mysterious activities were going on in its crazy attic and damp cellar, while the rest of the house, blindless and almost innocent of window-panes, seemed as deserted as ever.

Burns began quietly to study the habits, the goings in and comings out, of Logan, the man in charge. From an inquisitive neighbor or two, he obtained descriptions of men who had been seen visiting the old house, at one time or another. Havens was one of them; Peters was another. There were several others, who were as yet unknown, but most of them had not been there for a long time.

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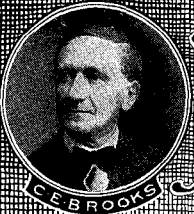
Thousands have learned a foreign language by our method—just as a child learns its mother tongue—by listening to it. Always ready when you have a few moments to spare. You can learn to speak any language with its help. Write for testimonials from leading University professors and others who have used our method.

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We are selling this Appliance under a positive guarantee of money refunded if not satisfactory. We do not guarantee to cure any more than any doctor will guarantee to cure his patient. We do guarantee to furnish a perfect fitting Appliance, one that will give the wearer solid comfort and retain the protrusion at all times and under all circumstances.

The purchaser is the sole judge and if for any reason whatever (which does not have to be furnished us) it is returned, the price paid will be refunded in full.

Further information regarding the Appliance, rules for self-measurements and catalog sent Free. Just send your name and address to

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.
31A State Street Marshall, Michigan

Burns was ready to act. One day he slipped alongside Logan as he was picking his way down the crazy stone steps that led from the terrace to the street. "This is a pinch!" he observed quietly.

It was a nice little printing establishment over which Logan presided down in the cellar. There was a press which had been brought in, piece by piece, and assembled quietly. There were acids, chemicals, paints, and inks for drawing in the imitation of the little red and blue silk fibers in the notes. There was the copper-plate for the seal, the numbering-machine for the numbering of the bills. There were stacks and stacks of fine bond paper, cut in the proper size for notes. There was also a small fortune of fifty thousand dollars in notes already printed. One was still wet on the press.

And there, too, was the fine copper-plate, beautifully etched, the product of the master counterfeiter himself.

Three of the gang had been landed now. The plant had been raided. And yet the net result was only adding another man who would not talk, could not be made to talk, about the one point that interested Burns. The elusive engraver of that beautiful plate, the real man of mystery, who alone of all the gang was sought as the great menace to the integrity of the currency, still not only was not caught, but was not even known. He seemed to be a mere figment of the imagination—except that there was the plate, very real and very good.

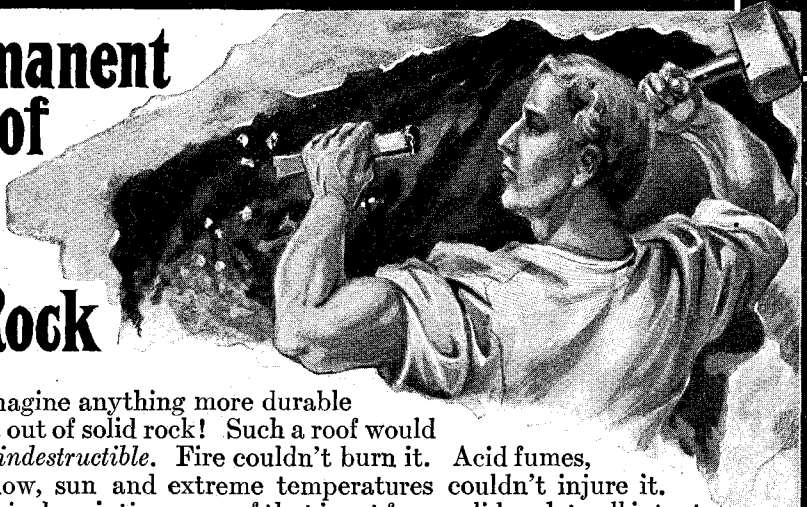
It was not until another lull in the work of the Secret Service office at Washington that Burns was able to resume following the trail of this mysterious and interesting artist-crook. With every capture, he seemed, if anything, to get farther away instead of nearer. It was as though he had been spirited off by some telepathic warning.

"I think this would be a good time to see if you can't land the man who made that plate," remarked the Chief, recalling the progress that had already been made by Burns.

The only thing to do, then, was to follow out his policy of one quiet arrest at a time, to locate the men whom the inquisitive neighbors had seen going in and out of the plant. One of them proved to be railroad man named Leonard. He also confessed, but it was just a repetition of the other cases. He was only a small part of the plot, and either did not know or would not tell anything that pointed toward the engraver. That made four, however.

The next step was learning from the others of the existence of still another member of the gang. He proved to be a small business man in Detroit, whose name was Fuerst. Then from

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Can you imagine anything more durable than a roof cut out of solid rock! Such a roof would be practically *indestructible*. Fire couldn't burn it. Acid fumes, gases, rain, snow, sun and extreme temperatures couldn't injure it. A roof of this description—a roof that is cut from solid rock to all intents and purposes—is

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Adapted to any building and any climate. Easily and quickly applied. If your dealer can't supply you, we will ship direct.

Write our nearest branch for sample of the Asbestos Rock from which this roofing is made and Illustrated Book No.2339

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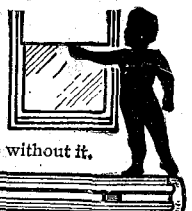
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For 62 years this great invention has successfully withstood the attacks of all imitators, because of original merit and continuous improvement. Latest model requires no tacks. Wood or tin rollers. The inventor's signature on every roller. Look for it. Take none without it.

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To give this catalogue the largest possible distribution we make the following liberal offer:

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Our Famous 50 Cent "HENDERSON" COLLECTION OF SEEDS

containing one packet each of Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, Scarlet Globe Radish, Henderson's Invincible Asters, Mammoth Butterfly Fancies and Giant Spencer Sweet Peas, in a coupon envelope, which, when emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25-cent cash payment on any order amounting to \$1.00 and upward.

In addition, all ordering from this advertisement will receive a copy of our new **Garden Guide and Record**. This is a handbook of general garden information, planting tables, cooking recipes, cultural directions, etc., etc., and in all is one of the most necessary and valuable of our many publications.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY.

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him was learned the existence of a sixth member—a small manufacturer named Selby, who ran a little factory over in Wisconsin.

Gradually Burns was working backward toward the truth. He took a long step in that direction when he found that Fuerst and Selby had put up most of the money to finance the scheme—in short, were the “promoters,” the capitalists who had backed the thing.

But even so far the Government had not intended to prosecute the six already caught. In fact, they would never have spent a moment in jail if they had “come across” with the name and whereabouts of the elusive engraver. As it was, most of them were being held merely as witnesses, for the Government was ever mindful of that engraver whose capture would be the greatest deterrent of all to any future master who contemplated taking up the trade.

So far, the men caught, as very often happens, were not thugs. Most of them were business men, artists, artisans—men who were respected, for the most part. Even the gambler stood not ill in his own fraternity.

But, as the story unfolded, it showed how great a fire the little old lady in the notion-store had quenched. A step backward toward the real mystery was taken when two more men who had been seen at the silent house in Bay City were discovered. They were two brothers, one an electrician, William Norris, the other a pressman, Edward Norris.

Now at last the trail was getting warm. For here were the men who had really conceived the scheme in the first place. A clever pair they were, these men who had laid the plans and had got the others interested. They had received their inspiration from the widow of a previous rather noted counterfeiter named Briggs, of Findlay, Ohio, and they had received it by the rather peculiar process of having been themselves stung.

Briggs had died, and his wife, Gertrude, had actually lived on his sinister reputation. People with shady designs on the currency had often gone to her for advice and aid. Among them had been the Norris brothers. Gertrude Briggs had taken them all to her heart, had given them all the benefit of her large experience, had introduced them each to a strange man who, she said, was a very skilful engraver. She had taken their money, and then, when her dupes became restless, she had showed each a letter that settled the case beyond peradventure. Having got their money, she got rid of them by the simple expedient of concocting a letter which told that some one had tipped off the Secret Service. That always settled it. The dupes retired quietly, sadder and wiser and



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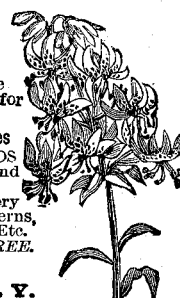
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For 25 Cts. we will mail one fifteen-cent packet each of ELFRIDA PEARSON, the unique new light pink of huge size shown on colored plate,—THOMAS STEVENSON, the intense flaming orange,—IRISH BELLE, rich lilac flushed with pink,—also one regular ten-cent packet each of KING EDWARD SPENCER, intense, glossy, carmine-scarlet,—MRS. HUGH DICKSON, rich pinkish apricot on cream,—also one large packet (80 to 90 seeds) of **The New Burpee-Blend of Surpassingly Superb Spencers** of 1913, which is *absolutely unequaled*. With each collection we enclose our Leaflet on culture.

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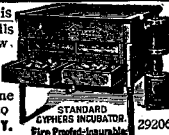
and calendar of pure-bred poultry for 1913, large, many pages of poultry facts, different breeds in natural colors, 70 varieties illustrated and described. Incubators and brooders, low price of stock and eggs for hatching. A perfect guide to all poultry raisers. Send 10c for this noted book. **B. H. GREIDER, Box 90, Rheems, Pa.**

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insure best success. Substantial, fire-proof, dependable. No heat or moisture troubles. Get in line for 1913—the year of poultry prosperity. Write to Cyphers Incubator Company, Dept 121, Buffalo, N. Y.



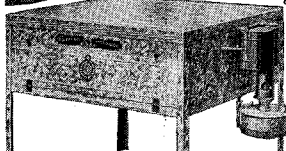
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Than
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**Johnson
Incubator Man**
Clay Center, Neb.

poorer. It was a clever scheme, and among those who fell into it were the Norrises.

But the Norrises were different. Instead of beating a hasty retreat in disorder, they had collected their scattered faculties, and, once having realized how neatly they had been trimmed, William, the electrician, had brought his fist down on the table before Edward, the pressman, with a resounding oath: "Now, Ed, we've been stung. We know the game. Let's go to it; let us sting some one else."

It had been an inspiring thought to look forward to the day when they, too, could bunco by the improved Briggs process. Their first move had been to get a real engraver interested. Having got the cleverest man in that line for miles around, their pressing need had been to find some one to finance the scheme. They must have some one who had money, some Maecenas who would support them. They looked about, and at last hit on Fuerst in Detroit and Selby in Wisconsin as promoters. Fuerst proved easily interested. As for Selby, one of the brothers remembered that, years before, he had had a brief criminal record himself. He had spent a few years in the penitentiary for grand larceny. True, he had lived a life of honor since then, and had never strayed from the straight path. But a threat of exposure had helped along Selby's natural cupidity. He had joined the gang.

Fuerst and Selby, promoters of low finance, never reaped a penny in return, however. They had been pouring their money down a rat-hole, like the man in the fable who sent one coin after another to bring the first one back. Nothing came back—not even a counterfeit bill. When they became restless, the Norrises, taking a leaf from the Briggs book, told them that everything was all right, that the final step would be taken soon, that all was not quite ready. They would hear something in a short time.

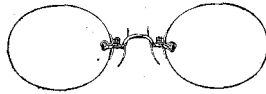
In the meantime, a disagreement broke out among the Norrises and the rest of those who were doing the actual work of counterfeiting. They began to quarrel over the division of the spoils. And in their quarrel they ignored the promoters altogether. The result had been that the precious plate had been taken quietly up to Bay City, where the paper, the press, the ink, and all the other necessities had been secretly gathered. There they had actually started their "mint."

The promoters had promoted a double cross on themselves. They had furnished the money for their own buncoing. Which all goes to show, as Burns says, that there is no such thing as honor among thieves. However, the truth had been told to the promoters in one particular, at least. They heard. It was not by their usual

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Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We Ship on Approval and trial to anyone in the U. S. and *prepay the freight*. If you are not satisfied with the bicycle after using it ten days, ship it back and don't pay a cent.

FACTORY PRICES Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest **Art Catalogue** of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our unheard-of prices and marvelous new special offers.

IT ONLY COSTS a cent to write a postal and **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do Not Wait; write it NOW!**

TIRES, Coaster-Brake, rear wheels, lamps, parts, repairs and sundries of all kinds at half usual prices.
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. W-32 CHICAGO

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National Salesmen's Training Association

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TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

WORK SHOPS

OF wood and metal workers, without steam power, equipped with

BARNES' FOOT POWER MACHINERY

allow lower bids on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free.

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200 Ruby Street Rockford, Ill.



Money in Poultry and Squabs

Foy's Big Book tells how to start small and grow big. Describes world's largest pure-bred poultry farm and leading varieties of poultry, and gives a great mass of useful poultry information. Low prices on fowls, eggs, incubators, brooders. Mailed for 4c **F. FOY, Box 50, Des Moines, Ia.**



Money in This

Print your own cards, circulars, book, newspaper. **PRESS \$5, larger \$18, Rotary \$60.** All easy, rules sent. Print for others, big profit. Write factory for press catalog, **TYPE, cards, paper, etc.**

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

CLARK'S TOURS

TO EUROPE
March 15 (Auto 22; April 26 and frequently after. North Cape June 10. Japan Cherry Blossom Tour, Mar. 22. Little groups with exceptional leadership
TIMES BUILDING - - - NEW YORK



IS YOUR MEMORY BAD?

Your efficiency in any line of work depends, not on what you have learned, but on what you remember. A ready, dependable memory is the key to success in life. Our Memory and Mind Training is simple, speedy, sure; makes you quick and confident in thought and speech. Our free booklet, **"WEST'S IDEAL MEMORY SYSTEM,"** tells how, gives proof; also, how to obtain free the masterful book, **"PUBLIC SPEAKING."**

The National Press Association
Dept. 112 : : Indianapolis, Ind.

and expected underground method of communication, but in the newspapers. It was the startling information that a man named Peters had been arrested in passing the very first one of the beautiful notes that were to have made the fortunes of all of them.

One day Selby sent for Burns. He had felt the web tightening about him. One by one he had seen the members of the gang arrested. It had been too much for his nerves. Who knew when one of them might tell all? It was not much that he could tell, but that little might be just enough to save himself.

"You see," he explained, as he paced the floor and rubbed the moist palms of his hands nervously, "most of us don't know who this engraver is, except as a name, and we're not quite sure even of that. The fact is, Mr. Burns, the man who made the plate is a mystery even to us. I think his name is Sims; at least, that was the name I have overheard the Norrises mention."

"Where is he?" asked Burns, covering his eagerness with a carefully assumed nonchalance.

"Even that I don't know. I haven't the slightest idea where he can be found. All I know is that Sims has covered his tracks by working a short time in several cities and then moving on to others. But,"—and Selby paused in his nervous pacing up and down,—"*I do know this. There's a girl in Detroit named Elizabeth Cornell. If you can find her, you'll find this Sims, or whatever his name is.*"

From city to city Burns traced Elizabeth Cornell. In each city he sought out every photo-engraving establishment, large or small. It was one of those apparently hopeless tasks that only patience and true intuition of the detective can accomplish. But the result was foreordained.

One day Elizabeth Cornell returned, apparently from nowhere, on a visit home to Detroit. From her long, wavy willow plume down to her swagger new boots, she proclaimed the prosperity of Sims. He must be working somewhere in a good position. Burns is not an expert in fashions, but he saw the possibilities of that trim tailor-made suit, and he was satisfied. It was not six hours after her arrival that he was speeding up to Wisconsin. The label in the suit bore the name of a department-store in Milwaukee. At least, that was what the Cornells' maid told a Secret Service man who had been cultivating her acquaintance on her Thursdays out.

The next morning, in a disguised Teutonic voice, Burns called up the engraving department of one of the Milwaukee papers, where a new foreman of superior ability had just been engaged.

Williams' ^{PATENTED} Holder Top Shaving Stick

THIS is the famous Williams' Shaving Stick made more convenient than ever by the nickeled Holder Top. The Holder Top does away with the necessity of touching the soap with your fingers and affords a firm hold till the last bit of soap is used up.

THE PATENTED HOLDER TOP

Williams' Shaving Stick

You can also obtain Williams' Shaving Soap as a stick in the familiar hinged-cover, nickeled box.

For those who prefer a powder Williams' Shaving Powder yields the same rich, softening lather that has distinguished Williams' Shaving Soap.

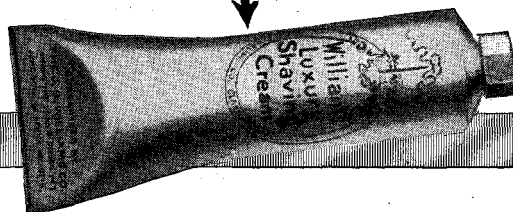
Powder

Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes) is a luxury in lather—the last word in Shaving Cream.

Sample of Williams' Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder or Shaving Cream sent for 4c in stamps

Address The J. B. Williams Co.
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Cream



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**"It's a
health-seek-
ing age. Even
the pleasures are
beneficial.**

When I was young, we did all
sorts of things we shouldn't do.
Now, for instance, nearly every-
body chews

**WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT**

and it seems to be the best thing they can do. It's
full of refreshing mint leaf juice. I tried it and I
really felt much better. It gave me an appetite—took
away my heartburn—soothed me very pleasantly. It's
splendid for teeth and digestion."

Buy It by the Box

It costs less of any dealer

*Look for
the Spear*



*The flavor
Lasts*

When answering advertisements it is of advantage to mention McClure's.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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"Hello, is this Mr. Sims?" he asked thickly.

"Yes," came back the hesitating reply.

"Vell, vill you call, or shall I send it — a letter for Mr. Sims at Otto's café?"

The thing appealed to Sims at once. This must be a safe method of communication adopted by his pals. He wanted to know what had happened. He would call.

A few minutes later a tall, slender young man, with light sandy hair and a thoughtful, refined face, sidled up to the bar at Otto's, and asked for the letter. Burns, who had been impatiently chewing a clove, edged up closer. From his pocket he pulled the original twenty-dollar bill that John Peters had tossed so jauntily on the counter of the little notion-store months before.

"Read that," he ground out. "You are under arrest. Now, no monkey business. The game is up, Sims."

He was a splendid young fellow, too — or at least might have been. He had done some remarkable work in his trade, was the son of a minister, and never before had engraved anything the like of which had caused his arrest. It was an actual fact that, except to two or three of the makers and utterers of the counterfeit, he was scarcely more than a name. With consummate cleverness, the Norrises had fitted him in as the main cog in the money-making machine they had devised.

Never a word did Sims say. Even after months in jail, not a syllable in the way of confession could be wrung from him. He remained a man of mystery to the end. Even conviction with the eight other members of the gang did not shake him. But his story was that of some of the greatest counterfeiters that ever lived — the downfall of a clever workman who frequented a saloon where the other fellows had laid the plans for getting rich quick by means of his skill.

And so one of the most baffling attempts ever made to debase the currency, so wide in its ramifications that the chase had extended over half a dozen States and months of time, was frustrated. Sims learned that he was not the man to break Uncle Sam's monopoly of the money business. Burns had rent asunder the veil of mystery that shrouded what seemed like a romance of crime; and he had disclosed the thing in all its sordidness. The mysterious counterfeiter was captured at last.

Another Burns story will appear in March. This is one of the additional features that McCLURE'S is now able to offer to its readers every month

LABLACHE

FACE POWDER

WINTER WINDS

with their chilling, marring, roughening breath, leave no trace on the fair face guarded by LABLACHE. It preserves a fine complexion, restores one that has faded. Invisible, adherent, delicately fragrant. Always a delight to women of refinement.

Refuse substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. *Send 10c. for a sample box.*

BEN. LEVY CO.,
French Perfumers, Department 19,
125 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.



FAY "Ideal" STOCKINGS

We will guarantee to keep your child in **FAY Ideal Stockings** for less money, less bother, less darning, look better, feel better and be better summer and winter than you can with any other stocking made. Try them now. Satisfaction or money back. Button at waist, no supporters to buy. Where no dealer mailed postpaid. Write for folder.

THE FAY STOCKING CO., BOX 119, ELYRIA, O.



GOLDMAN'S Arithstyle

Handiest, Fastest, Cheapest, COMPUTING MACHINE
Adds. Subtracts. Multiplies. Divides.
Carries Automatically. Resets Instantly.
Easily moved over page, fixed to desk, carried in hand or pocket. 5 in. x 2 1/2 in. x 1 in. Weight, 36 oz.
Write for Booklet. Attractive Agents' Proposition.
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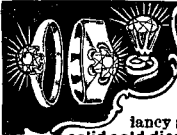
Absolutely safe. Makes and burns its own gas. Brilliant 500 candle power light. Casts no shadow. Costs 2 cents per week. No smoke, grease, nor odor. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
829- E. 5th St., Canton, O.



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IMPORTED from FRANCE
SEE THEM BEFORE PAYING!
These gems are chemical white sapphires — **LOOK like Diamonds.** Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliance guaranteed 25 years. All mounted in **14K solid gold diamond mountings.** Will send you any style ring, pin or eud for examination — all charges prepaid — no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices & ring measure. **WHITE VALLEY GEM CO., 784 Saks Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.**



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Only two of our special bargains. Have trademark and guarantee like new machines. Are thoroughly rebuilt, and perfect in appearance. Satisfaction guaranteed. We can save you \$25 to \$75 on any machine. Branch stores in leading cities.

Write for "The Typewriter's Confession" and catalog.
AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.



THE MONTESSORI MOVEMENT IN AMERICA

A New McClure Department

CONDUCTED BY ELLEN YALE STEVENS

TWO years ago *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* published an article by Miss Josephine Tozier on the work of the great Italian educator, Dr. Maria Montessori. The article described the new ideas that Dr. Montessori had introduced in education, and the success that she had met with in her first schools in Rome. At that time Dr. Montessori was scarcely known outside of a limited circle in her own country. In a few weeks, however, her name had reached practically every part of the civilized world. Few magazine articles have attracted such widespread and spontaneous interest. The press of the United States and nearly every country in Europe reprinted the article in whole or in part; letters came flowing into the *McCLURE* office by the thousands. Nor was this interest merely temporary. *McCLURE'S* still receives a large number of letters seeking information on this subject. From all over America and Europe educational experts are finding their way to Rome to learn at first hand the results of Dr. Montessori's experiments. It is perhaps in the United States that the interest is keenest — probably because of the greater attention that anything pertaining to the education and general welfare of children receives in this country.

In view of this great and increasing interest in Dr. Montessori and her method, and the fact that the American public seems disposed to turn to *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for information, the editors have decided to set aside several pages every month for a regular Montessori Department.

This department will serve as a central bureau of information regarding the progress of the movement in this country and Europe. It will also provide an open forum for discussion and an opportunity for frank and full expression of opinion. Correspondence on the subject is particularly invited. A place will be found for letters of interest, and, when possible, Dr. Montessori's own reply to special questions will be obtained.

ALTHOUGH the Montessori movement has nowhere, perhaps, taken so strong a hold upon the popular imagination as in America, it is interesting to know that other countries have gone farther in practical directions. In 1909 Switzerland began to transform its orphan asylums on the Montessori methods and principles, and in June, 1911, passed a law establishing the Montessori method in all its public schools. In 1911, Mr. E. G. A. Holmes, formerly chief inspector of elementary schools in England, was sent to Rome to investigate and report on the Montessori method. In concluding his report he says:

Dottoressa Montessori is great because she has rediscovered Fröbel's master principle for herself, and in doing so has interpreted it anew, first in the broad and ever-broadening light of modern science, and then in the more concentrated light of her own reflections and experiments. Hence the many points of difference between the two systems.

Fröbel approached education from the standpoint of theology and metaphysics. Dottoressa Montessori has been approaching it from the standpoint of modern physiology and psychology. In Fröbel's treatment of the subject there is a considerable element of *a priori* reasoning. Dottoressa Montessori's treatment of it is preponderatingly experimental. In theory Fröbel left much to the child's initiative, in practice comparatively little. Dottoressa Montessori leaves much to it, both in theory and in practice, her

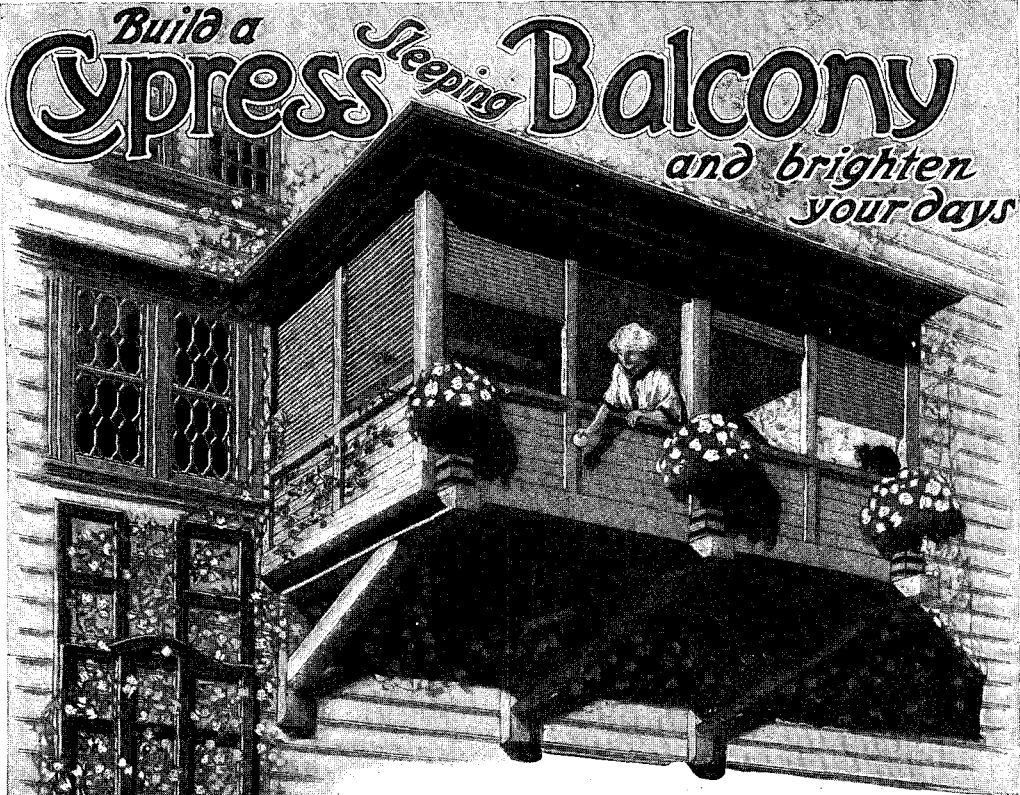
trust in the child's nature being the outcome of observation and experiment rather than an inference from a metaphysical assumption.

In other words, Dottoressa Montessori is living a hundred years later than Fröbel, and is adapting the principle to which Fröbel devoted his life, and to which she is devoting hers, to conditions which one hundred years of scientific progress have profoundly modified.

Montessori Schools in the United States

At least four schools are now established in this country with the purpose of attempting a pure application of Dr. Montessori's principles and methods to the education of American children.

Miss Anne E. George, the translator of Dr. Montessori's book, "*Pedagogia Scientifica*," and the first person to apply the Montessori method in this country, has established a Montessori school in Washington, D. C. This school is conducted in a Children's House, with an adjoining garden, provided by Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell, where the environment aimed at in the Montessori schools of Rome is reproduced as perfectly as possible. About twenty-five children, between the ages of two and a half and five, are enrolled in the school. With Miss George, as her assistants, are Miss Roberta Fletcher, who assisted her in the Tarrytown school that she conducted last year, and Miss



OUT-OF-DOOR SLEEPING MEANS HEALTHY WAKING.

CYPRESS BALCONIES VERANDAHS and SUN PARLORS

are "the sanest enthusiasm America ever felt." You *needn't* build a new house—all you need is "a few sticks of the Wood Eternal," a hammer, a saw and some nails (or a good carpenter if you can get him) and—presto! you have multiplied the delights of the *old* home. The famous *CYPRESS POCKET LIBRARY* has again justified its status as an Authoritative Reference Work by the addition of the

ENTIRELY NEW VOLUME 35
(FREE TO ANY ADDRESS in the world)
and already sure of unbounded popularity.

IT CONTAINS 6 ORIGINAL DESIGNS, WORKING PLANS AND COMPLETE SPECIFICATIONS (enough to build from) of FRESH-AIR SLEEPING QUARTERS—adapted to every sort of established home—all specially made for us by eminent architects. *Not one can be bought*—but all are at your service with our compliments.

DON'T DELAY—WRITE TODAY—for VOLUME 35.

When planning a Mansion, a Bungalow, a Farm, a Sleeping-Porch or just a Fence, remember—"With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE."

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YOU ARE AS OLD AS YOU LOOK

"Why is not the skin of your face as fair and firm as that of your body? If you look older than you are, it is because you are not doing what you should to help nature. My exercises in

Physical Culture FOR THE FACE

do for the face what my exercises for the body have done for the health and figures of 60,000 women. Results are *quick and marvelous*. In six to ten minutes a day you can do more with these exercises at home than massage will accomplish in an hour a day in a beauty parlor."

—Susanna Cocroft.

Miss Cocroft, after years of experience, has prepared the instructions for this course, including also the care of the **Hair, Eyes, Hands and Feet.**

Wrinkles	Flabby, Thin Neck	Sallow Freckled Skin
Double Chins	Crow's Feet	Dandruff
Tired Eyes	Pimples	Thin, Oily Hair
Pouches Under Eyes	Sagging Facial Muscles	
	Tender, Inflamed Feet	

and many other blemishes are relieved and overcome. The expression is invigorated, the skin cleared, the hair made glossy, more abundant, the eyes stronger and brighter, the feet comfortable, hands smooth. Our pupils look **10 years younger** after our course. Write for **FREE** booklet today.

Grace-Mildred Culture Course

624 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. 8.

CHICAGO

To The Consumer

Q Every wise business man is keenly alive to the advantage of holding patronage as a first principle. The second is to gather increase. To do this he must get and retain public confidence, and the only way this can be done is to make his wares widely known through advertising and keep them true to a fixed standard.

The regular consistent advertiser does this and always offers the best quality for the least cost.

Perkins, who is helping Miss George in the development of rhythmic exercises. In a later issue of McClure's Miss George will give an account of the anthropological side of her work and of the rhythmic exercises.

The Misses Blanche and Irma Weil, two sisters from the Pacific Coast, who spent last winter and spring in Rome studying with Dr. Montessori, have opened two Montessori schools in California, one in Berkeley and the other in San Francisco. The school in Mr. Vanderlip's house in Tarrytown, which Miss George described in McClure's Magazine for June, 1912, is now under the direction of Miss Bagnell, who was associated with Miss George in this work last year.

The Montessori Training Course in Rome

Dr. Montessori's four months' training course for teachers will open in Rome on January 15. At the present writing (December 15) the following students have enrolled for the course, through the American Montessori Committee, after having given satisfactory evidence of their qualifications:

MISS ELSIE GRACE ANDERSON,
The Smead School, Toledo, Ohio.
MRS. OSCAR BAKER,
204 W. Lincoln Avenue, Delaware, Ohio.
MISS ZOE RUSSELL BATEMAN,
145 East 6th Street, Plainfield, N. J.
MISS KATHERINE BEAKES,
133 W. Main Street, Middletown, N. Y.
MISS MILDRED BIERMAN,
St. Louis, Mo.
MISS KATHERINE L. BRYARLY,
226 Amherst St., Winchester, Va.
MISS BERTHA CHAPMAN,
Baltimore, Md.
MISS ETHEL F. CLEVES,
195 Harrison Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MISS CLARA E. CRAIG,
Providence, R. I.
MISS ELIZABETH CUSHMAN,
Chestnut Hill School, Chestnut Hill, Mass.
MISS ALICE H. DAMON,
Concord, Mass.
MISS LEOCADIE FARRELL,
Cresson, Pa.
MISS ELIZABETH FRASER,
145 East 6th Street, Plainfield, N. J.
MISS MARY E. GOUGH,
557 Broadway, Providence, R. I.
MISS ALICE HOPKINS,
97 Lexington Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.
MISS WINNIFRED HUGHES,
Blossburg, Pa.
MISS ANNA HULETT,
R. F. D. No. 2, Newburgh, N. Y.
MISS A. ARCHER HUNT,
The Weeng, Longmeadow, Mass.
MISS HELEN L. IVERS,
Dedham, Mass.
MISS KATHARINE JACKSON,
3224 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.
MISS MILDRED JENKINSON,
Fairview, Wolfeboro, N. H.
MISS EDITH CAROLINE JOHNSON,
660 Graceland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
DR. MARY POWELL JORDAN,
Alpine, Cal.
MISS SARAH L. KENNEDY,
549 Broadway, Providence, R. I.
MISS NETTIE A. MAURER,
1223 Euclid Street, Washington, D. C.
MRS. FLORENCE MERRITT,
394 Bloor St., W., Toronto, Canada.
MISS HELEN V. PAINE,
Marblehead, Mass.

**Twice
a day**

Regular night and morning care is a duty.

With Colgate's it's a pleasure too, because of the delicious flavor.

Introduce this dentifrice into your household—let each of the family have a tube. Then the twice-a-day care, which common sense demands, is assured—then sound teeth will be the rule, and better looks, better digestion and better health for all will follow. Ribbon Dental Cream is so pleasant to use that it makes care of the teeth an easily formed habit.

Get a box of half a dozen tubes from your dealer—or send us a 2c stamp for a trial tube and our booklet "Oral Hygiene."

COLGATE & CO. Dept. G. 199 Fulton Street, New York City
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—luxurious, lasting, refined.

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Devoted exclusively to the advertising
of investment securities on which
the public may confidently rely



McCLURE'S MAGAZINE McCLURE BUILDING NEW YORK

The Investment With Multiple Safeguards

No. 1.—The Reliability of the Investment Banker

THIS is the first and most vital point on which the careful investor should satisfy himself. Selecting a responsible investment house is the initial step toward safety. It is an old investment maxim that a thoroughly reliable house sells none but sound securities.

In selecting an investment banker, the record of the house is the purchaser's best guide. We call the attention of conservative investors to the fact that no one has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest on any security purchased of us in the 31 years we have been mortgage and bond bankers.

The successful experience we have gained in these 31 years is one of the many safeguards around the securities we sell.

First Mortgage Bonds 5½ to 6%

We own and offer First Mortgage Bonds netting 5½ to 6%. These investments are secured by absolute, direct first liens on carefully selected, improved, income-earning, centrally-located Chicago Real Estate of the highest class. In each case the conservatively appraised value of the property is at least double the total amount of the issue of bonds.

The income from the property securing each bond issue is always more than ample to insure the prompt payment of principal and

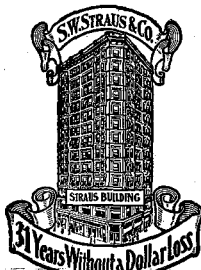
interest. The bonds mature serially in from two to fifteen years, without any release of the original security. Denominations \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000.

These bonds are legal investments for National Banks and for State Banks in Illinois and other states.

We give reasonable assurance of convertibility through our custom of repurchasing securities bought of us from our clients, when requested, at par and accrued interest, less only the handling charge of One Per Cent.

"THE INVESTORS MAGAZINE," a semi-monthly publication, together with literature of unusual value to every careful investor will be mailed on request.

A list of carefully selected issues has been prepared. Write for Circular No. 1242.



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ESTABLISHED 1882

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MISS ISA H. ROBERTSON,
2605 Main Street, Quincy, Ill.
MISS BELLE F. STEIN,
St. Paul, Minn.
MISS GERTRUDE TALBOT,
42 East 28th Street, New York City.
MISS MARIA P. TEMPLETON,
112 W. Arch Street, Marquette, Mich.
MISS EDITH P. TIEMANN,
157 E. 81st Street, New York City.
MISS JANET S. TOWNSEND,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
MRS. HELEN REYNOLDS TRACY,
7400 Clinton Avenue, New York City.
MISS EVA M. U. TULLY,
Box 62, Northvale, N. J.
MISS LUCILE LE B. WALTHER,
4324 Maryland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
MISS M. J. WARING,
141 Meeting Street, Charleston, S. C.
MISS ALICE ERWIN WATSON,
404 N. 10th Street, Mt. Vernon, Ill.
MISS LEILA M. WILHELM,
Care R. A. Shaw, 41 Park Row, New York.

As will be seen by a study of this list, fifteen of the United States, and Canada and the District of Columbia are represented. This insures a wide distribution of the training in this country later.

In addition to these students, several Americans have already gone to Italy for this purpose, and a group will also go from England.

Mrs. A. Reno Margulies, head of the Reno Margulies School for the Deaf, in New York City, will go to Rome, at the request of Dr. Montessori, to assist her in the organization of the training classes. Mrs. Margulies' familiarity with Italian, French, and English, her friendship for Dr. Montessori, and her knowledge of conditions both in Rome and in this country, will make her help most valuable, not only to Dr. Montessori but to the American teachers. Her years of experience in teaching children who are physically or mentally deaf give her a point of view in regard to Madame Montessori's theories that few others can have.

Dr. Montessori has carefully planned a comprehensive course which will include thirty lectures, thirty hours of practice work, and fifty observation lessons in the Case dei Bambini and twenty municipal schools that will be open to the class.

A full description of the course after it has been started, written by one of the teachers enrolled, will be published in a later issue.

In giving wide publicity to the Montessori movement through magazine articles, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has had but one purpose. It has been guided by the same motive that led to the publication of such articles as Miss Jane Addams' series on "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil," Mr. Burton J. Hendrick's articles on the work of the Rockefeller Institute, and Miss Edith Wyatt's articles on the Working-girls of New York—the desire to satisfy the interest of the public in the great movements and problems of the modern world.

6% BONDS of a Fundamental Industry

Secured by first mortgage on a ship-building plant and dry dock in an important Great Lakes port. The bonds amount to only 50% of the value of the Company's fixed assets and mature serially from three to fifteen years. The property's income is highly satisfactory and is augmented by substantial subsidies. The ownership of the Company's stock is in exceedingly strong hands. The location, in a rapidly growing population center with tributary industries and shipping steadily increasing, combines with the above-recited facts to make these bonds an unusually safe investment.

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Houghteling & Co.**

(Established
1865)

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6% NET For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of \$200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 718. \$25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.
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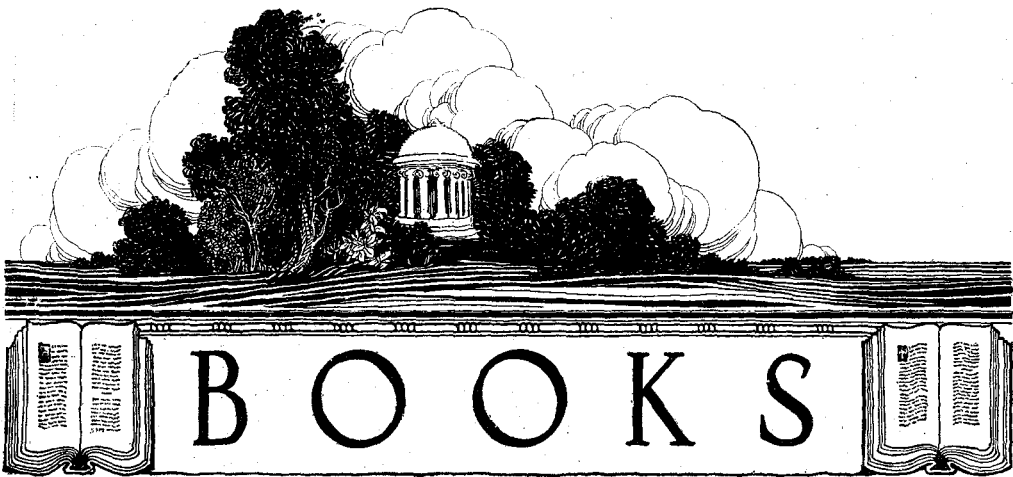
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The Reef

In "The Reef" (Appleton) Mrs. Edith Wharton tells the story of a girl who learned what the high cost of living means (when one chooses to be morally extravagant), a young man who was an accomplished but unlucky liar, and a very good woman with a highly sensitized imagination and no sense of the humor in situations. If she had possessed it, some one other than Mrs. Wharton would have written the story and it wouldn't be seen in the public libraries.

Mrs. Wharton's lack of humor is at the same time her saving grace and her tragedy. "The Reef" is one of the best examples of this paradox and incidentally of her brilliant vivisectionist style.

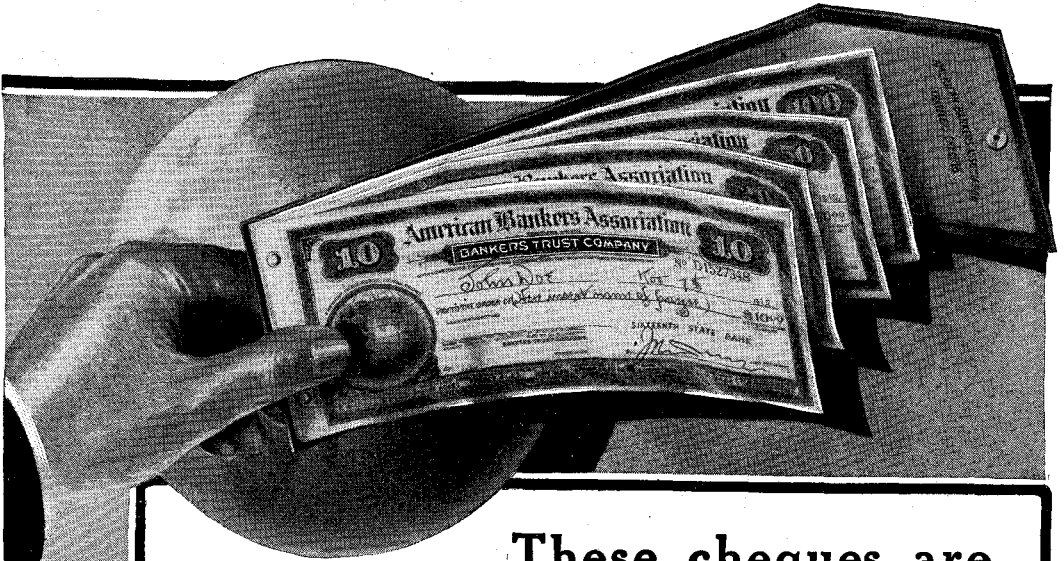
She pictures in George Darrow an ordinarily exemplary young American in the diplomatic service in London, well educated, cultivated, and popular. In Anna Leath she portrays a beautiful young widow of guarded instincts, tranquil life, and serene mind. Conservatism and axiom supplied her formulae of existence. She and Darrow had been youthful sweethearts, and their meeting early in her widowhood rekindled in him the old passion, in her the slow acknowledgment of a possibility. Came a misunderstanding, and Darrow in dull disappointment took the first expedient offered him for diversion. This chance happened to be Sophie Viner, lovely, lonesome, and with temporary leisure. Voilà! Four months later Darrow made the visit of reconciliation to the country home of Anna Leath. His arrival was the beginning of many discoveries — first, that Anna loved him; second, that her little daughter had a new governess; third, that her stepson was engaged to marry the new governess; fourth, that the new governess was Sophie Viner! Could one meet a situation more heavily fraught with

humor? Given any other writer than Mrs. Wharton and there would be a laugh in every line. It would be dramatized by an adept in French farces and give delight to thousands of tired business men!

As it is, however, Darrow began to lie, painstakingly, earnestly, sincerely, almost successfully; but there were too many corners to be turned, and gradually the inevitable truth was out. Then Mrs. Wharton turns upon her hapless victims and, with her unique and scrupulous attention to every mental detail, proceeds to apportion and inflict the penalties. To recite them would be to defraud the writer and the reader. It is enough that Mrs. Wharton has produced one of her most adroit and scintillant dissections of the human relation. She has made of Anna Leath an extraordinary study of awakening impulses in a woman; a most sympathetic and frankly human creation in Sophie Viner; and of Darrow a philosopher whose creed for once went astray. He overlooked the exigencies of chance.

The Valiants of Virginia

She is of bold courage who sets at the head of her romance the ill-omened word, "Failed!" But did not Hallie Erminie Rives produce "Hearts Courageous"? And is not her pulsing pen ever attuned to high romantic emprise? Assuredly. And so John Valiant, gorgeous hero of "The Valiants of Virginia" (Bobbs-Merrill), smote that ogre "Failed" between its goggling eyes, turned over his last three million dollars to his father's creditors, fired his chauffeur, cranked up his car, and, with a paltry roll of bills and a white bull pup, motored back to the Valiants' ancestral estate in Virginia. He hadn't known that he possessed any such thing — was quite annoyed by the fact at first; but John Valiant didn't



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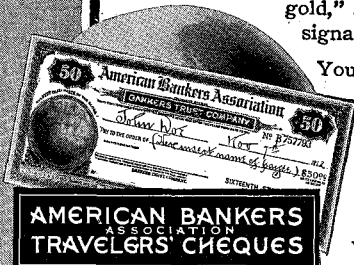
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know how to work; in consequence this trivial matter gained importance. It meant the food necessary to preserve the lines of that symmetrical body.

Once back in Virginia, where the lurid Sunday newspapers of New York had planted the rumors of his incarnadined dalliance with that will-o'-the-wisp, Notoriety, he was greeted with repressed courtesy and mint juleps. Under this sharp stimulant, John Valiant started in to retrieve the family fortune and rehabilitate the old manor, Damory Court. He attended to the flower-beds first, as a retriever usually does, and by the time he had sowed his first paper of pansy seeds, bought a peacock, and put some resentful goldfish into the fountain, he had been bitten by a moccasin, saved by a wildly beautiful girl who loved red, red roses, and had won his position of high esteem among the gentry.

After which the romance rhapsodizes along, as Rivian romances will, threading its way among Kemble pickaninnies, fried chicken, foxhounds, duellos, and sad, sad memories, to its glorious, just-in-the-nick-of-time finale.

John Valiant is probably one of the most beautiful of the dilettante school of men who come back. Seldom have we been given such impressive pictures of grim, grinding determination to succeed under a crushing load of misfortune as these of John Valiant planting with his strong white hands moon-flowers and madonna lilies around the sun-dial, or sitting in the wildwood watching his valuable walnut trees grow. Perhaps the mint juleps were at the bottom of it, although it isn't mentioned.

It is certain that your tears will be shed, that your pulses will quicken, that your fingers will tensely clench, and that the smile will follow the tear; for it is all so wonderfully, so irretrievably romantic.

There are several illustrations — each one good for a laugh.

Why Go to College

Perhaps one of the best arguments for going to college is the recognition by the non-collegian of its value — how else can one explain the heavily gilded Carnegie and Rockefeller foundations — granting, of course, that no motive other than pure and impersonal philanthropy prompted them? And, after the

evidence is all in, the value of going to college is altogether a matter of the point of view and of personal ideals. Horace Greeley vigorously damned the college graduate — the New York *Times* employs sixty. Some men go to college because they think they will have a practical use for an education after graduation; others because they don't know any better — the reasons are legion. Some men are made by it, some broken.

But the question is eternal; therefore Clayton S. Cooper's book, "Why Go to College" (Century) has its excuse. The title is declarative, not interrogative. So far as one can go in applying a general theorem to the personal equation, this book will be of use. The chapter on "Education à la Carte" is especially significant and impressive, in this era of specialization and classical decay, in its argument for collegiate personality. It rouses a bit of curiosity as to what a Rockefeller or a Carnegie, stripped of their platitudes and their Pritchetts, really would offer to the college youth. Perhaps it is best as it is — better Carnegie with his Pritchett than an Archbold with his Day. "Why Go to College" is a worthy and sincere endeavor, but you'll have to decide for yourself in the end.

Egyptian Days

"Egypt," said a young gentleman unhappily, "is the place that has fleas — I've been there." But Egypt also has other things: manufacturers of antiques, beggars, trolley-cars, railroads, extensive irrigation projects, German tourists, and electrically lighted tombs of Theban kings — all of which, save the tombs, are things to be avoided while one strives in the hopeless task of translating the glamor of this ancient land — the ripeness and ruin of thirty-four hundred years. Bold the man who tries it, and credit to him if he conveys but a hint of the haunting enchantment of its hoary temples, pylons, and immortal imagery.

This Philip S. Marden has done in "Egyptian Days" (Houghton, Mifflin). It is a diary that does not bore; it is informative without being statistical; and it is written in a casual, informal style that pleases and conveys an atmosphere — Rameses becomes something other than a cigarette. But the fleas remain!

As an accommodation to our readers we will, on request, gladly supply any information or answer any questions concerning any books. Address Book Service Department, McClure's Magazine, 251 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

Big Ben



The Sunrisers' Club of Successful Men.

EVERY morning — about the land — there is a bunch of get-there men who are off the mattress at the first crack of a bell.

They swing down to their work with cheek aglow—with grit afresh—with eye alight—they're the Sunrisers' Club of Successful Men—most are acquainted with Big Ben.

They've left it to him to get them up in the world — and

he's done it so loyally, so cheerfully, so promptly, that he's already sleepmeter to two millions of their homes.

Big Ben's the clock for get-there men. He stands 7 inches tall, massive, well-poised, triple plated. He is easy to read, easy to wind, and pleasing to hear.

He calls just when you want and either way you want, *steadily for 5 minutes or intermittently for 10.* — He's two good clocks in one, a dandy alarm to wake up with, a dandy clock to tell time all day by.

Big Ben is sold by 18,000 watchmakers. His price is \$2.50 anywhere in the States, \$3.00 anywhere in Canada. If you can't find him at your jeweler's, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you attractively boxed and express charges paid.

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